

# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## CONFESSIONS OF AN AIDE-DE-CAMP.

### I.

#### UNDER A CLOUD.

THE silent soldier sat smoking at Chattanooga. I can see him now as I saw him then, his sword and sash laid aside, his uniform coat thrown open negligently, his whole appearance denoting rather one of the drudgery officers of the staff, whose soldierly bearing had given way under the continued performance of clerical duties, than the commander of an army. Before him on a table was a bundle of papers, one of which he had taken up and was fingering absently. Directly opposite stood "the general,"—my general; we of the staff always spoke of him as "the general," though there were a hundred generals in the army,—with a dogged look on his face that boded no good to himself or any one else.

I had attended the general on a summons to head-quarters, and should have waited in the hall, but curiosity to see the new commander of the Army of the Cumberland, who had achieved renown at Donelson and Vicksburg, had overcome whatever of modesty I possessed,—it was not a gem of the first water,—and, stalking confidently past staff-officers and orderlies, I entered the room with my chief. Once there, I stood back in a corner where I would attract as little attention as possible, fearing that I would be ordered to betake myself to parts more fitted for a second lieutenant than the apartment of the commanding general.

"General Heath," said the commander, "I have sent for you to communicate to you the contents of this paper which I received this morning from the Secretary of War."

The general started. "The Secretary of War?"

"Yes. He directs your arrest and trial by court-martial."

"What new persecution is this?" exclaimed the general, impatiently.

"The Secretary seems to hold you responsible for the disaster at Chickamauga."

"Chickamauga? In what way does he connect me with that blunder?"

"You are accused of purposely leaving the gap in our lines through which the Confederates poured, thus effecting the rout of the Army of the Cumberland."

General Heath made no reply, standing with his hand resting on his sword-hilt, his brows knit, his lips compressed.

"I regret this new complication," said the general-in-chief, presently. "I have especial use for you, and at once."

"Use for me, general? But just released on one charge of treachery, and re-arrested on another. Who would follow such a leader? I would much rather you would procure the acceptance of my resignation. Why should I serve a government that distrusts me? My friends, my family in Virginia, begged me to stay with them, to fight for them. I remained true to the Union. What has been the result? At the very outset, in the spring of '61, I was accused of conspiring to surrender my command in Texas. Then there were those rumors of treachery at Shiloh,—that I had withdrawn the picket in my front in order to leave the way open to attack,—and my arrest and confinement by the Secretary of War. What use to beg for a copy of the charge? What use to demand a trial? No accuser, no accusation. Then, after months behind bars, the public gaze being attracted elsewhere by another battle, the Secretary, finding it inexpedient to hold me longer, turns me out of prison and orders me to report to you, expecting you to utilize a disgraced man. And now, before you can assign me to duty, a scapegoat being needed for the disaster at Chickamauga, an order comes for my re-arrest. The blunderer who left the gap through which Bragg hurled Hood has succeeded in covering up his identity, while I, who commanded cavalry and had nothing to do with the main line of battle, must be sacrificed to appease the public, who are looking for victories and get nothing but defeats."

I should not have been present at such an interview,—I, a beardless boy in my teens,—but I had been General Heath's aide from the start, and had served him through all his troubles, often carrying his messages to those high in authority in his efforts to gain a hearing. I could have withdrawn, but nothing short of an order would have driven me from an interview which interested me intensely. General Heath, naturally restless and sensitive, had been maddened by his confinement and disgrace. This new trial that loomed up before him rendered him ready to turn like a hunted beast and rend his persecutors. It was plain to me that the general-in-chief was giving his subordinate time to cool. I remembered how he had himself been deprived of his command after Shiloh and shelved as a mere assistant to the commander-in-chief, and could understand his patience with one who had suffered so much more keenly in a similar manner. When his subordinate had finished, the superior gave a few deliberate puffs at his cigar, then asked,—

"Have you no suspicion as to the origin of these rumors?"

"None whatever."

The general-in-chief sat thinking. "The wrongs of this war," he said, presently, "will be righted only as opportunity is given the wronged to right them."

"Will you explain, general?"

The commander smoked on, unruffled, pensive. General Heath stood mute, while I wondered what solution would be given for so knotty a problem.

"I cannot refuse to obey the Secretary's order," said the general-in-chief at last, "but I can postpone its execution. Meanwhile I can give you an opportunity to perform a signal service, which if successful will bear witness to your loyalty."

General Heath stood restlessly attentive, while his chief proceeded. "You possess the faculties requisite for a cavalry leader to a marked degree,—daring, ingenuity, rapidity; features especially needed in an expedition I have in view."

"Why do you propose, general, to trust me with a command, handicapped as I am, when there are so many others who have never been smirched?"

"Because they have not the ability to do a work for which you are conspicuously fitted."

There was a brief silence, which was broken by the general-in-chief.

"It has been reported to me this morning that Longstreet's corps is about to be detached from Bragg's army on yonder heights, and moved by the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad to Knoxville, with a view to crushing Burnside. It is extremely important that I should know definitely if this move be made. Burnside must be warned and supported, while Bragg's army on Missionary Ridge, weakened by the loss of one of its most efficient corps, may be attacked and defeated."

General Heath's eye lighted.

"The means by which you propose to gain this information, general?"

"A corps of observation posted near the railroad to watch the passage of trains."

"Cavalry?"

"Yes."

"How large a force?"

"What is the effective strength of your brigade?"

"Five hundred men,—a mere remnant of the force I led at Chickamauga."

"Just the number I would designate."

"Bragg will carefully protect the line from our observation."

"You are right; he will keep bodies of cavalry moving along the railroad, in order not only to protect his bridges and telegraph wires, but to preserve his secret. My plan is for you to take your brigade to some point midway between here and Loudon, from which to make forays, in the hope of encountering the trains on which his troops are transported. You may be able to slip between patrolling forces, or cut your way through them by hard fighting."

There was a long silence, during which the commander smoked on, while his subordinate pondered.

"Supposing the move be not made?" said General Heath, presently.

"I believe it will be made."

"Then why not act accordingly?"

"First, it is not a certainty; secondly, I do not care to weaken my army by sending troops to support Burnside. I wish the government to do that, and the government would pay no attention to a mere rumor."

"H'm! You would be lucky if you could move the War Department on perfect evidence."

To this the commander made no reply.

"Why not send a spy, instead of the force you propose?" asked the subordinate.

"First, because I could not trust a spy who works for pay; secondly, because the government would not be likely to pay attention to a spy's report; thirdly, a spy might be detected by the enemy and never heard from; fourthly, in case you discover a large force moving by train, you may possibly burn a bridge, and delay it, or cut it in two. However, when near the railroad you can exercise your own discretion as to sending a spy, though I should recommend you rather to use a small reconnoitring party, so that, from among a number, one may get back to you with the information. Lastly, you are to use all diligence in communicating what you may learn to General Burnside at Knoxville."

There was another silence, at the end of which General Heath, in a more softened tone than he had yet used, said, "I will perform the service, general." He waited for his commander to speak again, but there were only silent puffs of tobacco-smoke, while an occasional gun boomed on Lookout Mountain, where the rebels had posted artillery and were sending shells into the town. Presently General Heath asked, "Shall I forage on the country?"

"Certainly. We need all the rations we can haul, here."

"Have you any further orders?"

"No."

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## II.

### THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

We left Chattanooga at midday, crossed the Tennessee, and moved northward by the pike along the base of Waldron's Ridge. On our left towered the ridge; on our right, among innumerable hills, wound the Tennessee. The general rode at the head of the column, his hat pulled down over his eyes, doubtless to conceal the turbulent thoughts within him. We of the staff knew that he was in no mood to be trifled with, and took pains to execute promptly and satisfactorily such orders as he gave us, that he might have no cause to lash us with his sharp-edged tongue, which he could use with such effect when irritated.



The afternoon was spent. I was riding with the general, the head of column a short distance to the rear. Coming to a sharp rise in the road, just before reaching the summit, there appeared suddenly the face of a woman; then her form, then the horse she rode, came successively into view. At first she seemed about to turn and flee, but instead she sat blankly staring at us. The sun, which was near the setting, shot a sheaf of rays flashing in her eyes, lighting up her face: her lips were compressed in an effort to appear calm.

"Margaret!" exclaimed the general.

Whether the girl was too startled to control her tongue or did not recognize an old friend, she continued to stare mutely.

"What are you doing here?"

"I live near here."

"Live near here?"

"Yes. When the Federal troops entered Nashville we came to our plantation."

"I did not know of any plantation belonging to your family in this region. Where is it?"

"Two miles back, at Morganton's Cross-Roads."

"Where are you going?"

"To visit a friend."

"We shall stop at the Cross-Roads."

"Mamma will receive you."

The general looked perplexed. He saw mischief in the girl's going on, now that she knew of our presence. At that moment he especially desired to keep his movements from the enemy.

"It will not be safe for you to go to Chattanooga alone; better go back with us to the plantation."

She gave him a look of mingled surprise and reproach. "Do you mean that you will use force?"

I had never seen the general so embarrassed. None of us who were looking on knew of his past relations with this girl, except that it was apparent they had been acquainted. The sharp interest with which we regarded both added to the general's perplexity.

"This is war," he said. "Inclination must be subservient to duty."

"If you detain me you will regret it," said the girl, with a rising color in her cheek and an angry light in her eye.

"Your very anxiety to go forward necessitates my preventing you."

It was a strange picture, one that after long years of peace I often recall as typical of the many incongruities of war: the men in the ranks sitting in their saddles in the various positions by which horsemen contrive to relieve their strained muscles; the horses, some lowering their tired heads, others restlessly biting their bits, or nibbling at the grass growing beside the road; the young general,—I thought him an old man then,—his eyes fixed on the delicate face of the woman, in such marked contrast with his own. Yet of all these details, one I recall far more vividly than the rest,—a tear on the girl's cheek, which the rays of the setting sun caused to sparkle like a diamond.

But there was only this tear to mark her woman's weakness, for she

sat defiant in our path. In a twinkling the general broke her down with a kindly tone that had been natural to him before his troubles, but which was rarely heard now:

"Come, Margaret, go with us, won't you?"

Turning her horse's head, she rode back as peacefully as a child. But there was an evident constraint between her and the general, for, beyond an inquiry from him as to her mother's health, and a reply that she was still an invalid, no word passed. We trotted on, wondering at the strange meeting and what would come of it, a continued beating of hoofs and clanking of sabres behind us, until we reached a plantation in the centre of which stood a square house, in its front one of those porticos with Ionic columns in vogue during the "fifties." The yard included something like a dozen acres, and was surrounded by a high picket fence. The general, the girl, and I entered the gateway and rode up to the house.

And now happened something which, had I not looked up at the very moment I did, would have turned the whole current of this story, perhaps rendered it not worth the telling. What put it into my head I know not. I might as well have cast my eye on the well-house, or on a rock jutting out between the trees, or an old darky back in the road scraping the dirt off a hoe, or a couple of mules feeding. I saw all these, and there was nothing strange in it, for they were on a level with my eye; but what was strange was that I should have looked up at a certain window in the top story of the house in the very nick of time to see the slats in the shutter turn, and an ashen face with startled eyes quickly sweep our party and rest an instant on our prisoner. Then the slats were turned again. It was all done so quickly that I could not tell whether I had seen a man or a woman. Quick as thought I flung a glance at the girl beside me. She was white as death.

I spurred to where the general was about to dismount.

"Something wrong, general," pointing to the house.

"What do you mean?"

"Some one concealed up there. I saw a face at a window, and a look between it and the girl."

At the moment my brother aide-de-camp, Walter Bland, came riding into the place, and the general ordered him to bring a sergeant and half a dozen men and surround the house.

"Go up-stairs," the general said to me, "and find out who is lurking there."

I knit my brows. Was I to hunt unarmed citizens?

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

An angry word was on my tongue, but I had seen my chief cut a man down with his sword for a mutinous reply: I repressed my choler and started doggedly into the house. He called me back, I supposed to give me a reprimand, but I was surprised when in a quiet voice he said to me, "I have selected this plantation as a rallying-point from which to make forays on the railroad. The disloyal citizens are all spies, and will report our every move to the enemy. Likely there is one of them at this moment in this very house. Now go up-stairs and find who is lurking there."

This was the general's way. One moment he would strike, the next caress. One moment I hated, the next loved him. I went into the house to carry out his order. Taking an old darky with me as guide, I mounted the stairs, reached a door which I judged would let me into the room I sought, and threw it open. No one there.

"Now, uncle," I said to the negro, "I want you to take me into every nook and corner of this house, from garret to cellar."

"Yes, mars'."

Never have I seen a negro more deliberate, more profuse with ex-cesses, than the one who piloted me on my search. It was, "Yes, mars', jes' wait a minute till I find de key," or, "Dis do' done stuck wid de wedder," or, "Don' hurry de ole man; de misery's powerful bad; nobody can't git away while de sojers is outside."

I drew my sabre and poked here and there, beat it against doors, thrust it up chimneys, pretending that I was doing a duty which I was shirking all the while. On the floor where I had seen the face we found all the rooms empty. Above was a trap-door with steps leading up to it. I climbed the steps, lifted the trap, and stepped in under the roof. It was a singular construction, sloping downward to a gutter in the centre instead of rising to a peak. Finding nothing, I pulled myself through an opening and stood on the roof, looked behind all the chimneys, and heaved a sigh of relief that I had found no one. Then, going below, I resumed my searching in the lower stories. Knocking at the door of a room on the second floor, the summons was answered by an old lady. As I gained an insight into the apartment, a bed-chamber, I thought I saw a woman's skirt whisk out of a rear door.

"I must search the room, madam," I said, imperatively.

"Certainly. Come in."

She spoke in so soft a voice and looked at me in such a motherly way out of her patient eyes that I could have bitten off my tongue for my demand.

"Never mind," I said, coloring. "I see there is no one here."

"Better satisfy yourself."

With that she opened the closet door, pulled out a lounge, and turned up the valance of the bed. I stood hanging my head like a boy caught stealing jam, then suddenly squared my back to what she would show me.

"Look," she said, with a sweet voice.

"Look?" I repeated, turning and facing her. "Look through the chamber of a lady! Have I come down here to do work a detective would shrink from? I came to fight men, not to force myself on the privacy of women. I ask your pardon, madam, for trespassing."

I left the room, my cheeks burning, and, going down-stairs, passed out to the gallery where the general was waiting for me, and reported no one found. He drew down the corners of his mouth in a way I never liked.

"Sergeant," he said, turning to the man who commanded the guard, "take a couple of men and search the house."

The sergeant saluted, and, ordering the men he selected to follow him, went up-stairs. Meanwhile Colonel Wilton, the next officer in

rank to the general, rode up and claimed his commander's attention, while the girl stood waiting in the doorway.

Leaning my elbows on the rail, I looked out on the scene before me. The sun had set, and the surrounding hills stood out in silhouette against a pearl sky, though their sides were dimly aglow with variegated autumnal colors,—for it was at the end of October,—and a chill breeze was coming up from the south. Directly below, in the yard, the men were going into camp, some unsaddling the horses, some getting out cooking-utensils, some cutting boughs on which to sleep. From a snake fence on the other side of the road troopers were carrying rails with which to make camp-fires, some of which were already sending out the odor of burning wood and boiling coffee. Some twenty miles away, across the valley of the Tennessee, were the hills at whose base ran the railroad we were charged with watching. I was wondering how the general, with a few hundred men, could maintain himself against the cavalry of the enemy, let alone getting near enough to the railroad, at the exact time the expected trains would pass, to discover them, when the sergeant and his men came down-stairs and reported another failure.

"Lieutenant Hall," said the general sharply to me.

"Yes, general."

"I expect you to keep this young lady under your special watch. Question her, take down her replies in writing, and bring them to me. Treat her and every one about the place with every consideration possible under the circumstances, but instruct the guard to see that no one leaves the house during the night." With that he left me and trotted briskly down to the gate. I turned to the girl. She had sunk into a seat in a dead faint.

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### III.

#### RED-HANDED.

I was about to sing out lustily for some of the negroes below to come to the assistance of their mistress, when she regained consciousness and her will-power at the same time.

I grasped her hand; it was like ice.

"Are you better?"

"Has anything happened?"

"You have been overstrained."

"Not that. What has occurred since—since I haven't known anything?"

"Nothing. You were unconscious only for a moment."

She seemed relieved. I steadied her while she rose, and supported her into the house, where I placed her in charge of a negro woman, who took her to her room.

The general's order to question her and report to him was a load upon my mind. To pry into the secrets of a girl about my own age, to cross-question her, to extort from her what she did not care to tell, seemed to me no proper duty for a gentleman and a soldier. Several

times during the evening I nerved myself to the work, and as often put it off. At last, fearing that the girl would go to bed, I sent word by one of the negroes to know if she felt well enough to see me. I was bidden to the living-room, where I found her seated on a lounge, anxiety depicted on every feature of her face. Taking possession of a table in the centre of the room, I produced my paper and sharpened my lead-pencil.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I am going to ask you a few questions."

"Who ordered you to do that?"

"The general."

"The replies are for him?"

"Yes."

"Well, go on."

I began my work with all the embarrassment of a young lawyer making his first examination of a witness.

"How long have you known the general?"

"Do you ask that for his or for your own information?"

Realizing my mistake, I bent my head down to the paper to hide my confusion.

"Never mind that question," I said. "I'll ask you another."

"Well?"

"Who is the lady up-stairs,—that pleasant woman with a sweet voice?"

"My mother." She looked pleased at the compliment paid to one she loved. I fancied I had made a mistake in showing interest, and scowled, in order that she might, after all, consider me unsympathetic.

"Is your mother Union or rebel?"

"Confederate."

"H'm! Now I want you to tell me whose was the face at the window up-stairs."

She made no reply.

"I'm waiting."

I glanced up at her from the paper. From her expression I judged that I might wait for an answer till the crack of doom.

I took out my knife and sharpened my pencil, though I had sharpened it a few minutes before. I wanted time to think.

"Are *you* Union or Confederate?"

I asked the question because I could think of no other: I did not doubt she was Confederate.

"Union."

"Union?" I smiled. What a barefaced falsehood! "Why, if you are Union, what is the use of all this searching, your concealment of facts, and all that?"

"You have done the searching, not I."

I glanced my eye over the paper on which I was taking notes. I had certainly not distinguished myself by the value of my questions or the information I had elicited. How could I show such a document to the general? Like most people who are unfitted for what they undertake, I put off till to-morrow what I could not do to-day.

"I will not show this to the general till morning," I said. "By that time, I trust, you will have made up your mind to make a full confession."

"What am I to confess?"

I made no reply to this, keeping up as unbending a mien as possible, though somehow I could not but feel that the girl saw through the gauzy mantle of severity I had donned, and knew full well that I was an inquisitor of clay. But what was I to do with her over-night? I pondered awhile, and then said,—

"Give me your parole not to leave this house, and you may sleep where you like without a guard."

"What is a parole?"

"Word of honor. Do you promise?"

"Certainly."

"Very well. Now you may go where you like inside the house; only remember you have given your promise not to leave it."

With that she left me, and I heard her go up-stairs and enter her mother's room.

I determined to sleep in the house, occupying the room where I had questioned her, using the sofa for a bed. Having stationed a man in the hall, shortly before midnight I threw my blanket on a chair to have it ready for the chill of the early morning, unbuckled my sabre and pistol-belt, pulled off my boots, tossed my forage-cap on the table,—in short, made the preparations for bed of a soldier in the field. Then, having blown out the candle that lighted my room, I lay down.

But slumber would not come. Either the sentry in the hall must strike a match to light his pipe, or a dog in the yard must be moaning, while the hall clock ticked loud enough to awaken the Seven Sleepers,—disturbances that would not have troubled me had it not been that my head was full of Margaret Beach and her singular surroundings. However, at last I fell asleep.

Suddenly I awoke. The light in the hall had gone out, and I could hear the sentry snoring. There was a creaking on the stairway. Some one was coming down, pausing at every step. Straining my eyes, I saw dimly a human figure standing on the lowest step, which was directly opposite my door. Then it disappeared.

Rising quickly, I stepped softly to the door just in time to catch sight of a figure as it passed a window, moving towards the rear of the house. I followed. A door opened, and the figure passed through. Catching the door before it closed, I looked into a kitchen. A stove door opened, and the fire-light plainly revealed Margaret Beach about to burn a paper. I sprang forward and pinioned her in my arms.

"Sentry!" I yelled, at the top of my voice.

The sentry came stumbling along in the dark.

"Bring a light."

Running back to the hall, he returned with a candle. Holding it up, it showed a face of marble.

Leading my prisoner to the living-room, I told the sentry to watch her every moment till my return, then made for the general's tent.



"General!" I called.

"Well?"

"Miss Beach—— I caught her stealing through the hall. She went to the kitchen and was evidently about to burn a paper, when I stopped her."

"Where is she now?"

"At the house under guard."

He got up and went with me to the house. We found Miss Beach seated in a chair, her head resting on her arms on a table, the sentry watching her. I noticed for the first time that she kept her right hand tightly closed. She looked up at the general with a wild, hunted look. In his own face there was an unexplained dread.

"Have you searched her, lieutenant?"

"No, general."

"Open your hand, Margaret," he said to her.

By this time she had risen and stood before us at bay.

"Open your hand," the general repeated.

She opened her left hand and tossed a paper ball on the floor. The general picked it up and began to open it,—no easy task, since the paper was very thin and tightly compressed.

"Hold the light here."

I took the candle from the sentry and held it over the general's shoulder. His face suddenly became white as a cloth.

"Burnside's defences, with every division, brigade, battery, laid down in red ink on tissue-paper!"

I looked at Miss Beach to note the effect of the discovery, expecting her to drop in a faint. What was my surprise to see instead a relieved expression, as though she had escaped a great danger!

The general was standing with the paper in his hands, I holding the light, the sentry back, the girl facing us all. For a few moments there was complete silence. I shall never forget its breaking. The general spoke. His tone was one in which he might have pronounced his own death-sentence.

"You have committed the gravest offence known in war."

He turned and left the room, motioning me to follow him. Leaving Miss Beach in charge of the sentry, I went with him to his tent. It was some time before he could gather his faculties to speak.

"The commanding general is right," he said, at last: "they are going to crush Burnside."

"Why so, general?"

"Straws show which way the wind blows. Why should they wish plans of the works at Knoxville, if they are not intending to attack them?"

"But Miss Beach?" I said, more interested in her than in the military situation.

"Had we not caught her in the act she would have been in Bragg's camp before to-morrow morning."

"What shall I do with her?"

"Confine her in one of the rooms on the top floor, and let her have no communication with any one."

When I went back to the house I found the girl walking to and fro in the hall, while tears were silently flowing. I conducted her up-stairs, feeling that I had fallen from the high degree of an officer of the army to the menial position of a common jailer. Opening the door, I stood beside it, and, taking off my cap, waited for her to pass in. As she did so she extended her hand to me, looking at me gratefully through her tear-dimmed eyes. As I took her hand I said, "Good-night. I would like to wish you a pleasant rest, but I know it would only be a mockery to do so."

She passed in without a reply. I closed the door, went down-stairs, threw myself on the sofa, and, after tossing till the gray of dawn, fell asleep.

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IV.

## ATTACKED.

"Lieutenant!"

I opened my eyes. It was the morning after we had discovered the plans of Burnside's works on Miss Beach's person. A cavalryman stood beside me, handing me something which, after rubbing my eyes, I discovered to be a folded paper. I opened it, and read, scrawled in pencil, in the general's handwriting,—

"Remain in charge of prisoner. Keep strict guard. On no account permit her to communicate with any one."

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"They're all gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, sir, boots and saddles, long before daylight, and the whole command, except Major Snaffle's men, took the road north."

"And left me behind in charge of a woman!"

I got up, and went to the well-house, where I cooled my anger by sousing my head and face in cold water. The general had evidently gone on a reconnoissance towards the railroad, and I did not believe he would get near it without a fight. Perhaps at that very moment he was engaged with an enemy, while I loitered about a country house in charge of a girl. There was some recompense when June, the old darky who had aided me in my search, came to me with the information that breakfast had been served for me by his mistress's orders in the dining-room.

"What mistress?"

"De ole mist'ess."

"Well, now, I like that. I've got her daughter up-stairs under guard, and she returns the attention by ordering me a hot breakfast. Go up and present my compliments to Miss Beach and tell her I would be happy of her company. No, that won't do. The guard wouldn't let her come. I'll go myself."

I climbed the stairs and knocked at the door. It was opened by Miss Beach, whose color left her cheeks when she saw me, doubtless fearing she was to be led out for some new infliction. I lifted my

forage-cap and invited her to go down to breakfast. Her expression quickly changed from terror to relief, her face breaking into a smile so happy, so innocent, that I wondered how she could be engaged in what involved constant deceit.

Going down-stairs, we took our seats at the table. Looking over the scant meal,—we had fared much better by foraging on the country, the country faring less sumptuously because we foraged on it,—I made up my mind that I would look elsewhere for a dinner. But I maintained sufficient politeness to eat what was set before me, especially as I had not been urged to quarter myself with my hosts.

"Are there no others to join us?" I asked.

"Mamma prefers to keep her room."

"I presume the person I saw at the window up-stairs has the same preference. Would you mind forwarding an invitation?"

A slight pallor spread itself over her face. I regretted my words, and determined not to spoil our breakfast by again touching on that which would pain her, so I turned my remarks to ordinary topics. She listened to all I said, but I doubt if her mind was a moment off her critical position. My curiosity at last got the better of my resolution.

"Tell me," I said, in a tone to invite confidence, "how did you dare carry those plans, knowing that if caught you would be liable to a death-penalty?"

She shuddered, but made no reply.

"Did you realize what you were doing?"

Still there was no answer. Why will women be dumb when they have a great deal to say, and garrulous when their words are worthless? I got up from the table, crammed my hands into my breeches-pockets, and stalked back and forth. Presently I stopped and faced her.

"Haven't I treated you kindly?"

"Very."

"Then confide in me; tell me what all this means."

"What do you wish to know?"

"You have declared yourself to be a Union girl, yet you are captured with information in your possession evidently destined for the rebels. I would expect another to tell any falsehood essential under such circumstances, but somehow you are so young, so apparently guileless. Give me a chance to——"

She extended her hand and grasped mine with a look of gratitude.

"I thank you, but you can't help me."

There was something so decided in her withholding of confidence that I gave up the effort to gain it.

"I must send you up-stairs now, but before you go I want you to forgive me."

"For what?"

"Being your jailer."

"You are only doing your duty, and doing it as considerably as possible."

"And you don't detest me for it?"

"On the contrary, I like you."

I called the corporal of the guard, and she was conducted to her room.

I was no sooner away from her than I was vexed at the sympathy I had shown. What reason had I to interest myself in this young rebel, who had doubtless been selected for her work on account of her capacity for lying? I wanted to get out into the air and pull myself together, so I called for my horse, mounted, and sent him flying down the road. I passed Major Snaffle's two companies, watching the pike half a mile below, the major stretched on a flat rail, dozing, some of the men playing cards, others sitting on the ground in groups, all doing their best to pass the time. They gave me an inquiring glance, but I rode on, without a word to them, till I reached an eminence from which I could see a long way ahead. Then I pulled up to enjoy the view.

The pike stretched southward, a straight white line, flanked by alternate openings and woods upon which the sun cast its early morning rays: the air was pure and the sky a deep azure. Happening to cast my eyes on a point where the road was lost behind woods, suddenly a horseman shot into view. Distance prevented my distinguishing who or what he was, though the clear dry atmosphere through which I looked enabled me to see him distinctly. He was followed by half a dozen others; then the head of a mounted column came into view. As they drew nearer, the clouds of dust prevented my discovering whether they wore the blue or the gray, but the sun shining brightly on a flag they carried showed me plainly the stars and bars of the Confederates.

I dashed back at a gallop, drawing rein at Snaffle's tent to give him warning. Snaffle, a short, fat, red-faced man with corkscrew curls, could never get through a sentence without stuttering, except at giving the word of command, when, strange to say, his orders came clear and regular as shots from a repeating rifle.

"Wh-wh-at's up?"

"Rebels, lots of them, down the road, coming right along."

"I've only a h-h-h-andful of men."

"And I've only a guard."

"I tell you what, lieutenant,"—no better man than Snaffle ever drew sabre,—"you go back and get ready to run, and I'll take my little command and make a show on the road up there. When you're ready, send me word and I'll fall back. Then maybe we can get up into a ravine in the ridge and fight."

He had scarcely spoken the last word before I was out of hearing. Approaching the plantation, I was surprised to see the yard full of armed men. Not knowing but that they were Confederates, I pulled up, but in another moment caught sight of their flag. It was no stars and bars, but the real "Old Glory," and I confess I had never seen it look so beautiful. Dashing on and into the gateway, I shouted, "The Johnnies are on us!" but before I could give any explanation there was a clattering of hoofs, and Snaffle with his men came tearing along, followed by the enemy.

Our men, having just come in, were all in the saddle, and soon formed in line of battle. On the right was Colonel Wilton, a tall soldierly man with a beak nose and a black, gleaming eye, commanding a regiment of two hundred men,—not a fourth of its original strength, for it had been thinned by war. Next was the remains of a regiment—its complement had been killed or captured at Chickamauga—under a jolly, roistering Irishman, Lieutenant-Colonel Rourke. On the left of Rourke's Irish boys was a sombre, bushy-whiskered German, Major Ping, who had studied the art of war in Prussia, and whose men had studied the art of plunder in Missouri. Snaffle's men, panting like hunted stags, were hastily formed on the extreme left. All eyes were turned to the general, to learn whether he would surrender or fight. He waited till a force equal to our own was in the yard, leaving as many outside, then, drawing his sword, gave the order,—

“Charge!”

The initial force was with our men. The enemy, being on the defensive, half formed, surprised at an attack when they supposed we were waiting to surrender, soon became entangled with one another. Those nearest the gate tried to get back through it. Those on the outside, seeing their comrades charged, endeavored to join them, those within trying to get out, those without trying to get in, those in the passage packed like pigs in a pen.

I maintained my place by the general so far as I could, but it was impossible to keep close to any one. I was jostled and knocked about, and narrowly escaped being sabred or shot by our own men. Then I was turned round with my face to the house. Borne backward by the Confederates and our own men mingled, I saw Margaret Beach at the window of her mother's room, unmindful of the stray bullets that occasionally struck near her, watching the fight. Her eyes, I noticed, were following the general wherever he went. Raising mine to the room where she had been confined, there at the window, a ghost from another world, a melancholy attendant on Death at the carnival, a presiding ghoul over the massacre of men, was a pale face with eager sunken eyes,—the same I had seen before. Then some one dashed against my horse and set him spinning like a tetotum.

Confusion worse confounded reigned. Our men could do nothing but shoot, hack, pummel, each man fighting on his own hook. At last a troop of Confederates were separated from the rest, driven to the rear, and captured. The enemy without began to tear down the fence on one side, but the general sent Rourke to beat them off. The force that had effected an entrance was depleted. The general by a skilful move brought Ping's and Snaffle's commands together behind Wilton's, and, ordering Wilton to divide in the centre, sent the united forces charging between the wings.

This finished the fight. A few Confederates got out, the rest were trampled, shot, or taken prisoner. Then the panic was communicated to those without. The general rode out, followed by the whole command, and commenced a pursuit that carried some of our men miles away.

## V.

## PAROLE.

Turning my horse over to an orderly, I hurried to the house to discover what had become of Margaret Beach. I hoped she had gone. What was my disappointment at finding her on the veranda!

"You here?"

"Yes; why not?"

"Why, I thought perhaps, inasmuch as your neck was in a halter, you might take advantage of the scrimmage to get away."

"How could I? The gate was blocked."

"Not while we were following the enemy."

"The sergeant put a sentinel there as soon as you left."

"Nonsense! Why do you try to deceive me? You did not wish to leave, or you would have found a way."

An expression of pain passed over her face which I could not understand. She sat down; I placed myself beside her. Below us in the yard men were caring for the wounded, and when all were removed, burial-parties began spading by the light of torches, interring the dead where each had fallen. We could hear the men talking and see their dimly lighted figures, while every now and again a torch was held before an ashen face, a body was lifted into its grave, we could hear a sound of falling earth, then a funeral volley. I was continually thinking that the girl beside me might within a day or two be put into her own grave,—not an honorable one, but that of a felon. Margaret sat alternately looking at the grave-diggers and averting her face, fascinated yet repelled by the grim sight.

"Strange condition, war," I said.

"Horrible?"

She looked so wretched that I could not refrain from placing my hand on hers for a moment. She did not withdraw it, though something told me that it was no dawning love that led her to leave it in mine, but a craving for sympathy, for some friend on whom to lean. I tried to speak to her encouragingly, but there was something so gruesome in the ashen faces of the dead, the torches, the clods falling on the uncoffined bodies, that I too was filled with gloom and remained silent.

An orderly rode up to the gallery with an order for me to report to the general. Leaving my companion, I went to him at once, and found him pacing before his tent, while Walter was engaged in taking down the names of the prisoners, who were being paroled to go to their homes, for we had no force to guard them, and they nearly all lived in Tennessee. As I came up the general looked at me eagerly.

"You sent for me, general."

"Yes. Miss Beach,—where is she?"

"In the house."

He could not conceal a look of disappointment.

"Tell her to get ready for a journey," he said.

"Shall I inform her where she is to go?"

"To General Burnside."



"It would be hardly safe," I ventured, "to send her under a guard of less than a hundred men, and I supposed you wished to keep the command together. Besides, her guard might be either dispersed or captured. In that case the game would not be worth the candle."

He looked at me, surprised that I should dare to instruct him as to what course he should pursue. Then he amazed me by asking, "What would *you* do with her?"

"I would put her on her parole of honor not to escape, and let her do as she likes within the limits of the plantation."

"A spy! parole!"

"If you will parole her, general, I will be responsible for her with my head."

"You would lose your head."

I am a natural gambler; it is many a year since I have staked a penny, but at that time I was considered the best poker-player in the brigade.

"I will wager——" I was beginning.

"No, no, lieutenant; I'm not in the habit of gambling with my staff, and on such a subject. Take her parole not to escape or aid the rebel cause, and I hold you responsible for its keeping. If she breaks it, I will dismiss you from my staff, try you by court-martial for neglect of duty, and enforce the severest penalty the court will inflict."

"Done," I cried. "I accept the terms."

I went straight to the house, and in a few minutes was with Miss Beach.

"I have an important announcement to make to you. The general has decided magnanimously to take your parole,—to put you on your word of honor to do nothing that will aid the Confederate cause, or to escape."

I pronounced the words with something of a flourish,—for I was delighted as well as proud to have accomplished the feat of gaining the general's assent to my plan,—and waited for her reply. She stood for a while looking down at the floor in deep meditation.

"It is not the general's magnanimity that grants this parole; it is yours."

"That doesn't matter. Even though I may have suggested it, the general is still the one to act. In order that you may understand his generosity, I must remind you that the ordinary course to pursue in the case of a spy caught as you have been is to try him by drum-head court-martial and hang him at sunrise the day after trial."

"Is that the way it's done?" she asked, blanching.

"It is."

"What am I to do?"

I sat down at the table and wrote,—

"I, Margaret Beach, in consideration of being relieved from confinement under guard, promise not to aid the Confederate cause or attempt to escape."

She seized the paper eagerly, read it, and signed it with impatient haste. Her action impressed me with the suspicion that she only wished to get a chance to save herself by flight. But I had gone too

far in the matter to retreat; indeed, were it not that I shrank from her disgrace, I would have hoped she would go. I took the paper to the general, who declined to read it.

As I turned to leave him I remembered that I had had no opportunity to speak of having again seen the face at the window.

"General, a little circumstance occurred to-day which I suppose I should report."

"What is it?"

"I saw that face again."

"When?"

"During the fight I got turned round——"

"Was it your horse that was turned, or is it your head that is turned?"

"I got turned round," I went on, coloring, but repressing my anger, "and, looking up at the house, saw the face."

"Indeed?"

In the single word he contrived to throw a world of irony. "You have not told me," he added, "whether this face belonged to an old man, a young man, or a boy."

"To tell the truth, general, I couldn't tell you whether it was man or woman."

There was a curl of the lip that would have made me insubordinate had I dared to be so. "Lieutenant," he said, "have you ever had any severe illness?"

"No, general."

"Any accident? Did you ever fall from your horse and light on the top of your head?"

"No, general."

"Well, if I hear any more of that face I'll send you North on an indefinite leave to recover your health in a government hospital. You may go."

I turned and left him. For the first time it occurred to me that perhaps, after all, the face at the window might be the creation of my own fancy.

I selected a good man and directed him to occupy the room I had slept in on the night of our arrival at the plantation. He was to go there after all were asleep and remain awake all night. If anything unusual occurred he was to call me. I chose a room on the second floor, and, after the house was still, went up-stairs and to bed.

My room was at the front of the house. I could hear the burial-parties still at work, and see through a window the flare of the torches on the leaves of the trees. The mystery of Margaret Beach, the uncertainty of her fate, had by this time so excited my brain that I could not sleep. No sooner would I drop off than a volley outside would awaken me, and the knowledge that it was fired over some poor fellow's grave was by no means conducive to the return of slumber. However, oblivion came at last.

At midnight I was brought back to consciousness by the man I had placed below, standing over me with a lighted candle.

"Lieutenant!"

"Well?"

"The young girl has gone."

"Where?"

"Out of the door; out of the gate; away from the plantation."

I rubbed my eyes and glared at the man standing beside my bed.

"She slipped away with the tread of a cat, sir."

"Did you stop her?"

"No; I had no orders."

"You were right."

"Is that all, sir?"

"Yes; you may go to bed."

My first feeling was one of joy that Margaret had fled, my second one of regret that she should have broken her parole.

There was no more sleep for me that night. I tossed and tumbled till morning, and during the long hours but one subject occupied my excited brain. It was Margaret Beach.

## VI.

### SUDDEN CHANGES.

I rose from my bed the next morning completely disgruntled. Margaret's flight had placed me in a position so galling that I would almost rather have fled myself and been shot for desertion than report her breach of faith to the general. I looked out of the window while putting on my clothes, wishing that I might see an enemy coming down on us to occupy his attention, that he might have no time to ask after my escaped prisoner, but saw only a number of newly made graves. When I had finished dressing I went to the mess-tent and found the general and the personal staff seated at breakfast.

To my satisfaction, the general ate in silence, making no reference to Margaret Beach. When breakfast was over, he ordered Walter to ride to the commanding officers and direct them to get ready to march in two hours. I secured the general's permission to go with the command, a change of duty which especially delighted me.

Promptly at the appointed hour the men were drawn up on the road, mounted and ready to move. We made straight for the railroad, throwing out skirmishers to the front and flanks. On every avenue our scouts reported watchful bodies of Confederate cavalry. In vain the general tried one road after another. All were guarded. All day we were advancing by different roads, invariably to be stopped by the sound of firing ahead. Foiled everywhere, the general determined to return to the plantation. The distance was considerable; we were greatly fatigued, and he gave an order for a brief rest before setting out.

We were halted on a hill-side. Beneath us three roads met, a fourth leading over the hill in our rear. The men were all back in the woods, the general a few rods in advance with a field-glass. I was lying on my stomach on the ground opposite Walter, who was in the same position, with a pack of cards between us,—I always carried

cards in my saddle-pouch. Walter had won a pot of fractional currency, and was raking it in, when I glanced aside at the general, intent on the lower country to the south.

"Great guns! look there."

On every road a column of rebels was coming to eat us up. There was little of the rebels to be seen for the dust, but here and there the sun shone on their accoutrements and arms, as they moved along the roads, looking for all the world like gigantic snakes.

At that moment Wilton and Snaffle rode up and reined in behind a clump of underbrush.

"Rebels on every road, and a force coming down the mountain from the rear."

"I t-t-t-ell you, Wilton, the man's a f-f-fool to get us into such a f-f-fix."

"I consider him a genius."

They did not see the staff engaged at cards, or they would never have discussed the general so freely in our hearing.

"A g-genius! I've read every book on the science of war, and damme if I can find anything he ever does in the index. He violates every principle laid down from Julius Cæsar to Napoleon."

"I don't remember that either of them paid much attention to the authorities of their day. Wait a moment: he has caught on to something."

The general was looking intently at the dry bed of a creek on the right, running parallel with a road, along which a column of cavalry was coming at a canter.

"Colonel."

The word rang out in the same sharp key as a rifle-ball that just then cut a twig above our heads.

"Yes, general."

"Move your men back of that clump of trees, down into the bed of yonder creek. Major, you follow. No bugles. Whisper the orders. Quick."

Two officers dashed backward into the thicket.

"Halloo, there: where's the staff?" It was the general calling.

I grabbed the cards and the shinplasters at the same time, and made a bound for my horse tethered to a sapling.

"Here, general," I said, saluting.

"Ride quick to Colonel Rourke and Major Ping, and tell them to follow the others into the bed of the creek."

"I'll go to Rourke, you to Ping," I shouted to Walter. We were off as fast as the ground would let us, leaving the general peering at the approaching columns. I got back first, and the general motioned me to keep to the rear. Wilton's regiment was filing down over stones and underbrush to enter the creek bed. We could see only a few files as they passed in, and the enemy could not see them at all. In a trice I had the general's idea. He was intending to screen the men behind the high banks of the creek, moving them out of the trap, while the rebels on the road running parallel with the creek were moving in an opposite direction to capture us.

Will the men all get in before the rebels come up? It is a desperate chance. If we have the luck to go through without their getting their eyes or ears on us, we may escape. If they catch us there, we will be slaughtered like cattle in a pen. There go Snaffle's troopers, but there is a long break between Rourke's and Ping's.

"What's the matter with Ping?" called the general. "Hurry him up."

I dug in my spurs, but just then Ping's head of column entered the creek. The general stepped back to where an orderly held his horse, mounted, and sat for a moment with an eye on the Confederates pouring along the road, while we could occasionally catch a glimpse through the trees of our own fellows down in the waterway moving in the opposite direction. The rebels came on till they got to within six hundred yards of where we were standing, then halted and formed line of battle, never doubting that they had us bagged. A man rode out with a white flag to demand surrender. I noticed a smile flit over the general's face. He took off his hat and ran his fingers through his hair, a habit with him when pleased. Then we both rode down to the bed of the creek.

What followed seemed ages. The men, crammed into a narrow channel, the horses stepping on smooth water-worn rocks, were obliged to go slowly. Surely we will be caught in this slaughter-pen, this death-trap, this dead man's trench; and if the enemy choose, not a man will come out alive.

We pushed on, listening for firing ahead. The only sound was the iron shoes of the horses beating on the rocks. It seemed that their tread would surely be heard. But the banks held in the sounds. Soon the men ahead began to leave the creek and enter upon a dirt road. The way grew lighter, and I caught sight of our foremost files, trotting up the road. A few moments more and we would have an open field in which to fight for our lives, if fight we must. It seemed during these last moments that I *must* spur ahead of the slowly moving men, but there was no room, and I would never have dared to pass before the general, for shame, if not for breach of etiquette. At last the closing files before us were out of the creek, and we followed. I drew a long breath of relief and glanced at the general. He took off his hat and looked upward. I did not hear, but knew what he said:

"My God, I thank thee."

Never was there a clearer case of playing at corners in the game of war. We had gained the very road by which the Confederates were marching to capture us, and as we entered it their last files were but a few hundred yards around a bend to our left. Dashing off to the right, we lost no time in putting distance between them and us.

The night was coming on, and the general, who took his place at the head of column, and whose horse and whose impatience outstripped the rest of us, soon placed a hundred paces between himself and us, his figure forming a silhouette against a strip of twilight on the horizon. The brim of his hat flapped with the trot of his horse, the skirts of his overcoat fluttered, while the animal was continually

throwing up his head to catch at his bit, or lowering it to give that splutter peculiar to a horse trotting along a good road.

The stars came out; the air was dry, and the spangled heavens seemed more than usually thick with bright points of varying magnitude, from the flaming Sirius to the faintest glimmer of light. The general had a way of looking, as he rode, up at the heavens, often at a bright star in the zenith, alpha Lyra, and I had noticed that when on one of his night forays and in a dangerous position he was sure to cast his eyes heavenward, as if invoking the aid of a presiding deity. Tonight I saw him throw back his head for his accustomed glance, and I knew that our position was critical.

"General," cried Wilton, who was vainly endeavoring to catch up with him, "my horse is nearly done for, and the same is true of every mount in the command. We must halt for rest."

"It can't be done, colonel. We must put more miles between us and the enemy."

"As you like, general. The men are dropping out so fast that you will soon ride alone."

The general made no reply. I saw him look up again at the star, as one scenting danger will nervously finger the handle of a weapon. At last, suddenly coming to a thick wood beside the road, he gave an order to turn into it, and, after gaining sufficient distance from the road not to be readily seen from it, we went into bivouac. Vedettes were posted, and the men ordered to preserve silence, in the hope that our enemy, who was doubtless at our heels, might pass without observing us.

Worn with a fatiguing day's campaign, I rolled myself in my blanket, and, with a dirt pile for a pillow, was asleep almost before I had stretched my legs.

How long I slept I never knew. It seemed to me that I had but just lost myself when I was awakened by shots, yells, every conceivable noise that could be heard in a fight. I knew the rebels were on us. Through the gloom I caught a glimpse of the general already in the saddle, riding about among our men, inspiring them with his presence and gathering them together in the best formation practicable under surprise. Walter was with him, sticking to him like wax, though there was no opportunity to use a staff-officer, while I was separated from them by some of our own men who were trying to get into line. I pushed forward, but just then a troop of rebels came galloping down, firing their revolvers as they came,—they had no sabres,—and before I could cover the space which separated me from the general, they rode through it, scattering the half-formed platoons before them, making a wedge that divided me and a number of others from the rest of the command. Seeing a number of us cut off from our comrades, they surrounded us, and at the point of a hundred pistols our hands went up as if we had been as many images worked by wire springs.

Hurried to the rear, we waited the result of the attack. The fight kept shifting, and I fancied that the general had gathered what men he could and was cutting his way out. My irritation at finding myself



*hors de combat* at a moment of greatest necessity was intense. Whenever the firing would rise to pandemonium pitch, I would emit a volley of responsive rasping words for which I sincerely hope I have been forgiven. As the combatants kept receding, the noise grew fainter and fainter, and at last died away entirely. I had gone to sleep at midnight, surrounded by Union soldiers; at four in the morning I turned in once more, on the bare ground, watched by Confederate troopers. I was too tired to be long awake, and, though I had before me the prospect of a Southern prison, soon fell into a profound slumber.

## VII.

### AN IMPORTANT DOCUMENT.

When I awoke the sun stood high. A young Confederate officer rode up to our bivouac, and, singling me out from among the prisoners,—doubtless because I was the only officer present,—ordered the sergeant of the guard to send me to head-quarters. A man with a cocked carbine conducted me to a house beside the road, where I was halted for a time, then led to a room inside. An officer in immaculate Confederate gray was seated by a table, writing and smoking a cigarette. He was so swarthy that I fancied he must have African blood in his veins, while his sombrero's conical shape and the upward turn of his moustache suggested Mephistopheles. I noticed, as he wrote, a seal-ring on the little finger of the hand that held the pen. Presently he finished, folded the paper and gave it to an orderly, then looked up at me with as wicked a pair of eyes as I ever gazed into.

"Good-morning, sir," he said, in a soft voice which contrasted singularly with his threatening eyes. "I hope you are quite well this morning."

"Quite well, thank you."

"I must apologize for the constraint put upon you. It is the fortune of war."

"A mere trifle to a soldier."

"Perhaps you will favor me with some information I desire."

"Certainly, if not inconsistent with my honor."

"I see you are on the staff."

"How do you know that?"

"The wreath on your cap. I ought to know United States uniform after a service of ten years in the United States army."

"Indeed?"

"What is your commander doing in this region?"

"That is for you to find out."

Without changing his expression, except a wickeder gleam of his eyes, he drew his revolver, and, pointing it at me, said, placidly,—

"Perhaps your breakfast this morning was not sufficiently peppered."

I was familiar with this mode of extracting information, as I had seen the general use it often; nevertheless those little serpent eyes

appalled me, but I succeeded in mastering my fear, and said, imitating his own cool tone,—

"Thank you, but I would like the breakfast first and the pepper afterwards. If an invitation to a morning repast were sent me, it must have gone astray."

He regarded me curiously. "You are good pluck, anyway." He lowered his revolver, and evidently made up his mind to try another plan. "I'll order something for you to eat presently. Perhaps you won't mind telling me the name of the general you serve?"

"Certainly. General Alan Heath."

"The devil!"

"Quite a different person, I assure you."

"Singular," he said, musingly, "what meetings this war brings about. Young man, your general and I were classmates at West Point."

"Indeed?"

"And served at the same posts."

"What luck!" I said to myself. "I'll be treated splendidly; perhaps exchanged at once."

"General Heath makes his head-quarters at Morganton's Cross-Roads, I believe."

I made no reply.

"At the Beach plantation?"

I was surprised at the accuracy of his information.

"Making love to Margaret Beach?"

Inwardly I started; outwardly I maintained my composure. "He is treating her as an enemy," I said, coldly.

"I have occasion to remember Alan Heath," he went on, with one of his wicked looks. "Would you mind taking a message to him? That is, if you ever see him again, which won't be very soon."

"I will, with pleasure."

"Tell him that I have carefully preserved the letter he wrote the mayor of — in March, '61, accepting his offer to turn over the United States troops at the post under his command for a consideration."

What did this mean? I had had much to stagger my faith in the general, and now it began to look as if where there was so much smoke there must be some fire. However, I maintained my presence of mind before his accuser.

"That would mean dishonor. General Heath is the soul of honor."

He smiled knowingly. "Would you like to see the letter?"

"No."

"I wish you to see it; I wish, if you ever see General Heath again, that you may be able to convince him that Cadet Berante, Lieutenant Berante of the —th United States artillery, Major Berante of the Confederate army, holds a royal flush over his four aces."

He got up and went out. In a few minutes he returned with a long leather pocket-book fat with papers. Looking through it, he selected one and held the superscription up to me to read. It was the general's peculiar bold hand.

"Do you know that writing?"

"Never saw anything like it before."

"What a splendid liar! On General Heath's staff and don't know his handwriting!"

He opened the letter and held it before my eyes. If it was not what Major Berante claimed,—the acceptance of a proposition to turn over a command for gain,—I could not read aright. Never in my life have I had occasion to use so much effort in masking my feelings.

"Are you convinced?" asked Major Berante.

"No."

He exposed his white pointed teeth in a derisive smile.

"Take him away," he said to the guard.

"Any orders about him?"

"No: he'll go south with the others to-morrow."

As I was leaving, I asked, "Will you kindly inform me, major, the cause of your interest in this matter of General Heath's?"

"General Heath will tell you. Ask him if he remembers the casemate at Fort ——?"

I coveted the letter he had shown me. Innocent or guilty, I was interested deeply in my general, and with that letter in my possession at least one point of evidence against him would be concealed. I caught at a straw, or rather my intuitions served me. Berante was plainly of Spanish extraction, and there never was a Spaniard who was not a gambler. He had used a simile that told me he was familiar with the game of poker. Perhaps, being a natural gambler myself, I knew another by instinct.

"Major," I said, "I have a trinket that I would like to play against that finger-ring of yours."

"You impudent boy, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I want that ring, and I am willing to risk an equal value against it."

"You have nothing to risk. Did you not get a receipt for your effects when captured?"

"I did, but I kept one article."

I was accustomed to carry with me, ingeniously concealed for use in case I should be captured, a fifty-dollar greenback. Ripping off a button from my coat, I asked the loan of the major's knife. Then, inserting the blade between the brass covering of the button and its base, I drew forth a crumpled little ball. Opening it, I showed my bill.

The major's eye glistened. He could easily have taken it under pretext of "turning it in," but I had judged him to be one of those men who would make great pretensions to honor in order to cover the blackest dishonor, and for appearance' sake would scorn to rob me. Besides, if he could win my money, he would not be accountable to any one for it. My judgment was correct. A dirty pack of cards was produced, and, with the guard looking on, we sat down at a table, I to play my fifty dollars against the major's ring; the game to be euchre, the best four games in seven to win.

Berante won the first two games, I the second two. He scored the

fifth, I the sixth, which left us the deciding game to play. The major won two points, forcing me to win three in succession. The cards ran well for me, and I scored two. The next hand was dealt by Berante. Happening to glance at the staked ring on his finger as he dealt the cards, I saw him "turn jack," that is, having, in shuffling, placed a knave on the bottom of the pack, he dexterously turned it for the trump card. It would have been a case of "wolf and lamb" to notice the irregularity, and I said nothing. However, having a peculiar hand that I had learned to play in a peculiar way, I scored a point and my opponent's ring at the same time. He took it off his finger and handed it to me. I rose to go.

"Wait a bit," he said, feeling in his pockets and drawing out two ten-dollar Confederate bills. "I must have that ring back. It's a keepsake."

"Not against two Confederate tens," I said, "except on compulsion. And I am sure you would not use compulsion, major."

"Don't insult me, sir, by intimating such a course."

"I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll stake the ring and the bill against the letter you showed me."

The major smiled, a sardonic Mephistophelean smile, and assented. He laid the letter on the table: beside it I placed the ring and the bill. As before, the games were seven, four winning. The major won three straight games, and it was easy to see that "turning jack" was not the only trick at cards he knew how to practise.

And now I am obliged to own to a misdemeanor which, notwithstanding the palliating circumstances, I blush at confessing. My interest in cards had led me to become expert at certain devices employed by professional gamblers, though, in justice to myself, I must say that, except for innocent amusement, I had no use for them. I must now confess to one exception. My desire to get possession of the incriminating letter overbore the remembrance that two wrongs do not make a right. I won the fourth game fairly, the fifth barely, the sixth brilliantly, and carried off the seventh triumphantly with a hand of bowers and court cards that filled my opponent with astonishment.

"A very bright boy," he said, rising and smiling urbanely.

"Thank you."

I picked up the letter and stuffed it in my trousers-pocket. Then, taking the ring, I said, "Keep it till you are in a position to redeem it, major; and as for the bill, permit me to make you a loan on Confederate terms: till six months after a ratification of a treaty of peace between the United States and Confederate States."

He declined my offer with a well-assumed expression of injury, almost indignation. The guard led me into the hall, but the major called him back. Quick as thought I took a match from my pocket, and the letter at the same time. Scratching the match on the wall, I applied it to the paper. A corner had ignited, when Berante came quickly into the hall and blew out the flame.

"I'll trouble you for that letter," he said, with marked politeness and his peculiar smile.

"I won it."

"Certainly, it is your property, but the property of prisoners of war is always turned over to some one deputed to receive and receipt for it."

He sat down at the table and wrote me a receipt, and I, making a virtue of necessity, handed him the letter. Indeed, I had cherished little hope of getting away with it. When he had called the guard back it was doubtless to instruct him to make a pretext to secure it. It was this surmise that led me to attempt its destruction.

And now comes a moment of my life which I can never refer to without feeling again all the conflicting emotions I felt then; a moment full of surprise, indignation, wounded confidence. As I left the room and turned into the hall I saw a figure standing in the front door,—the figure of a woman. She was hurrying in, and so wrapt in some purpose, so filled with anxiety, as was plain in every line of her countenance, that she did not recognize me until I was right upon her.

"Margaret Beach, what in the name of heaven are you doing here?"

The surprise and horror with which she looked at me! She stopped, started on, stopped again, cast a quick glance at my guard, and I thought she was about to speak to me; but, though the man was sufficiently relaxed in his watching to permit it, she passed on without a word and entered the room I had left.

The guard took me back to the other prisoners, and before leaving he ordered me to turn my pockets inside out, stating that prisoners were not allowed to retain any articles on their persons, and thus reclaimed Major Berante's receipt for the letter I had won. I cared nothing for the paper, and gave it up readily.

I spent the day with plenty of food for thought if none for the stomach. There was evidence of treachery on the part of the general; there was a violation of parole on the part of Margaret Beach; while I, who had always been sensitive to my honor, had lied like a pirate and cheated at cards, only to be despoiled of my winnings. But what puzzled me most was Berante's asking if the general was making love to Margaret. Yet I knew Berante to be such an arrant rascal that I believed he had some concealed motive for asking the question. However, self-preservation and the love of liberty overweighed all other considerations, and I soon fell to laying plans for escape. I felt hopeful as to eluding my guards and leaving the place where I was held captive. Union prisoners of war, when not confined in a regularly appointed prison, often found it easy to get away from their captors; the trouble was to reach the Union lines. Indeed, many an escaped prisoner, after wandering about without food or shelter, finally gave himself up to avoid starvation. I surveyed our little camp and noted the situation. Three sides of a square were guarded by sentinels, while the fourth was protected by wagons. If I could get under one of those wagons, I might escape through the bushes on the other side.

As night came on, a bleak wind arose, and I kept close to the camp-fire in the centre of our prison square. The sentinels were watchful, and I gave up any hope I may have had of an early attempt to get away, and, turning my back to the blaze, fell asleep. I awoke with

the consciousness that some one was looking at me. Sitting up, I rubbed my eyes. The fire was nearly out, the sentries lounging on their posts, only one of them pacing his beat. I called to him and asked what time of night it was.

"Wall, Yank, I reckon 't's about time fo' that relief to turn out, 'n' that's at ten er tharabout."

I was about to lie down again, when the same feeling came over me that was with me when I woke. Some one was surely looking at me. Glancing under one of the wagons, peering into the darkness, I saw what at first was little more than two eyes; then I made out the face of a woman. She was lying flat on the ground, her head raised so that she could look at me. At last I recognized Margaret Beach. She signalled to me, putting her fingers to her lips, warning me not to attract the attention of the guard. It was plain that she wished to assist me to escape. I shook my head, giving her at the same time a glance of contempt, but she persevered, and I was so anxious to regain my liberty that at last I felt willing—I admit it with a blush—to accept assistance from one who, if true to me, was certainly a menace to the Union cause. I intimidated by a look that I would act with her, and she at once disappeared from under the wagon.

I wondered what she would do. I had not long to wait, for in a few minutes I heard one of the sentries give the customary challenge, "Who comes there?" Then I saw by the firelight Margaret approaching the guard. What she said I could not hear, but saw that she was talking to him earnestly. The two other sentries left their beats and went to hear what she was saying. I judged that she was inventing a story of some threatened danger. She stood outside the guard-line, thus contriving to place the listening sentinels so that their backs were turned towards their prisoners. The fire was fortunately low, though one brand persisted in burning brightly. Seizing it, I smothered it in the ashes; then, while the sentries' faces were turned from me, I rolled towards the nearest wagon, maintaining my rigidity like a mummy blown by the wind. Half the distance was accomplished, when one of the men turned to go to his beat, to reach which he must come directly towards me. Margaret quickly called him back. Making a few rapid turns, I rolled under the wagon, then got up and ran like a deer.

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## VIII.

### PERILS OF A NIGHT.

Emerging from the wood through which I had fled from the Confederate bivouac, I jumped a rail fence and stood in a cornfield. I could not be more than a dozen miles from the plantation, and, believing the general had returned to his head-quarters, I resolved to go there. The difficulty was to find the way. Fortunately, the night was clear and I could see the stars. I knew the north star, and to the southwest recognized a hill with a crest of trees which loomed against the horizon and which I was quite sure lay near the plantation. Knowing



something of the direction from my starry compass, I felt confident that by making the hill my objective point I would not go far amiss.

After making these observations, which did not occupy a tenth of the time I have taken to mention them, I dashed across the field. I had gone but a short distance, when, glancing aside, I saw a figure getting over the fence which enclosed the field on the north. I stopped, as much from a paralysis of terror as from a wish to know whom I would have to encounter. The figure dropped to the ground and made straight towards me. As it approached I was relieved to see that it was a woman, and delighted when I recognized Margaret Beach.

"Am I missed?"

"Yes. Quick!"

By consenting impulse we both made for a low growth of timber not a hundred yards below. I asked no explanation as to what had happened, but knew long after that my passage through the bushes had been heard, and while the guards were discussing the matter and counting the prisoners Margaret had slipped away. What was now most important was a hiding-place, and we lost no time in reaching the edge of the timber. Once there, we jumped a fence and stood on the bank of a creek. I looked about for some place of concealment; my eye fell on a dark corner in a bend of the creek, where some drift-wood was heaped against a log lying partly on the bank and partly in the water. I motioned to Margaret to get behind the log, and bounded after her. Then I pulled drift-wood so as to cover us, and waited.

Oh, the excitement of those few minutes! My heart thumped against my breast, I trembled all over, and it was almost impossible for me to keep from throwing off our covering of wood and pushing onward. Indeed, my impulse got the better of me, and I started to rise, but Margaret held me down. I had no further opportunity, for in another moment there was a sound of boots among the stubble of the cornfield, and some men jumped the fence on the hither side. One dashed into the creek, across it, and hurried away on the farther bank. Another crossed lower down. Two more came to the bank and paused.

"Reckon he's som'r's 'bout hyar."

"Too near. He'd likely go further 'thout stoppin'."

"Don' know 'bout that. This timber's a good place fo' hidin'. I'm goin' ter look around hyar; you go on if y' like; I want ter see what's behind that log afo' I go."

He descended to the creek, advanced in the rocky bed, came to the end of the log that lay in the water, and, balancing himself by extending his arms, ascended the incline. The disadvantage of his position appeared to me like a flash. Placing my hands on the log, I vaulted onto it, and, before the man could recover from his surprise, clasped him round the chest under his extended arms. We went down together, he on his back, I on top of him, into shallow water. His skull struck the solid rock, and he lay motionless. I got up unhurt. Climbing the log, I looked down into our hiding-place. There lay Margaret in a dead faint. Scooping some water from the creek in my two hands, I threw it in her face. It revived her, and in a few minutes she was up.

"Come! Quick!" I seized her by the hand, and dragged her out and away. She cast a glance at the man lying in the creek, and shuddered. We climbed the opposite bank and stood on the edge of the timber. There were only two men in sight; they were pushing on together without looking back. Not far in advance of where we stood, in the centre of an open field, was a hay-cock. It was the first and only place of refuge I could see, and I had no time to waste. Dragging Margaret after me, we staggered across the field, keeping the hay-cock between us and the men in advance; once there we plunged under the hay. It was the worst possible place to hide, for it would be the first place one would be likely to search. The absurdity of staying there soon struck both of us. I crawled out cautiously, but scrambled back on mistaking a stump for a man; waited, crawled out again, listened, stood up, and looked about me. A hundred yards away, in the direction I wanted to go, was more timber. Could I reach it without being seen? The men in advance had passed on, making to the left, but there was great risk in passing over the open ground between the hay-cock and the woods, as other searchers might still be coming. I cursed my stupidity in getting into the centre of an open field, for I now saw that I could have gone round it, skirting the edge of the woods. But it would never do to stay where we were, and I was about to call Margaret to come out, when a man emerged from the woods in the direction of the rebel camp. I was standing out where he could see me plainly.

At last it was all up with us.

"Hev y' sarched the hay?" he called.

Heaven be praised! he was mistaking me for one of his comrades.

"Reckon," I replied.

"Nothin' thar?"

"Nothin' but fodder."

Without a word he started off down the creek.

"Come," I whispered to Margaret, as soon as he was out of sight.

She crawled out; I helped her to her feet, and we started for the wood. And now suppose we should encounter some of the searchers in the timber. It was more than likely that we would. I fancied it full of armed men and every man pointing a carbine at me, ready to call on me to surrender the moment I reached the edge. And no sooner would they discover the man I had left in the creek than they would either dash my brains out with the butt of a gun or shoot me down.

We hurried on, and at last reached cover. Once there, we stopped and listened. All was still. We leaned against a tree, not so much for rest as to give our hearts time to stop thumping. But we dared remain only a moment. I took Margaret by the hand and led her trembling onward. I looked up for the north star, got my bearings, and, turning to the southwest, there was the crested hill.

"Do you see that hill?" I asked of Margaret.

"Yes."

"Isn't it near your home?"

"Yes."

"Good! we'll go for it."

We started on, walking briskly, for hope had come to give us strength. There was timber on either hand: we kept a sharp lookout ahead, intending to dodge into the woods in case we should stumble on any of our pursuers. Passing a plantation, I trembled as I heard the low growl of a dog, but we shot in among trees on the opposite side and got by without further attracting his attention.

Sometimes we left the road to take to the woods, sometimes crossed fields, followed by-paths, always keeping our eyes fixed on the crested hill. When exhausted we rested in a secluded spot, then arose and trudged on till we were again exhausted, then rested anew. The distance we traversed was, as the crow flies, not more than six or seven miles, but there were hills and ravines and creeks, and obstacles of every kind, and when we followed the roads they all led the wrong way. However, the nearer we got to our goal the better Margaret knew the way, and at last she was enabled to point it out through by-paths and patches of wood till we came to the base of the hill. Slowly we climbed the ascent, and at last, standing on the summit, by the light of early dawn saw beneath us the plantation.

Thank heaven! There are the stars and stripes flying in the yard, the white tents, the sentinels pacing, the lines of horses tethered to the horizontal poles. Oh, the exhilaration of the sight!

"Margaret," I cried, "we are safe. See, there is the plantation."

"I'm glad for your sake."

"Why not for your own?"

She shook her head mournfully. In a moment the position she occupied occurred to me.

"Oh, Margaret, how could you break your parole?"

She was silent.

"You agreed not to aid the rebel cause, and you went straight from our camp to theirs."

Still she gave no reply.

Then I fell to thinking, conjuring up all sorts of plans by which she might escape the consequences of her act. They were all worthless. At last in despair I exclaimed, "Go back: rejoin the Confederates, and never see the general again."

She laid her hand on my sleeve to stay my heated judgment, but did not speak,—made no defence. Then she started on. I hung back.

"Are you coming?"

She turned and looked at me. In my father's house at home hung a picture of Iphigenia going to the sacrifice, turning to look at the musicians behind her. The melancholy of the girl's eyes had haunted me from boyhood. I saw it now in Margaret's.

"You shall not," I cried, with almost a sob.

She came back and took me by the arm. I suffered her to lead me on. The light was broadening, the stars were fading, the hills were growing into being, their green sides tinted with the red, yellow, brown, and maroon of autumn. On a neighboring hill was a vedette. He was sitting on his horse, the butt of his carbine resting on his thigh, looking for all the world like a statue of bronze, an ancient fire-worshipper

watching for the coming sun. On an eminence beyond sat another, while still farther on we could distinguish the dim outline of a third. Then came the crowing of a cock, whose tiny figure we could discern strutting about in the yard below at the base of the staff that bore the flag. While the sun was thrusting his broad face above the horizon we were languidly moving down the road that wound around to the house. As we entered the grounds we heard a faint boom. It was the morning gun fired at sunrise from some distant camp.

## IX.

## A STROKE OF GENIUS.

Margaret went at once to her mother. I sat on the gallery, dreading the moment when the general would rise and I be obliged to report my arrival, with all it involved for Margaret. I occupied myself in rehearsing what I would say that I might convey her breach of parole so artfully covered by her great service to me that the general would be impressed in her favor. By the time he had risen I had my story well laid out, and hoped against hope. I waited till I saw him leave his tent and go to the mess-tent for breakfast, then I joined him.

"Halloo!" he said, surprised; "I thought you were taken."

"So I was. I escaped."

"Good!" He was very much pleased, and grasped me warmly by the hand. "How did you manage it?"

"Well, you see, general, until a prisoner is confined in regular quarters, he is not very well guarded."

"You are right there: quite a number of our men have come in." He sat down to breakfast. "Well?"

"Last night I was kept in bivouac with other prisoners. The camp on one side was protected by wagons instead of a sentry. I rolled over to one of the wagons, hid myself under it, and then made off in the darkness on the other side."

"Where was the guard all the while?"

"Chatting."

"With whom?" The general was buttering a piece of corn-bread.

"A woman."

"A woman?" He smiled. "The nicest bits of deviltry in this war are accomplished by women."

This was not according to my rehearsal at all. "How did you get the command away, general?" I asked, changing the subject in order to gain time to think.

"I didn't; they got themselves away by hard fighting. We managed to get together—those of us who were left—and retreated here."

"Why didn't the enemy follow?"

"They will, as soon as they have formed a junction with others of their forces. My vedettes are on the lookout for them. But this woman who was chatting with the sentry?"

"She kept him talking while I rolled under the wagon; then I cut——"

"Who was she?"

"I cut through the woods, jumped a fence, and——"

"The woman?"

"What the devil does it matter who she was, general?" I blurted, losing my self-control. He should have put me under arrest for an insubordinate answer. He did no such thing; he seemed to enjoy my discomfiture.

"H'm! *Cherchez la femme*. I shall be delighted to hear of one woman in the South favoring the Union cause, or even a young Union soldier who carries his heart on his sleeve."

His mocking tone had been making me angry ever since the conversation began. His last remark made me hot.

"The woman in this case," I cried, rebelliously, "is one of the noblest of God's creatures."

"And this noble creature's name is——?"

"Margaret Beach."

The general started and turned pale. "Where did you meet her?" he asked, quickly.

"In a house occupied by the commanding officer of the rebels."

He strove hard to conceal his feelings. It was impossible. His head dropped on his chest, and a shiver shot through his body. Then suddenly, recovering himself, his expression changed from that of a stricken man to that of one nerved for any duty.

"General," I said, in a husky voice, "I am ready to resign my position on your staff and submit to a court-martial."

"My boy," he said, kindly, and I knew that on this occasion he used the expression affectionately, "your resignation would not be accepted, and you will not be tried. Your action in this matter is perfectly satisfactory to me."

There was a pause, to break which I asked, "Have you any orders, general?"

"Yes. Bring the prisoner to me." She was no longer Margaret Beach; she was "the prisoner."

Going to the house, I told Margaret that the general wanted to see her. Well as she realized the change her last act had made in him, she did not realize it fully. But she was perfectly calm and prepared for anything. We found the general waiting for us before his tent.

"Miss Beach," he said, as if addressing a stranger, "you were caught with information in your possession intended for the enemy. Your word of honor was pledged not thus to offend again, whereupon you were given your liberty, and at once took advantage of it to go to the enemy's camp. It is plain to me for what purpose; but I confess I do not understand your return. I would be glad to hear your explanation."

"I have no explanation to make, general." She used the word "general" with the same cold emphasis he had used when addressing her as Miss Beach.

"You are content to remain a perjurer?"

"For my acts I am accountable to no human being."

There was a short silence, during which the two regarded each other distantly. In the general's face I could see nothing but condemnation, while I fancied I saw a quick glance of reproach in Margaret's dark eyes, like the flash of a gun at night.

"From this moment," the general said, "your fate is in other hands than mine. You will be tried by court-martial, and must expect the only sentence ever pronounced on one engaged in secret service."

I led Margaret back to the house, where an order soon followed to place her in close confinement.

"There's going to be the devil to pay," said Walter, half an hour later. "The general has got one of his fits on."

Even the men seemed to know that something was in the wind. Old "salts" of the sea could not more certainly predict foul weather in the sky than the troops could see hard fighting in the general's face. About dark we got the first flash of the coming storm. The general called me to him and ordered me to ride to the head-quarters of the different commands, directing each commanding officer to send two of his best men, especially fitted for scouting service, to report in person at head-quarters. I gave the order, and the men reported as directed. The general sent them out by twos, apportioning the neighboring territory among them with a view to discovering the positions occupied by the different bodies of the enemy. After they had left, he directed me to bring Corporal Plunk, his favorite scout, a long lean Indian, whose principal occupation during the days when the prairies of his native State were being opened by the plough was shaking with ague. He had his own way of doing everything, and could no more be induced to follow a plan laid out for him than a mountain horse could be guided by its rider over a rocky trail. He sometimes scouted in uniform, but was quite as likely to go out in the garb of a citizen. It was not long before I had him standing before the general, not at attention, for such a position was not possible with him, but loitering awkwardly till the general, who was intent upon a map spread out before him, should notice him.

"Corporal," said the general, looking up suddenly, "you must bring me the enemy's position, and that before midnight. This is the most important service on which I have ever sent you. Take the best horse in the command and go."

Having despatched his scouts, the general lay down on his cot, a signal for us all that we might turn to rest or amusement.

Walter and I, instead of preparing for what was to come, as we should have done, spent the time in a game of shimplasters. Invererate gamester as I was, on this occasion I tried to beg off, for my heart and mind were full of Margaret Beach. But Walter suspected the cause of my unwillingness to play, and, not wishing him to see any further than necessary into the state of my mind, I yielded. Once well started in the game, I forgot Margaret, the approaching operations, everything but the cards, and at twelve o'clock, when the scouts began to come in and the general needed me, he had to call twice before I heard him.



The reports were conflicting and of little value. Most of the men had gathered their information from citizens, who either did not have any information to give or purposely misled them. About one o'clock Plunk came in, slowly ambling on his nag, bearing all the information required.

"'Bout three mile above where the Tennessee runs into the Hiwassee on the west bank, I ran afoul of a rebel camp. I counted animals and made out purty nigh onto six hundred. Right opposite, across the river, were some more, and I judged by their camp-fires purty nigh as many."

"That all?"

"All I could find."

"What guard across the Hiwassee?"

"One company with two small cannon."

"Good." And the corporal was dismissed.

The general called his officers to his tent, and, spreading a map on a pine table, lighted by a tallow dip, informed them of his plans.

"Here, gentlemen," he said, pointing to the position of the Confederates, "are two bodies of the enemy. You see here, just above the junction of the two rivers, a bridge crossing the Tennessee. It is still held by a small rebel force with two guns. The two forces will meet at the bridge, and, moving in separate columns by these two roads leading to our position here——"

"G-g-general," interrupted Snaffle, "you talk as if you were in command of the rebels instead of us. How do you know all this?"

"Major," replied his commander, "how *don't* you know all this? There's the map, here are the separate bodies of the enemy, and your eyesight is good."

Snaffle made no reply for a while. He studied the map with an expression of great wisdom. "I suppose," he said, presently, "the proper thing to do is to engage the main force on this side, trusting to b-b-beat it before the others can cross."

"That is not my plan. I shall go straight for the bridge."

"W-w-what are you going to do at the b-b-bridge?"

"Take it."

"Then what?"

"Go over it."

"And get c-c-cornered on that point, with a river on each flank, and in rear?"

"We will hold the bridge."

Snaffle scratched his head. "G-g-general," he said, "I don't remember ever having seen a campaign like that laid down in any of the books."

"It's very simple, major. Your plan of attack on the main force up here would never do. The others would cross the bridge, unite, and you would have to fight them all together.—Gentlemen, you understand what we have to do. Let us be off."

As I look back on all that was accomplished on that eventful morning, I wonder if the general did not wave a magical wand over the enemy to compel him to his purpose. I remember the night march to

the bridge; our men moving stealthily as we approached it, to surprise the guard, and springing up suddenly before the two pickets who drowsily watched; then our whole force clattering across, the main guard surrounded in their tents, the little knot of prisoners huddled together in the gloom.

I remember the general posting Wilton at the west end of the bridge, with instructions to hold it while the rest of us went to attack the force Plunk had reported on the east bank. A ludicrous scene thrusts itself on my memory amid the volleys, the shouting of orders, rebel yells, turmoil, death. While we march northward to attack the Confederates on the east bank, there, on the other side of the river, within sight, but out of range, marching in a parallel line with us, is the force we left on the west bank. They can't trouble us, for the bridge is several miles below and held by Wilton, and the only shots we fire at them are gibes. We come upon the enemy we are going to attack, advancing to meet us. Two lines of battle,—theirs the smaller; a short, sharp fight; Snaffle to the rear; surrender. And all this while across the river stands the force that has beaten us, looking on with no power to assist their comrades. On a stump stands their commander, gesticulating, swearing, shaking his fist at us, brandishing his sabre, shouting like a madman.

Then we hurry back to the bridge, where we find Wilton fighting the advance of the force on the west bank. With the assistance of the two captured guns, the general leads us against the advancing foe, and, falling upon it like a thunderbolt, puts it to rout.

But who is this palsy, red-faced, wild-eyed little man spurring towards the general, every corkscrew curl shaking like the spring of a bird-cage? It is Snaffle. Some momentous question is on his mind.

"G-g-general," he began, before coming fairly within hearing, "w-w-will you have the k-k-kindness to explain how the d-d-devil it was that w-w-we were not b-b-bagged instead of the enemy? W-w-we did everything w-we could to get ourselves into a t-t-t-trap. It seems to me that plan of campaign w-w-was the most f-f-f-f—" He tripped on his fs and could get no further.

"Major," said the general, in the soft voice he could assume when he wished, "our success is due to your marked ability in getting into their rear."

There is another scene which occurred after all was over, and when the general and I were riding into the yard of the plantation. The sun was at our backs, and shining directly on the front of the house, flooding it with a bright light. Looking up at the "spook window," as Walter had named it, there again—was it human, or was it a dream? I reined in my horse and stared wildly at it. Surely I could not be in my senses. It was the same face I had seen before, but now, with the light full upon it and with more time to see, it was plainly that of a young girl. She could not have been more than seventeen years old. At first I thought her Margaret Beach; but she was not Margaret: besides being younger, she was radiantly beautiful; at least, so she seemed to my youthful eyes. But the strangest part of it is yet to come. Her long black hair was streaming over her shoulders, so that,

I knew, be she ghost or flesh, she was a woman. And yet—*mirabile dictu*!—her attire was that of a Confederate officer.

"General, look, quick!"

"What is it?"

"The face at the window."

As I spoke the slats were turned.

"I see no face."

It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him what I had seen, but if he doubted my statement that I had seen *simply a face*, how could I expect him to believe that I had seen a girl dressed in Confederate uniform? Such an apparition could come only to a diseased brain. For once prudence came to me, Heaven knows how, and I refrained.

"Perhaps I was mistaken," I said.

The general looked at me curiously, but said nothing.

But what I had seen—if indeed it was real—brought a horrible confirmation against Margaret. She must be guilty of all of which she was accused. Till this moment I had hoped that this uncertain vision might be the real culprit who would eventually relieve her of blame. Since the distinct view I had at last had of it, I knew that the child-like face I had seen could not belong to man or woman capable of entering an enemy's lines, making drawings of his works, and travelling miles over muddy roads to transmit them to her employer. Margaret, with her stronger nature, might do all this, the young girl at the window never. Margaret had been stopped by us in the act of carrying the plans. She had been interrupted by me in the attempt to burn those plans. Finding herself foiled, she had eagerly given her parole, only to break it in order to transmit what information she could to the Confederates. She was a desperate, treacherous woman without a conscience.

When I dismounted I found that I had dug my spurs into my horse's flanks with such force that the blood ran in a trickling stream.

## X.

### A COMPACT.

The next day Margaret was tried, the court sitting in the very room where the plans of Burnside's works had been taken from her. The prisoner was pale, but self-possessed. The general was not present. An officer read the charge and specifications in the formal, choppy manner usual to the reading of orders at dress-parade. It set forth that Margaret Beach did, on or about the —th day of October, 1863, have in her possession plans of the defences of Knoxville, Tennessee, with the intent to transmit them to the enemy, and, having given her parole not to escape, had visited the enemy's camp.

I, being cognizant of every event requiring proof, was the only witness called for the prosecution, and Margaret made no defence. I testified to having interrupted the burning of the plans, the parole Margaret had given, and her disappearance from the plantation. I

intended to make the most of her having assisted me to escape, but on describing my meeting with her in the enemy's camp a sense of the enormity of her act swept over me with such force that I hesitated, stammered, and at last broke down, making it plain that I was trying to convince the court of what I did not believe myself.

Margaret, being called upon to speak in her defence, simply said, "It would be useless for me to assert my innocence in face of such strong proof against me."

In view of the evidence and the absence of any defence, there was nothing for the court to do but to find the prisoner guilty. One circumstance only was in her favor,—her having assisted me to escape, and her return to face what must surely follow. But it was suspected that I had found favor in her eyes, and her return was explained on the ground that, being a woman, she believed she could come and go unpunished. When the case was closed the officers composing the court withdrew, and after a brief consultation returned with a verdict of guilty.

The general sent for me and asked me to give him an account of the trial. He made no comment on what I told him. After an oppressive silence, which he did not seem inclined to break, partly to escape from the gloom that overhung us both and partly to divert his mind, I ventured upon the military situation.

"Is there any hope, general, of our reaching the railroad?"

"No; they have cavalry enough to patrol all the railroads in Tennessee."

"Why not send a spy?"

"I don't like spies."

"How would a small body of scouts do?"

"They could not get through except by unfrequented roads, and I have no guide."

There was a renewal of the silence between us, which I, looking him steadily in the eye, broke.

"Margaret Beach knows the country about here well."

How I dared make such a suggestion is unaccountable to me to this day. I only know that I possessed a certain assurance at critical moments, which proved of untold value on this occasion. Having fired my shot, I waited for its effect. A train of thought was started in the general's mind, but where it would lead him I could not predict. Suddenly he said, in his quick, terse tones,—

"Bring the prisoner to me."

A faint hope sprang up within me. I started to obey the order, and in a few minutes Margaret was standing before the general.

"Miss Beach," he said, "do you know any route by which a few men can reach the railroad unobserved?"

"You have condemned me for giving information to the Confederates: do you think me so base as to serve both sides?"

"As you like," he said; then, turning to me, "Take her back."

"I am ready to prove that I am true to the Union," said Margaret, proudly.

The general showed no sign of faith in her assertion of loyalty as he replied, "Very well. Do you know of such a route?"

"I do."

"And do you know of any hiding-place near the track where the men can lie concealed to watch the passage of trains?"

Margaret thought a moment, then replied,—

"I do."

The general made no further remark for a few moments. He was turning something over in his mind. At last he looked up at Margaret, and said, impressively, but still coldly,—

"Perform this service, and I may be able to save you."

Despite his tone, I could detect a look of intense relief in his face. Without waiting for any reply from Margaret, he turned quickly to his proposed expedition. "Where is this hiding-place you refer to?" he asked.

"Near Charleston, just north of the Hiwassee."

"Hills on each side?"

"Yes, and a ravine, and in the ravine a cave."

"In full view of the railroad?"

"Yes."

The general turned to his tent, and soon emerged with a map, which he unrolled and spread on the ground. We all stooped over it, I with a quick-beating heart.

"Here is Charleston," he said: "now where is the cave?"

Margaret put her finger on the place.

"By what route do you propose to reach it?"

"Over by-paths most of the time; for the rest we must take the risk of the roads."

"General," I exclaimed, "give me command of the expedition."

He did not hear me; he was intent on the map. For half an hour he went over the different routes leading to the objective point, asking Margaret questions about the roads, whether they were lined with woods or plantations, the points of divergence into by-paths, the crossings of streams, the height of elevations,—indeed, all manner of questions that one leading a party such as he was thinking of sending would need to know.

Suddenly he looked up at Margaret, and, rolling up his map, asked, "How soon can you be ready to start?"

"But, general——"

"Well?"

"You forget."

"What?"

"I am under sentence."

The general started. "I can suspend the carrying out of the sentence," he said, "and more, if you prove your loyalty——"

He paused, and we stood waiting. Like a flash my memory went back to the head-quarters of the general-in-chief on the morning General Heath's court-martial was deferred and he was given an opportunity to prove his own loyalty. I saw no evidence that this repetition of

the situation occurred to him. He finished the sentence he had begun :

"We may secure a pardon."

I expected Margaret eagerly to embrace the opportunity offered ; I was surprised to see her stand irresolute.

"Well?" said the general.

"I will go only under one condition."

"And that is——"

"That no one be permitted to enter the house during my absence."

There was an uncomfortable pause. I became anxious at once lest there had come a hitch which would spoil all Margaret had gained.

"Miss Beach's mother is an invalid, general," I said. "Doubtless she wishes to know that her mother will not be disturbed."

"Is that the reason?" he asked.

"No."

"Then what is it?"

"I can't give it ; but I will promise that no harm shall come to the Union cause from your keeping away. Whatever is the condition at home, I give you my word that it shall be kept as it is till my return."

The general stood deliberating, at the same time studying her face. Doubtless he cared nothing for her promise, after his experience with her in the breaking of her parole ; or perhaps he was racking his brain for a reason in her making the strange request. Presently he turned to me, and said, in his quick way,—

"Lieutenant, withdraw the guard."

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## XI.

### THROUGH THE LINES.

Having obeyed the general's order, I set about persuading him to give me command of the expedition. I found him more ready to do so than I had expected, for the reason that he could not help himself. I was in the secret of Margaret's acts to a greater extent than any one else, and he did not wish to confide an expedition guided by her to any other officer. As soon as he had consented I hastened away to inform Margaret, and then returned for my instructions.

"Take with you," said the general, "Corporal Plunk and four privates, and go through under cover of the night. Keep a sharp look-out ahead. Let the men do any fighting that cannot be avoided, while you stay with Miss Beach. Here is a map covering the territory through which you will pass. I have had Walter put it together from rough pencil drawings furnished by Union citizens. Whatever happens, hold on to it." He paused a moment, and then added, "You are very poorly equipped by nature and experience for such a work. I have supplemented the qualities you lack by giving you Corporal Plunk, who possesses them all."

Corporal Plunk! The blood rose to my cheeks at this want of confidence in me. The time came when I thought differently.



"When you return here—if you ever do—you will find either me, some one to represent me, or the enemy. If the enemy is here, get your report at all hazards directly to the commanding general at Chattanooga." With that he dismissed me.

As soon as it was dark I went out to inspect the men I was to take with me, and found them waiting in the yard. All were in uniform except Corporal Plunk, who wore the clothes in which he had last scouted. The privates were armed with carbines, pistols, and sabres; one was a country-boy with rosy cheeks, another a German, the third an Irishman; the fourth had a chalky face, thin red eyebrows, close-cropped hair of the same hue, eyes more green than any other color, and his face wore a perpetual grin.

"What are you laughing at?" I said, in no mild tone. "Do you think we are going on a picnic?"

The fellow's face gradually resumed an ordinary expression, as the ripples arising from disturbed water will slowly subside.

"What's your name?"

"Enoch."

"Enoch what?"

"Enoch Melodew."

"Give that man the mess-kit," I said. "He will never do to fight; the rebs will knock his teeth out while he is grinning." And the pannier containing the kit and provisions was slung over Private Melodew's horse.

It was not a night favorable for our journey, for the moon was more than half full, and gave more light than we desired. I sent Corporal Plunk to scout ahead and warn us of the proximity of the enemy's cavalry. Margaret and I rode together. Above us the constellations were glittering, Orion rising in the east; the Great Bear was swinging around the pole; Mars, which, when the war opened, was at its brightest, was now waning and easily recognized from its red hue. Near by the mountains stood out black and bold against the bright heavens. Something moved me to cast my eye to the zenith,—a fitting thought of the general, perhaps,—and there blazed his favorite star alpha Lyra.

"If the general were here," I remarked to Margaret, "he would be looking upward all the while."

"Why so?"

"That star is a sort of presiding deity with him. When he is on one of his night rides he seems to be invoking it continually."

I made this reference to the general purposely, expecting that it would lead her to give expression to her feelings induced by his tyranny. But she remained silent, and in another moment Corporal Plunk rode out from under a tree in whose shade he had been so concealed that we had not seen him, and with his finger on his lips called on us to halt, then motioned to us to ride over the bars of a snake fence he had let down. In a few moments we were in thick timber.

"What is it?"

"Listen."

I could hear horses' hoofs beating on the road ahead. We remained motionless, and when they came near discovered a dozen horsemen trotting leisurely. The light of the moon fell full upon them, and we could distinguish that they were not in uniform.

"Guerillas?" I asked the corporal.

"More likely East Tennessee Unionists goin' to take revenge on some rebel neighbor; but, not bein' sure, it would not do to make ourselves known."

We kept still till they were out of hearing, then took to the road again. As the pale face of Private Melledew emerged from shadow to moonlight I noticed that he was grinning.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked, sharply.

He made no reply, his grin subsiding as if his lips worked automatically by some mechanical contrivance. I consulted with Plunk as to the propriety of sending the man back, but Plunk agreed with me that we must have one man to carry the mess-kit, and I determined to keep Melledew for the purpose.

I was fully impressed with the corporal's value as a skirmisher, and sent him once more to the front. We rode along the base of a chain of hills till we came to a rise in the road which revealed by the moon's light, to the north the valley of the Tennessee, and to the east the Hiwassee, the two rivers joining their waters not far from where we looked. Who would imagine so peaceful a scene to be the theatre of war? Where was the smoke, the red breath of artillery, the flashing of sabres, the roar of battle? Instead, here and there was a crest of mist hanging on a mountain-top, the scarlet and yellow leaves of autumn, a sparkle of flowing water, while the only sound was that of some belated bird calling to its mate.

We passed on down the hill into the valley, every moment getting nearer territory that might hold bodies of the enemy's cavalry patrolling the railroad. It was necessary to proceed more cautiously. I directed two of the men to ride a few paces in advance, the one to keep a sharp lookout on the right flank, the other on our left. Riding in this open order, Plunk as advance skirmisher, next the two outlookers, then Margaret and myself followed by Melledew, the remaining man a hundred paces to the rear, we were well protected against surprise.

Reaching a country road marked only by wagon-tracks in the turf, Margaret directed that we turn into it: having done so, we found ourselves in a dense thicket. Following this embryo road, well screened by woods, we soon reached Doughty's Ford, where we crossed the Tennessee, and, skirting the base of a hill, diverged into another by-road to Birchwood. There was not a light in the town, and as we rode through it the sleeping inhabitants knew no more of our passage than if we had been a troop of phantoms. Then it was up and down hill, over creek beds, through ravines, till about three o'clock in the morning, when we struck the railroad. To reach our destination we must cross it. We held a consultation, and under Margaret's guidance moved a short distance to a point midway between two stations and protected on either side by woods. I sent Plunk ahead to make sure that all was

clear, directing one of our men to take position a few hundred yards up the road, another the same distance below. When sure the way was clear, Plunk was to give a whippoorwill's call as a signal.

Suddenly we heard the tramp of horses' hoofs, and a squadron of Confederate cavalry rode between us and the railroad, following the track northward. Fortunately we were in thick woods, and they passed without discovering us. Then came the melancholy sound of a whippoorwill, and we crossed the rails. Once on the other side we were joined by Plunk, who drew in the flankers, and we proceeded as before.

There was now a faint light in the east, and, having still a dozen miles to go, besides crossing the Hiwassee, which flows between two little towns, Charleston and Calhoun, we hastened our pace. We had not gone far before Plunk came riding back at full speed.

"They are upon us," he said. "Take to the rear, and the woods when you can, while we give 'em a brush for time." He drew up his men in the road, while Margaret and I, putting spurs to our horses, darted to the rear like the wind. There was no need to order Mellodew to follow, for his chattering teeth and his grin were sure signs of fright. Remembering a by-road a short distance back running into a dense wood, I determined to take it. A few minutes' run brought us to it, and, turning, we found concealment. In another moment we heard firing in the road.

And here at the very outset I proved the grounds for the general's want of confidence in me by disobeying his instructions to let the others do the fighting and stick to Margaret. Leaving her with Mellodew, who was still shivering and grinning like an ape in midwinter, I galloped back to take a hand in the fight. Scarcely had I entered the main road when I heard a clattering of hoofs ahead and saw Plunk and his men coming full tilt before a troop of rebel cavalry. The situation brought me to my senses. Turning, I rejoined Margaret. I found her alone.

"Where's Mellodew?"

"Gone. There he is now."

As she spoke, Mellodew emerged from a thicket and tore through an open space not far distant. A second time I lost my head, thinking only of getting my hands on the cowardly sneak, and, leaving Margaret, I spurred after him, though this time my action was not altogether unwise, for Mellodew had our mess-kit and blankets. I caught him halting at a ditch over which he dared not jump, and, seizing his bridle-rein, dragged him back to Margaret.

Plunk, who was better mounted than his men, led the flight, and, recognizing an opportunity to insure our safety, drew the Confederates past the point of our digression. Farther on he managed to elude them, and soon after rejoined us. I have never seen nor heard of any other of the men from that day to this.

A relief from immediate danger brought a renewal of my anger at Mellodew. "You sneak" (a cuff), "you coward" (a cuff), "you chaff-faced, grinning, chattering idiot, I'll teach you to desert us at the approach of danger. Turn over the kit and go back to camp, and I'll attend to you when I return."

"No, no, lieutenant," protested Plunk, who rode up at the moment: "don't reward him for desertion; leave him to me; I'll watch him. He's only a beast of burden, and you can't expect a dumb brute to take care of himself in a fight."

For once Mellodew did not grin; he cast a malignant glance at me, such as a dog might cast at the master who had whipped him.

"All right, corporal; take him under your wing. But what shall we do? We've lost our escort."

"And better off, lieutenant, than we were before. We're in a country swarmin' with the enemy, and no escort is better than a small one. We've got to skulk."

"True. Lead on, and when you reach a farm-house, go in, feel your way with the inmates, and if you find you can trust them, get me some 'butternuts,' and some clothes for the pack-mule Mellodew."

"All right. I'll try that cabin yonder."

When we arrived there, Margaret and I took position in an orchard while Plunk went ahead to reconnoitre. He was gone but a little while, and when he returned, he told me to go with him to the house.

"Are they Union?" I asked.

"Not much."

"Mixed?"

"Not mixed, neither."

"What! Rebel?"

"Rebel, hot."

"How the devil do you expect me to go among rebels in this tog?"

"I fixed up a lie on 'em, lieutenant; and my experience is, if you're goin' to lie at all, the bigger one you tell the better chance you have of bein' believed. I told 'em we were Confederate prisoners escapin'; that I had got a cit's clothes and you and Mellodew had stolen Yankee uniforms as the best you could do under the circumstances, and now you want to change off to a country farmer."

The splendor of this falsehood accomplished its purpose. Mellodew and I exchanged our uniforms for citizen's clothes, and, after breakfasting with the family who furnished them, we proceeded on our journey.

We were now on the outskirts of Charleston. The railroad ran through the town, crossed the Hiwassee by a bridge, and through the little town Calhoun on the opposite bank. The prospect of going through these two towns or over a railroad bridge was not inviting. We therefore bore to the right, crossed the river above by appropriating a skiff we found tied to the bank, and half a mile farther on struck a road which led us to a hill separating us from the point we sought. Once on the crest, there before us was spread out the valley of the Tennessee, while directly beneath was the railroad. Passing into a ravine, Margaret led the way to a crevice between two rocks.

"There," she said, pointing, "is the mouth of the cave."

XII.

THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.

Dismounting and leaving the horses in charge of Mellodew, we entered the habitation provided us by Nature, an irregular-shaped area perhaps thirty feet across at the broadest part, and nearly as high overhead. In a corner we found ashes, and, just above, an opening in the roof blackened by smoke, through which came a small bit of daylight. In the centre was a rude table composed of boards set on upright forked boughs.

Plunk and I at once set about gathering wood, and soon had a cheerful fire burning. I assigned the cave to Margaret until such time as we might need concealment, and made a bed of boughs for her, which I covered with blankets. When all was ready we left Margaret to rest, and, cutting more boughs, set them upright between contiguous trees, thus improvising an enclosure in which to conceal the horses, putting them in charge of Mellodew, who was directed to procure forage for them.

We were now in prime condition to keep an eye on the railroad, Plunk and I dividing the watch between us day and night. Plunk, being merely a non-commissioned officer, while I was a lieutenant, insisted on taking the whole night watch, giving me the day, but in an army of two, with a girl for reserve,—we did not dare trust Mellodew,—I did not consider rank of any importance. I therefore divided the watch into four hours each, and took the alternate watches myself.

After supper I remained in the cave for a while, sitting beside the fire with Margaret. There was plenty of dry wood which Plunk and I had gathered during the day, and I heaped on enough to make a rousing flame. Indeed, the place would not have been habitable without a continuous fire, and it was arranged between Plunk and myself that whoever was on watch should keep it burning. I had my brier-wood pipe, cut from a laurel root during a campaign in Western Virginia, and, as Margaret did not object, I enjoyed a comfortable smoke. There was a splendid draught, and both the smoke from the fire and that from the pipe rose readily, passing out of the natural chimney.

"What are we to watch for?" asked Margaret, suddenly.

"The passage of trains."

"I know that. For what further object?"

"I am not permitted to tell."

"My life depends on our making a discovery. Surely I should know what it is."

"I would gladly tell you, but, you see, the general——"

"Would not trust me," she interrupted, impatiently. A tear glistened in her eye.

I could never stand woman's tears. I thrust my hands in my pockets and strode back and forth in the cave, vainly endeavoring to steel my heart to do my duty. Had I left the cave I might have succeeded, but I did not; I cast a glance at the weeping girl, "threw up my hands," and revealed the whole story.

"I should not have told you this," I concluded, "but it seems ab-

surd to trust you so far as to guide us here, and not trust you with the object of our coming, especially since if the move is made you must see it as well as the rest of us. I think it very unreasonable of the general to keep the secret from you."

She did not encourage me in my self-excusing: she was silent.

"Don't *you*?" I asked.

"No; I think the general was prudent. There was no use in telling me what I might not need to know."

This bit of feminine inconsistency and ingratitude fell upon me with such a crushing weight that, without reply to her thrust, I got up and went outside, cursing my folly and vowing that no woman should ever again extort a secret from me,—a vow I religiously kept—until I was besieged by the next woman.

Plunk had gone on watch at eight o'clock, and when I went out from the warm fire into the cold moonlight I saw him walking back and forth, occasionally swinging his arms to keep himself warm. I selected a round root of a tree for a pillow, wrapped myself in my blankets, and tried to sleep. But the ill-humor I was in prevented. Added to the cause which had produced it was another. I had given Margaret my blanket, and was covered by one I used under my saddle. During my rest it was constantly a question whether I should endure the cold or the odor of horse.

I finally got some sleep, and when Plunk called me at twelve o'clock I shook myself awake and turned out to assume my watch. The moon, which was just at the full, stood on the meridian, lighting up the mountains, the valley, and the river, winding through the hills like a huge glow-worm. I have always had an especial friendliness for the moon. To-night its round face seemed to have an amused quizzical look on it, as much as to say, "That's very comical, your letting her get your secret from you. But don't worry over it, my boy; if you had watched as many men fooling women as I have, you'd see that the balance is on the other side."

I made up my mind to dismiss Margaret and the moonlight from my mind and try to remember that I had a duty to perform. I was especially anxious to keep awake. But I was young, and the young need plenty of sleep. Without great care I would drop away in spite of myself. So I walked and swung my arms and occasionally ran a few yards till I felt tired, then sat down on the ground and fell to thinking of the probable uselessness of our expedition. "We have had our fighting and our watching and our marching all for nothing," I muttered to myself. I was getting drowsy. "We have had our fighting,"—the tree-tops kept rustling,—*"and our watching,"*—a thin cloud sailed lazily over the moon,—*"and our marching"*—This was the last word; slumber came before I could repeat another.

I dreamed that I was up in a tree, clinging to branches tossed by the wind. I held on till a sudden gust loosened my grip, and I was about to fall, when—

A hand grasped my shoulder. Opening my eyes, blinded by the rising sun, I looked up. There, directly over me, were the stern face and steel-gray eyes of the general.



"Do you know the penalty of sleeping on post?"

I was too dazed to reply, but sat staring at him, wondering if he had not come up through the bowels of the earth.

"I will tell you," he added. "It is death."

I made an effort to rise, but his grip was on my shoulder and held me down.

"Where is your guide?"

"In the cave, general."

"Are you sure?"

"I'll stake my life on it."

He took his hand away and stalked to the cavern, while I rose as quickly as my joints, stiffened by cold, would permit, and followed him, entering directly behind him.

Great heaven! Margaret was not there.

"Fool!" he muttered, contemptuously.

"I left her here," I exclaimed. "My God! where could she have gone?"

"Gone? To betray you."

I started to give him the lie, but his glance and a movement of his hand to his sword-hilt told me what the mutinous word would cost me, and I refrained.

"Where did you come from, general?"

"From the plantation."

"What for?"

"What for? Am I to explain my acts to my subordinates? Well, under the circumstances I will. To gain a knowledge of the route over which you would pass, with a view to seeing if it would be practicable to bring the men to Charleston. If we have the luck to catch the enemy's advance trains north and his rear trains south of the Hiwassee, we may make a dash and burn the bridge, cutting his force in two. But I have been disappointed in my hold on your guide. You have kept the secret of the object of your expedition, of course?"

I hung my head without reply. The general turned from me with an impatient contemptuous exclamation.

"Plunk!" I called.

A bundle of blankets on the ground near by began to stir, and from them emerged the corporal. I looked for surprise when he saw the general, but he repressed any expression of it, and, rising, came towards us.

"Where's Miss Beach?"

"Don't know. It's been your watch, lieutenant."

"Mellodew!"

Our hostler came from the improvised stable.

"Where's Miss Beach?"

"She took her horse before daylight and rode away."

"Shut off that grin," commanded the general.

Mellodew's features receded slowly, as usual, to an ordinary condition.

"Lieutenant," said the general to me, "I told you you were not fitted for this work, but I did not suppose you were——"

The words were cut short by the tread of a horse's hoofs on dead leaves, and in another moment Margaret, her cheeks flushed with exercise, rode into the camp.

"Why, general!" she exclaimed, turning pale.

The general stood looking at her coldly without speaking.

"I—we—did not expect——" she faltered.

"Evidently not."

"I got up early and rode to the house of some friends of mine,—a Union family."

"Probably with some such purpose as that with which you visited the Confederates on a recent occasion."

"For several purposes: first, to arrange for a refuge in case of necessity."

"And to tell the news?"

The color came and went, but she proceeded.

"To borrow some articles of clothing, for the weather is colder than when I left home, and to beg a little fresh meat for breakfast." She held up a dressed chicken.

The general repressed an expression of impatient incredulity.

"General," exclaimed Margaret, driven to desperation by his manner, "I made a compact with you to guide your men here. I knew you did not trust me, but I did not suppose you would follow me here——"

"I follow you here?" the general retorted, a slight color tinging his cheek. "I am a soldier, doing a soldier's duty. The success or defeat of an army depends on my watchfulness, and I will never sleep till my work has been accomplished."

"And I am worn out with your persecution," cried Margaret, despairingly. "Either leave me to do the work I agreed to do, or take me home and kill me."

There was a shot in the valley below, and more in quick succession. The general sprang for his horse, which was nipping the grass near by, and Melodew untied the hitching-strap from a tree, holding the rein while the general mounted.

"General," I called, "where do you go?"

"To join my escort below."

"Where then?"

"To the plantation, as fast as my horse will carry me."

"Can you get through?"

"I must get through."

He was about to spur away, when Melodew called to him and said something to him which we could not hear. He looked back at Margaret and me with a peculiar expression, then, hearing more firing below, rode away.

"Margaret," I said, "that tallow-faced Melodew will be our ruin. He has said something to poison the general against us."

Turning towards the valley, we saw three different bodies of Confederate cavalry approaching the point where we had heard the firing. We watched and listened, but, beyond an occasional single shot, heard nothing more, and the foliage was too thick for us to see what was

going on. Half an hour afterwards, casting my eyes to the opposite hill, I saw the general and a few of his escort on the crest. He waved his hat to us, then, turning, followed by his men, disappeared.

### XIII.

#### THE REAL SENTRY.

We set about making our preparations for the day without a word concerning the general's visit. After breakfast Margaret and I went out of the cave into the sunlight and stood looking down the valley.

"How long before our watching will prove effective or useless?" asked Margaret.

"If what we expect does not occur soon, I fear it will not occur at all."

"And I must return to my fate."

I did not reply, but looked gloomily out upon the valley. Turning my eyes to the south, my attention was attracted by what appeared to be a small white dot.

"What's that?" I asked.

"A wagon, an army-wagon. I've seen so many of them that I would know one anywhere."

"And there's another," I exclaimed, as a second emerged from behind a hill. "It's a wagon-train."

Slowly wagon after wagon came into view, till a whole train could be seen like a white-linked worm crawling up the valley.

"I don't see what that's for," I muttered: "they have the railroad for any transportation they may need."

"It looks as if they were going to use both wagons and railroad," said Margaret.

"You have quite a head for guessing things," I remarked, surprised at her foresight. This was the first evidence I had encountered of Margaret's thinking ability; I was to have plenty of it soon after.

During the day we noticed stray squadrons of rebel cavalry passing northward. A small drove of cattle made its appearance in the south, jogged along over the road, and passed out of sight. Another wagon-train appeared, toiled slowly past, and disappeared. Then a larger body of cavalry went by, perhaps five hundred men. I watched expectantly for bigger game, but was disappointed. Nothing more of importance appeared, and I gave up my expectation of some momentous occurrence.

When we began our watch for the night, Margaret insisted on taking part.

"Nonsense," I said.

"I mean it."

"Do you suppose two able-bodied men would permit a weak woman to divide a watch with them?" And I stalked away without deigning another word.

Plunk, as before, had the first watch. At twelve o'clock I was awakened, and walked to the edge of the declivity to begin my vigil. The weather was splendid, and I was regaled with another view lighted by the moon. I made up my mind to pace a beat like a sentinel, that I might be sure to keep awake. I chose two trees between which to walk, and continued to do so for an hour without rest. Then I took ten minutes off. After that I walked again till three o'clock, when the absurdity of walking an imaginary beat to watch for something that had only a remote possibility of occurring struck me with such force that I sat down on a rock, put my elbows on my knees, and rested my head in my hands. The last thing I remember was congratulating myself that if any remarkable event should take place I was in exactly the position to see it.

"Lieutenant."

"The devil!"

A second time I had been caught sleeping on post. I looked up, and saw Margaret standing beside me. It was broad day.

"I beg your pardon; I thought——" I stammered.

"Look."

Five thousand cavalry were marching northward through the valley. Whoever has seen such a sight can never forget it. Five thousand men and five thousand horses. First rode a thin line deployed across the road, its wings extending to the right and to the left. Then came a knot of men, the commanding general and his staff. They were followed at some distance by a smaller knot, doubtless the commander of the advance brigade. Then came the line by regiments, squadrons, companies, platoons, the men in the ranks, the officers in their respective positions. The rising sun lit up their battle-flags, their guidons, glistened on their side-arms, even tinted with a rosy hue the dust that enveloped them. They were moving steadily, but horses will not have the same gait, and here and there a squadron that had fallen behind was pushing along at a brisk trot or a gallop to overtake the corps to which it belonged.

"Margaret!" I exclaimed, springing up; "you have won. There are the cavalry; the infantry will go by the railroad."

As I spoke, we heard a whistle to the south, a rumbling, a puffing, and along came a train. It was loaded with troops. They filled the cars, the platforms; they swarmed on the roofs. With a screech from the locomotive they passed, and were lost in the distance.

Another whistle; another train. This is made up of platform-cars. What are those great wooden objects? As they came nearer we discerned the shape of huge boats. And those piles of timber? They are connecting pieces and flooring. It is a pontoon-train. They will need it to cross the river above.

"Margaret, the rumor has become a fact. That is doubtless Wheeler's cavalry marching through the valley, while Longstreet's corps is moving by rail. They have left Bragg's army before Chattanooga, and are going to join the forces threatening Burnside. To you belongs the credit of the discovery. I was fast asleep, Plunk was asleep, and had you not watched they would have passed without our

knowing it. The information the general sent for, you have acquired. You are saved."

"But why is it so important to know of this move?" asked Margaret, eagerly.

"Important! That Burnside may be warned. Grant, knowing that this force is detached from the army threatening Chattanooga, may attack the weakened lines, break up the beleaguering of the Army of the Cumberland, and reopen an aggressive campaign."

Margaret stood for a few moments looking alternately at me and at the troops below, then threw back her head and gave an exhilarating laugh. It rang through the ravine, then rose, like a bird that sings as it flies, to the very heavens. Then she turned and ran into the cave.

There was something so mocking in that laugh, so keen a relish, such a ring of one who has suddenly acquired the whip hand of an enemy, that every doubt I had ever had of Margaret suddenly rushed back upon me.

What did it mean?

What would now be her purpose?

Would she return with us, or steal away from us to tell our enemy what we had been watching for, and thus give him the advantage?

I must wait for an answer.

#### XIV.

##### THE LIGHT ON THE CLOUDS.

For an hour we watched the slowly moving bodies of cavalry; then the ranks began to grow thinner; detachments were smaller; scattered wagons appeared, lumbered up the valley, and passed out of sight far in the distance. Ambulances, men supported in their saddles by their comrades, evidently invalids, followed, the distance between them and the main body constantly increasing. The rear was brought up by stragglers, with here and there groups of army traders, the former devoting themselves to plunder, the latter bargaining, cheating citizens and soldiers alike with pinchbeck trinkets.

When Plunk was aroused and learned that our object had been accomplished by a woman, his mortification knew no bounds. He went about getting breakfast sullenly, muttering that if we ever got back to the command he would give up scouting and turn company cook. While we were eating our breakfast we discussed the matter of our return. Should we wait till evening and skulk through under cover of the night, or set out boldly in broad day? Plunk was strongly in favor of waiting till evening, and Margaret was decidedly of his opinion. I would have declined to listen to Plunk, but was persuaded by Margaret.

We spent most of the day in arranging the stories we would tell on the way. At the outset we discovered one fact likely to cause trouble. Plunk was in favor of always making an explanation that

would involve the greatest untruth ; I was in favor of mild prevarication ; while Margaret would have nothing but truth.

"Lieutenant," said Plunk, "I suppose I must obey orders, but if this party is to travel with no other ammunition than the truth, I must ask permission to go alone."

The general's statement that he had given me Plunk to supply my own deficiencies occurred to me, and I was loath to enforce my own plans in the face of the corporal's opposition.

"How would it do," I suggested, attempting a compromise, "for you to lie like a trooper, and for me to travel on a system of white lies, while Miss Beach sticks rigidly to the truth?"

"That," responded the corporal, "would be like the cavalry charging, the men seated with their faces to the crupper, the infantry pouring volleys into the cavalry, and the artillery firing at heaven."

Margaret smiled. "I'll tell you what we will do," she said to me. "Since you command the party, the corporal can conform to your stories, and I'll keep silent."

"Done," said I.

And now that we had gained all we had hoped for, and had before us the peril of carrying back the news, we made a discovery that filled us with dismay. Private Mellodew was missing. During the day he had seen the rear-guard of the army that had passed, and asked what it meant. When we told him, I noticed a look on his face that might mean incredulity or might mean a determination to be incredulous, but we cared nothing whether he believed or doubted. What he had gone for none of us could possibly imagine. We did not suspect that under the apparently simple, cowardly nature there lurked a malevolence that might be expected only under a stronger exterior. In our position we were vulnerable even from a crawling snake.

However, we wasted no time waiting to see if Enoch would return ; when we were ready Plunk brought the horses, and mounting as the sun was setting we descended the hill-side we had come up a few days before. We were fortunate in finding a ford at the river, and in getting across the railroad without interruption ; it was later on, when we were not looking for trouble, that we received our first scare. Coming to a ridge, we were panic-stricken to see each of the roads leading into Georgetown filled with Confederate cavalry.

"By Jove, Plunk ! that's going to raise the devil with us. They are sweeping along the refuse in the rear, driving in stragglers."

"Right you are, lieutenant," said Plunk, "and if we don't dodge them they'll be likely to give us an enfilading fire of questions worse than a volley from their carbines."

We halted behind a clump of trees for parley. Plunk and I were for hiding in the woods till they had gone by ; Margaret was for breaking up the party and proceeding separately. We did not have time to arrive at a conclusion, for suddenly a body of perhaps thirty horsemen entered the road we were on, at a gallop, from a by-road a short distance in advance. Each recognized that it was too late to do anything but go forward, and we started by a common impulse. Happening to glance at Margaret, I saw her turn pale. Her eyes were



fixed on a young officer who rode in front of the coming men. He came on, evidently in a hurry to get over the ground, and when he met us did not slacken speed. I was congratulating myself that he was intending to pass us without a word, when he suddenly pulled in his horse.

"Why, Margaret Beach?"

He turned to the side of the road near us, while his men passed on, halting a few rods beyond. He was a trifle older than I, with long black hair, over which drooped a sombrero, black eyes, and as frank and manly a face as ever I looked into. After exchanging a few commonplace remarks with Margaret, who behaved with surprising coolness, he looked inquiringly at me.

"On your way home?" he asked Margaret, in a tone evidently intended to lead the way to some information about the company she was with.

"Yes, I am anxious to get back to mamma."

"I am glad you are protected on the way. It's rather a bad road for a woman to be travelling just now."

I have always believed the young man suspected there was something wrong, but was more gallant to Margaret than true to his duty. He bade her good-day, and as he raised his hat with the words, "My kind regards to your good mother," his eyes met mine and seemed to say, "I decline to investigate you, my dear sir, for her sake;" though this may have been supplied by my own guilty conscience. In a moment he was at the head of his men, riding rapidly down the road.

"Lieutenant," said Plunk, as soon as we were out of hearing, "we wasn't prepared for that meetin'. It's my opinion that lyin' is our only weapon, and that I'm the only one of the party blessed with an inventive genius and a hardened conscience calc'lated to take us through what's ahead."

"You are right, corporal. You may do the talking, and may you be inspired to lie with such ingenuity and fervor as to confound all inquiring rebels and pilot us to a haven of rest."

The road for some miles was flanked by woods. Scarcely a person was on it; indeed, we went so far without meeting any one that when a belated countryman suddenly loomed up before us, with a bag of meal thrown across his saddle-bow, our hearts leaped into our throats. We passed him with a "howdy," and had the way clear for some time. Coming to a rise in the ground, we were enabled by the camp-fires to determine the forces about us. To the west, along the route we must take, the lights were few and scattered, but the country was uneven, and there was a certain flaring nebulous light on the clouds which I did not like. I feared a force beyond the hills. But we could neither stop where we were nor go around the light. We must go straight ahead. We passed down to lower ground, then over the crest of the hill. There again, directly before us, was the flaring light.

"Plunk," I said, "there are troops over there; that light looks ominous."

"A single camp-fire would do that," replied the corporal, reassuringly.

We did not dare pass through Georgetown ; it was too early in the evening ; the citizens would doubtless be excited by the passage of troops during the day, and would not be inclined to sleep : therefore, turning to the left just before coming to the town, we passed south of it around the base of a hill, striking the road again a mile beyond.

We had reached the bottom of a depression between two hills, and were beginning the ascent of the farther one, when we were suddenly brought to a stand-still by a "Halt, thar !"

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## XV.

### A FASCINATING GAME.

"Gone up," I muttered, and my heart sank within me. I was about to reply to the challenge, when Plunk took the words out of my mouth, and sang out, in excellent Southern lingo,—

"Hain't got no time to stop, stranger ; got to git through right off. Ben ter the medical officer of the army fo' quinine: sick man waitin'."

"Corporal of the gyard !" sang out the voice that had stopped us.

We heard some one brushing through the weeds that lined the road, and presently saw a figure coming on foot. By this time we noticed that the challenger was mounted, and we knew that the force was composed of cavalry.

"Who's thar ?" from the corporal.

Plunk replied that we were two men and a gal, and repeated what he had said to the picket.

"All right ; come on."

I was about to propose that we decline the honor and go by another road, when the madness of such a method struck me ; besides, I had promised to let Plunk do the talking : so I kept silent. We were led into the camp, the men being in bivouac, sleeping about their camp-fires. Meeting the officer of the day, he took us in charge, and, not being satisfied to let us go forward on his own responsibility, conducted us to the head-quarters of the commanding officer.

We found him engaged with his staff at a game of draw-poker, the party being seated in a tent on camp-stools about a pine table lit by a couple of tallow dips. He was a splendid specimen of Southern manhood, tall, well built, with a manly open countenance that seemed incapable of harboring a mean thought.

"Colonel Archard," said the officer of the day, "here are some citizens who want to go through the lines."

Without stopping the game or even glancing up at us, he asked us where we were from and where we were going. Plunk answered with his story about the quinine.

"I'm glad you've got some quinine," said the colonel, looking at his hand from under the rim of his hat. "I have a lot of men down with camp fever, and Old Pills hasn't any. Can you spare a little?"

My heart went up in my throat, and Margaret turned a shade whiter.

"Certainly, colonel," said Plunk, without a moment's hesitation. Then, turning to me, "Bring out the bottle, Joe."

"I—haven't—any bottle," I stammered.

"Haven't it? I gave it to you."

By this time I caught my cue. "You did no such thing."

"You good for nothing, forgetful critter, d' y' mean ter tell me you've done left th' stuff behind, after our ridin' ten miles t' git it?"

I fumbled in my pockets and scratched my head. Meanwhile the players were too interested in winning and losing to follow the matter up. New hands were played, and I, who could never look at any game of chance without wishing to be in it, soon forgot that I was making my way through the lines with an important war secret and with my life in my hands. I drew a bill from my pocket and was about to call for chips, when I felt Margaret's hand grasping my arm. Looking at her, I noticed the fright on her face and was saved from my folly, for had I gotten into the game I would have surely betrayed the whole party. As it was, I came very near doing so within another ten minutes.

It was the colonel's turn to draw to fill his hand. He drew one card. Whether the game was of more interest to him than the medicine I know not, but he forgot all about the quinine,—at least for the moment. I hoped he would win; it would put him in a good humor, and he would be all the more lenient with us.

I was standing where I could overlook the hand of a lieutenant,—a youngster about my own age, with an impassive face. I noticed that he held three aces, and I looked for him to win. I was surprised to see him pass out. The rest kept on betting till all were satisfied.

"Call."

"Show down."

"Three knaves."

"Three kings."

"What y' got, colonel?"

"Full o' tens."

"Scoop." And the "pot" was brushed over to the colonel. I admired the lieutenant's foresight in passing out with three aces.

Another set of large hands was dealt, and the Confederate bills began to pile up on the table like the contents of a waste-paper basket. A little betting soon drove all out except the lieutenant and the colonel. The colonel bet fifty dollars; the lieutenant who had passed out on three aces called him and won the "pot" on three deuces.

"By thunder, corporal," I exclaimed, "that was well played."

Every man at the table looked up at me. I turned red, then white, while Margaret instinctively shrank back into the darkness.

"Where's the corporal?" asked the colonel.

"I'm no corporal," said the lieutenant, "if he means me."

I was too paralyzed to reply. Plunk came to the rescue. Looking significantly at the Confederates, he put his finger on his lips, and tapped his forehead, as if to say, "Don't mind him: he's off his head."

"There's something queer about you all," said the colonel: "reckon I'll look into this. Captain," he said to the officer of the day, "take

my cards." He got up from the table and left the tent, motioning Plunk, Margaret, and myself to follow him. Having led the way to a camp-fire near by, he stopped beside it and began to question us.

"What's your name?" he asked of Plunk.

"John Rand."

"Where do you live?"

"At Morganton Cross-Roads."

"What do you do?"

"Farm 't."

"You?" turning to me,—"what's your name?"

Before I had time to reply, Plunk, with his usual presence of mind and adroitness, coming to the rescue, tapped his forehead. I took the hint and stood mute. The officer was not convinced. He turned to Margaret.

"You?"

"What do you wish to know, colonel?"

"Who are you?"

"My name?"

"Yes."

"Margaret Beach."

The officer was getting no information to enable him to judge of us, and seemed puzzled what to do. In such work he was evidently not an expert.

"Well," he said, at last, "you'll have to go to the guard-house and stay there till I can find out more about you."

"Colonel," said Margaret.

"Well?"

"Let me speak with you alone."

He cast an inquiring glance at her, then led her out of hearing. We watched them talking, Margaret speaking confidentially, the colonel with every word becoming more attentive.

O, my God! she would never talk that way with him unless she were friendly to his cause. There is some deep-laid scheme which she has been working out from the first. She is explaining it all to the Confederate. He takes her hand and looks at her kindly. She turns to come to us. He lifts his hat with all the grace of the truly polished Southern gentleman.

Hark!

There was a distant sound of horses' hoofs, but so indistinct that I was about concluding I was mistaken when I heard a sudden turmoil on the outer limit of the camp, with shots, indicating a sudden attack. The colonel called for his horse, mounted, and rode to the front.

We three stood breathless, waiting developments. Bullets began to sing by our ears and spit against the trees. The Confederates flew to arms. At the front we could discover the dark forms of horsemen charging.

"Look!"

The word came from Margaret, who spoke in a tone so unusual to her that I glanced quickly at her before following the direction of her eyes. She was quivering with excitement. Then I turned to see what

moved her. At that moment the clouds parted, and, through an opening in the trees, a figure stood out plainly in the moonlight, pointing with his sword to the Confederate line. Then the horse plunged forward, bearing his rider out of sight.

"The general!"

We all spoke the words simultaneously. Had he been watching for our return, and, knowing of our presence in the Confederate camp, made the attack in order to free us? Or was he acting from some purpose of his own? Whatever his intention, we started at once to take advantage of the situation. Plunk and I, with a common impulse, darted to where the horses were tethered, and, mounting Margaret, jumped to the saddle. The intervening Confederates prevented our reaching our own men, so we dashed through the trees in a direction opposite to the fighting. Coming to a road, we followed it, and the turmoil behind us gradually died into a faint din. Then we drew rein for consultation.

## XVI.

### A RACE AGAINST TIME.

Burning with suspicion at Margaret's confidential interview with the Confederate officer, I was bent rather on spending valuable time in crimination than in working out the most promising method of making good our escape.

"Margaret," I cried, "what did you say to Colonel Archard?"

"I told him something that would have passed us through his lines had it not been for this interruption."

"Oh, Margaret, you are on all sides."

She cast an impatient glance at me, and disdaining to reply, turned to Plunk and began to deliberate with him as to what course we had better pursue; a deliberation in which I could not choose but take part.

Should we attempt to join the general? Margaret and I were both in favor of doing so, but Plunk overruled us, saying that the general had doubtless been persevering in his endeavors to get near the railroad, and had attacked the camp in order to give an opportunity to some other corps of his men to slip by and accomplish his object; that he had no expectation of crushing the enemy, only to distract his attention, and this effected, he would be off to some other point.

We had but little time to listen to Plunk's explanation of the general's movements, for we heard the sound of horses' hoofs coming from the direction we had been pursuing, and in a few minutes some twenty horsemen came trotting leisurely towards us. By the light of the moon it was easy to see that they were Confederates, at their head an officer whom, even in the dim light, I was horrified at recognizing as Major Bernal Berante. It was a critical moment. If he recognized me, not only would all we had gained be lost, but our citizen's dress would enable him to swing Plunk and me from the branch of a tree without trial or benefit of clergy. Margaret, who rode a little in advance, turned her head as she passed him.

"How far to Colonel Archard's camp?" he asked.

"Reckon you'll find the picket about a mile above yor," replied Plunk, imitating the Southern accent.

Margaret had ridden on, I was keeping as far from Berante as possible.

"Where are you going?" asked the major, regarding me intently.

What should I do? If I spoke he would recognize my voice. As before I remained silent and Plunk broke in to help me out.

"There's no use askin' *him* any questions," he said. "He's deaf as a ferry-boat."

Plunk's odd comparison probably saved my life. Berante showed his pointed teeth in a smile, and rode on, followed by his escort. I breathed one long sigh of relief, and, riding up to Plunk, threw my arms about him in an ecstasy. Then we rode on and rejoined Margaret.

"Did you recognize a friend?" I asked of Margaret.

"Hark!"

There were sounds of more horses coming. Simultaneously we made for the cover of trees beside the road. Three horsemen trotted towards us and passed us within a dozen yards. Two were Confederate cavalymen, the third,—Great Heavens! the third was Enoch Mellodew.

Not a word was spoken till the two men were out of earshot; then I exclaimed, "Margaret, wait here while Plunk and I go after that traitor. We can dash in on them from the rear, separate them, and easily capture Mellodew."

"You will do no such thing," said Margaret. "What importance is Mellodew compared with the information we bear?"

"The young lady is right, lieutenant," said Plunk. "We can't stop to chase him now. We need to do the running ourselves. When the general withdraws they will remember us. Then comes this officer who has half suspected us, tells where we are, and they light out after us. If I can only git you and the girl across the river, I'll see what I can do towards callin' on Enoch and remindin' him which side he belongs on. Git up, George Henry." And he dug his spurs into his horse's flanks.

All realized that we must now place distance between us and the Confederates. I spurred on, striking Margaret's horse with the palm of my hand, sending him with a jump in advance of both Plunk and myself.

Oh, Time, stop your clocks for every one but us!

We rode three abreast, Margaret in the centre, without a word. Trees, fences, barns, fields, all sailed by us as we galloped onward. Looking up to the sky, there was the same swift motion, for thin clouds, with here and there a black one, were sailing over the disk of the moon. Our faces were expressive of our characters. Mine, I am sure, wore a look of exhilaration, for I felt all the excitement of a race—a race in which life was the prize and death the forfeit. Plunk's was stolid as usual. As for Margaret, I caught glimpses of her face whenever a cloud left the moon, and marked a serenity and intensity that I have never seen combined before or since. It expressed a faith,



a hope, that she would complete a great purpose. Was it carrying the news of Longstreet's move? Was it in divulging our intentions to the Confederates? Had she not already told all to Colonel Archard? Or was it in some way connected with the events which had occurred during the first few days of our meeting—the face at the window? I know now; then I could only wonder.

"Where the devil are we going?" Plunk suddenly called.

"Don't know," I panted.

"I see a light," said Margaret.

"Better ask the way," said Plunk. "I'll dismount and try for information."

"I'll do that myself," I said. "I want to have a look at my map."

We were moving so fast that we reached the light—it was in a log hut—almost before we had finished our talk. I jumped from my horse and ran to the door. Once there, I waited a moment to catch my breath so as not to excite suspicion, then knocked. The door was opened by an old woman.

"Can you tell me where this road leads to?"

"Whar 't leads to?"

"Yes."

"The river."

"Good crossing?"

"Good crossin'?"

"Yes; is there a bridge or a ford?"

"You 'uns kin ford it, I reckon."

"Any road north on the other side?"

"Any road no'th?"

"Yes. Drop your parrot business and talk quick."

"No road runnin' no'th. This road runs down 't Thatcher's. Thur's nothin' but hills goin' no'th."

I entered the cabin, took out my map, and held it to the light. The woman was right; after crossing the river there was no road leading north.

"How near the ford are we?"

"How nigh?"

"Yes, how nigh? You're mighty particular about your English."

"Three miles."

I went out, mounted, and we all rode on while I informed the others of the facts I had learned.

"The rebel camp we were in," I said, "is near McCormick's mills, and that's about two miles from the river. We must be very near the ford. If we can cross, we can keep on this road to Thatcher's, and then up Opossum Creek to the main road leading north to the plantation."

"It's purty hard travellin' in a creek," suggested Plunk.

"We are wasting time," I said, giving my horse a spur. "Never mind what we are going to do till we get to the river."

We pushed on with renewed vigor. The many night rides I had taken with the general when he was trying to get his command away from an overwhelming force came up before me: I could see him throwing back his head to get a look at his favorite star. Though we

were galloping, I could not resist the temptation to look up. There in the zenith, peering down at us like an eye in the heavenly dome, was alpha Lyra.

"Look, Margaret," I cried. "There is the general's star."

She threw back her head just as I had seen the general do. There was that in the motion which seemed in some mysterious way to link his being with hers. But my attention was diverted, for just then, swinging around a bend, we came upon the ford. The road sloped gradually down to the river, which flowed by as lazily as if no one was in any hurry whatever.

"Now, see here," I said, with a certain composure that would occasionally surprise me by breaking the rapid current of impulse within me, "we must lay a plan. It won't do to go blind any farther. What do you propose, corporal?"

"You and the young lady git over the river, find a nigger's cabin, and hide till to-morrow night."

"That's your plan; Miss Beach, what's yours?"

"If we can find a boat, we had better go up the river. When they come here they'll probably think we have crossed. At any rate, there will be three ways for them to track us—across, down, and up the river, and they won't know which we have taken. If we can reach Doughty's ford, where we crossed when we came, we will have a straight road home."

"But we must leave our horses, and we'll need them when we take to land again."

"I can walk from the upper ford," said Margaret, "if we can only get there; I've walked there and back from home often. It's only five miles."

"All right, and now for a skiff. Plunk, you go down stream, and I'll go up. But there must be a limit to our search; neither of us had better be away more than ten minutes. If we're not successful within that time we'll abandon the plan."

Plunk went off on his search with more speed than I had ever before seen in his deliberate person. Margaret wished to dismount, and I helped her to the ground, tied her horse to a sapling, and started on my hunt up the river. I followed the high bank, looking down on the margin as I went along, but used up my ten minutes without success. Turning reluctantly, I started back to the ford hoping that Plunk had had better luck. On the way I espied a path leading down to the river that had escaped my notice on my way out; following it to the brink, there in a little cove partly hidden among bushes was a rickety flat-bottomed punt, fastened to a tree by a chain and padlock. I smashed the padlock with a stone, then began to look about for the oars, which I felt must be near, and found a couple of short paddles leaning up against a tree. Getting into the punt, I shoved off shore, and a few strokes, aided by the current, took me down to the ford. Margaret was on the shore waiting, and was overjoyed to see me pulling a boat, for Plunk had returned a few moments before empty handed. He loosened his horse, and mounting, rode down to the river to let the tired beast drink.

"What are you doing?" I asked, surprised.

"I'm going back after that flour-faced deserter."

"You'll be captured."

"Never you mind, lieutenant, I haven't scouted ever since this war began for nothing. When I go back there I'll be somebody different from what I am."

There was no time for debate. Margaret was in the boat, seated in the stern. I began to pull up the stream.

"Good-by," I said to Plunk. "I hope you won't have to tell many lies."

"I can't see, lieutenant," called the corporal, "how y' kin rucken-cile yer conscience to takin' another man's boat."

"Oh, go on." And I pulled out of hearing.

## XVII.

### RIVER FLIGHT.

There was no rudder to the boat, but in the bottom we found a barrel stave which answered the purpose. With this Margaret steered and kept a sharp lookout ahead, while I paddled up the river. The moonlight shone on her face, strove to get in among her tresses, kissed her forehead, her lips; while about her the shimmer on the rippling water seemed to my ardent imagination the gold braid upon her robe.

"Hark!" she exclaimed.

I ceased to row, we both listened and heard a splashing at the ford below. We knew it was the sound of horses in water.

"Muffle the oars."

Tearing off pieces of our clothing, we made mufflers; then I gave way, and we shot up the river, I putting in all my strength, Margaret again keeping a lookout ahead. Suddenly she turned the boat into the mouth of a creek.

"There is a boat coming down," she gasped.

I pulled up by the shore and waited under the shadow of the trees, and in a few minutes the boat was opposite the mouth of the creek. There were three men in it, two pulling, and one in the stern who appeared to hold tiller-ropes. I could not distinguish the dress of the oarsmen, but the moon glistened on the gold-laced cuffs of the man in the stern, and I knew he was a Confederate officer.

Never in my life have I kept so still. It seemed that my very breathing would betray us. Charon in his boat on the Styx could not have been more terrible to departing souls than was the man sitting in the stern of yonder skiff to me.

The boat seems to stop, or at least to go at a snail's pace. They are turning,—to search the mouth of the creek. No, it is my imagination; there is the stern of the boat, and the officer's back full towards me. The sound grows fainter. I draw a long breath.

What's that? Listen! A new danger.

Thunk-thunk! Thunk-thunk! Great Heavens! another boat! It is coming up.

We listened and heard the receding skiff hail the one approaching. There was a parley; we could hear them talking, but not what they said. After a short conference they separated, one continuing down, the other coming up the river. The latter made slow headway, the oarsmen now and again ceasing to row.

"They are searching the shore," said Margaret. "Pull farther up the creek."

I gave a dozen strokes with a long sweep to each, which sent us around a bend and right under overhanging bushes. The approaching boat turned into the creek as we expected, but came up only a short distance from the mouth. We heard one of them say something about the west shore being nearer the mark, whereupon they left the creek. Pulling out after them cautiously, we saw them making for the other side of the river.

I rowed on up, skulking along the east bank, screened occasionally by overhanging trees. The boat ahead of us searched the west bank for a while; then we heard no more of it. We felt no immediate apprehension till Margaret, who knew the river well, said that we were approaching a ferry. Believing it would be watched, we dreaded to attempt to pass it, and paused under the branches of a tree for consultation.

"I'll tell you," said Margaret. "You skulk through the woods back of the ferry to some point beyond it. I'll pull the boat up the river. If I pass the ferry I'll go to where you strike the river, and take you in."

"Where can I meet you?"

She thought a moment before replying. "A mile above the ferry there is an island; midway between the upper and lower end of this island is a creek."

"On this side of the river?"

"Yes, I'll meet you at the mouth of the creek."

She changed her seat and I handed her the oars. "Margaret," I said, with a bit of tremble in my voice, "good-by."

"No, no, not good-by. I'll meet you at the creek, depend upon it."

A few strokes drew her away from the bank. She stopped, rested one hand on the handles of the oars, and with the other waved me an adieu, then pulled out into the river as gracefully as a water-sprite. I watched her till I could see her no more; then a feeling of isolation came over me. My little army was scattered; the escort had probably been captured; Plunk had gone back to the Confederate camp; and now Margaret had parted from me.

Skirting the base of a hill, I crossed a road, and soon after found myself on the river bank above the ferry. There, about a mile ahead, was the island, a line of low timber extending from the river westward marking the line of the creek. I walked briskly till I struck the creek at its mouth, then looked about for Margaret.

She was not there.

My heart sank within me. I felt sure that if she had arrived she would make herself known, but thinking she might be hiding, waiting for me to give some signal, I called,—

"Margaret."

No reply. How odd one's voice sounds calling in the night at nothing! The stillness mocked me.

I sat on a log to rest, and peered down the river. I wondered what time it was. It must be near morning, but I had passed through so much since the evening before that it seemed there had been two nights instead of one. I listened for some sound that would denote pursuit, but could hear nothing. With such perfect quiet about me, it seemed impossible that I could be in imminent danger. I looked up at the moon. It wore no smile to-night; the left cheek was caved in, and there was a ghastly look on its face.

At last I gave up all hope of Margaret's keeping her appointment. I must swim across the river and proceed on my journey. I dare not wait longer, for the morning would come, and it would be sure capture either to remain where I was or cross by daylight.

Making a bundle of my coat, waistcoat, and shoes, I tied it between my shoulders with a withe of willow, then stood a moment calculating the distance to the island. I was not a good swimmer and disliked the prospect; indeed, had not the distance been broken by the island, I would not have dared to make the attempt. However, death by drowning was preferable to death by hanging, so I walked into the water.

Lord, how cold!

I struck out lustily, but the current was so rapid that by the time I had gone two-thirds of the distance it had taken me pretty near the south end of the island and there was a prospect of my being carried beyond it. If so, I would have to swim the whole width of the river without a rest. But I kept my head, and taking a number of long slow strokes soon found myself in shallow water, and walked up on to dry land. Going to the extreme south end of the island I looked down the stream for Margaret. At that moment a cloud passed over the face of the moon, darkening everything.

I resolved to swim the remaining part of the river, but stood appalled at the water, which looked so black, so merciless. I went in, feeling that I was not equal to the task. My strokes did not seem to pull me forward, but I kept on till I could swim no longer. Choked by water, I sank with a piercing cry.

The next thing I knew I felt a hand grasp my collar, then another pass under my arms. After a little my head was drawn out of the water, and my two arms rested on the gunwale of a boat. I looked up and saw Margaret.

"Can you hold on?" she asked.

"No."

"I can't get you into the boat without upsetting it."

Holding me with one hand, she reached the painter in the bow of the boat. This she passed under my arms and fastened the end, holding my head out of water. Seeing me thus supported, she took up the

oars, seated herself, and began to pull a quick stroke. It seemed but a minute before we had reached the shore and she was dragging me up on to the bank. I tried to rise, but failed.

"Margaret," I gasped, "how did you find me?"

"I heard you cry."

"Why were you not at the creek?"

"They were watching the ferry. I waited a long while for a chance to get by. If it had not been for that cloud over the moon I would not have succeeded."

"That cloud was a blessing in disguise."

I made another effort to rise, Margaret giving me a hand, and stood on my feet. A man dislikes strength supplied by a woman: I grunted my thanks in no very warm tone, but retained Margaret's hand, both because I needed its support and because I found it very pleasant standing hand in hand with her. After I had walked to and fro a bit and stamped my feet and swung my arms, I led the way back to the boat, and, getting in, was about to take my seat at the oars when Margaret stopped me.

"In the stern, please."

"Who's going to pull?"

"I am."

"Not with an able-bodied man in the boat, and that man a soldier."

But the mere standing on my legs was too much for my overtaken strength, and feeling a premonitory buzzing in my ears, I obeyed her order, getting into the stern, and, pulled by a girl, meekly assumed the ignoble duty of steering with a barrel stave.

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### XVIII.

#### DISTANT GUNS.

A faint tinge of light appeared in the east. The moon, whose tipped face was sinking in the west as though it were dropping asleep after its nightly vigil, began to lose its golden hue and take on a silver gray under the coming sunlight. There was the hush which precedes the opening of day. Here and there on either shore a bird that had not yet set out for its winter resort was chattering over its work of getting breakfast. Above us was an island, and half a mile above the island was Doughty's ferry,—the ferry we sought. Pulling into a little cove near the north end, and dragging the bow of the boat up on the shore, we threw ourselves on the ground, and in five minutes were sound asleep.

We were awakened by men shouting orders, and as soon as I could raise my heavy eyelids I saw a column of Confederate cavalry riding down the east bank to the river. Following the ford, their course lay directly off the island on which we were concealed. Most of their officers were well clad in Confederate gray, while the men wore anything, chiefly "butternut." They splashed across the river, striking the road on the opposite side leading from the ferry.



"They're going for the plantation," I exclaimed.

"Hark! What was that? Distant thunder?"

"Thunder? Not in November. That was a gun, and not a morning gun either. My God, it's afternoon! There's a fight going on somewhere."

"Another gun."

"Off to the west, in the direction of the plantation. I see how it is. They're attacking Wilton, or the general, if he is there."

By this time the cavalry had reached the road on the west bank, and soon after the last files disappeared behind the hills.

"I think we had better pull for the west ferry," said Margaret. "They're doubtless going to join in the fight, and we'll have little difficulty in following the road in their wake."

Launching our boat, we pulled to the west shore, striking it a short distance below the ferry. I climbed the eminence, and saw that the coast was clear.

"All right," I said, returning to Margaret. "There's no obstacle in sight; we can take to the land and let the boat go. Good-by, old skiff," and I pushed it out into the stream. "You have served us well."

"Good-by," said Margaret. "Go back to your owner and tell him how thankful we are to him for your use. Say we're sorry we couldn't have asked permission to take you."

The boat nodded, as it rode the wavelets, as if to say, "Good-by. I'll take your message." Just then the booming, which had ceased, recommenced.

"A parting salute," I remarked. "Let us be getting on."

Rounding the base of the hill, we soon found ourselves in the road, —the road we had come over a few days before. Being now in a valley extending in the direction of the plantation, the booming was more distinct.

"I'm afraid those are rebel guns," I said. "If so, our men are hard pressed."

"I thought the general had some captured guns," said Margaret.

"So he has; but there are only two of them, and they're nothing but little barkers."

We trudged on, and at last reached the base of a hill which alone separated us from the plantation. A creek crossed the road, from whose waters we took a refreshing drink, then sat down on the bank for a brief rest.

Our drink, our rest, the thought that we were so near safety, were indeed grateful, and we sat silently rejoicing. A breeze came lazily from the eastward, rustling the few withered leaves remaining on the trees. It bore the faintest sound possible for the human ear to detect, yet we both turned white as a cloth.

"Great God! They are after us with dogs."

We both sprang to our feet. "Come," I exclaimed, and started across the creek to take the road leading up the hill.

"Where are you going?" asked Margaret.

"To the crest of the hill."

"We can't go that way; we would strike the Confederates. We must take to the creek to evade the dogs."

Dashing into the stream, walking in shallow water, we had not gone far when the baying of hounds behind us had grown so much nearer that we stopped and looked at each other in dismay.

"Leave me," said Margaret, "and——"

"Save myself? No, no; set your wits to work, Margaret. Find a ruse to thwart them."

"There's our chance," she exclaimed. A hundred yards ahead a tree had fallen, its branches lying in the creek, its base resting on its stump some fifty feet from the margin.

"You're right," I cried, delighted; "we'll break the scent."

On coming to the tree, we climbed into its branches and worked our way along, risking a fall every minute,—for whenever we heard the dogs we moved recklessly,—and reaching the trunk walked on it till we came to its base.

"Can't we go farther without touching ground?" asked Margaret.

I cast a hasty glance upward, grasped a branch above me, vaulted upon it, pulled Margaret after me, and in a few moments we were shinning like squirrels along a limb on the other side. As we crawled outward it began to bend.

"Stop," said Margaret.

"What now?"

"If you can reach that branch above us and jump from it to the one on the next tree, you might loosen that old vine, and throw it over this way so that I can go down it to the other tree myself. We would gain at least fifty feet more."

"But, my God! hear the dogs."

I stood up, but could not reach the branch. Margaret rocked the limb we were on till I was enabled to grasp the one I wanted. Once on it, I crawled towards its outward end. I was now forty feet from the ground: if I should miss my grip on the limb I intended to jump for, the race would be ended.

I looked, hesitated, looked again, drew back, then gathered all my nerve and my strength, and jumped.

The next thing I knew, I was lying on my stomach on a limb below the one I had jumped for—it had broken my fall—with the breath knocked out of me. As soon as I could recover I scrambled to the trunk where grew the vine I was after, and began to tug at it with all my strength, but could not separate it from the limbs to which it clung. The dogs were nearly on us.

"There isn't time," said Margaret. "Leave me and go on."

Nothing will make a man so irritable at such a time as to receive a suggestion. I was driven to that temper which alone enabled me to do my duty properly in a fight.

"I'll be damned if I do."

I jerked the vine clean loose, though I came very near losing my balance at the same time, and swung it towards Margaret. Lashing it to a branch with her handkerchief, she slid down it, and I caught her in my arms. Then crawling out on a branch that would give us fully

fifteen feet more distance, we dropped to the ground and dashed to a clump of bushes a few rods away.

The pursuing party were soon on us, the dogs barking, the men disputing. We could see and hear them distinctly; they were citizens who, owning hounds, had been sent to track us.

"Mart," I heard one of them say, "I'll bet my hide they have left the creek by that tree across the creek thar."

"We'll take the dogs to the stump and see."

With that they made for the stump, the dogs following, frisking and barking; but none of them came far enough to catch the scent.

"They've gone on up the creek," said one.

"Reckon," said another.

"We're losin' time," said a third.

One old dog that had doubtless had great experience in tracking runaway slaves had reached the point where we would have struck the ground had we dropped from the first tree we entered.

"Come, Tige," said one of the men.

But Tige knew more than his master. He kept on with his nose to the ground making wider and wider circles. He was coming near to the place where we had descended from the tree, and would there take our scent. Instinctively I reached for my revolver.

"Shall I kill him?"

"Heavens, no!"

"You Tige!" called a voice. A man grasped Tige's collar and dragged him away.

"Thank God!" we both gasped.

I was dazed by the sudden release from so terrible a tension. "Margaret," I cried, incoherently, "general,—I mean Margaret,—you've got more sense than any general in the army."

Margaret paid no attention to me. She had risen and was looking about listening.

"Which way now?" I asked.

"We must go in the opposite direction from the dogs—down the creek."

We retraced our steps, walking on the bank instead of in the water, till we came to the place we had left—the place where the creek crossed the road. We had scarcely reached it when from the southward came a clatter of horses' hoofs, a rattling of arms and accoutrements, a shouting of orders. I turned and saw a cloud of dust, above which waved a battle-flag. Margaret's endurance was exhausted. Covering her face with her hands, she stood waiting, resigned to whatever fate was in store for us.

"They're coming," I said.

"Who?"

"The rebels."

I heard a din in the opposite direction, on the crest of the hill between us and the plantation. Through a gap at the summit came a scattered body of cavalymen. It was easy to see that they were fugitives. Down they came, more following, looking neither to the right

nor to the left, a panic-stricken mass; they dashed past us and on towards the Confederates coming up the road. The latter, seeing that they were just in time to arrest a panic, drew up in line across the road and stolidly waited the coming of the fugitives.

A single horseman shot through the cut at the crest of the hill. Directly behind him came another, then a third, then a column of cavalry bearing the stars and stripes.

Oh, blessed emblem! Only a few yards of bunting, dingy, worn, rent. I can never see that field of blue studded with stars, that alternate white and red, without standing again in fancy where I stood that day with the girl who had endured with me so many dangers.

Our men were coming like the wind, but not too fast for me to recognize the man who rode at their head. Rider and horse dashed on like a centaur, with huge leaps, the horse's eyes not more gleaming, his nostrils not more distended, than those of the general.

There was a shock between the two opposing lines, a shouting, swearing, volleys. The Confederates were embarrassed with their panic-stricken comrades; the Union troops made a wedge through their centre and sent them flying down the road.

The general, having ordered a pursuit, turned his horse's head and rode leisurely back.

"General?" I cried, as he was riding past without seeing us.

I expected to see his face light up with joy; instead, as soon as his eyes rested upon us, he started, and looked at us ominously.

"We've brought the news, general."

Without heeding my words, he turned to Major Ping, who was near. "Major," he said, in a voice that froze the marrow in my bones, "arrest those two, and take them to the plantation."

"General," I cried, "what does this mean?"

"It means, sir, that you are not the first man who has been ruined by a woman."

"I have been saved by a woman."

"Take them away."

"General! For God's sake, explain."

"You have come back here to palm off a spurious report that the expected move has taken place, when we know that it has not."

Margaret and I looked at each other aghast.

"What proof have you, general?" Margaret asked.

"Proof! One of your men came in not an hour ago and revealed the whole plot."

"Who?"

"Private Enoch Mellodew."

"He lies," I cried. "Will you believe a coward before your own aide-de-camp?"

"There is supporting evidence against the aide."

"But Corporal Plunk,—he knows the truth."

"He has not returned."

"But he will."

"Mellodew reports that he was taken in disguise in the enemy's lines and hanged."

I turned again to Margaret. "Oh, Margaret," I cried, "who is to shield us from that hound?"

"Guard!" cried the general.

A corporal and half a dozen men rode up and surrounded us. We were too weak to walk, and mounts were provided for us, on which we rode to the plantation, not as triumphant bearers of important military information, but as prisoners.

## XIX.

### A STRANGE MEETING.

We were taken into the house and led up-stairs. The officer in charge, after inspecting several rooms and noticing that the one in which I had myself previously confined Margaret was the best prepared for her reception, put her in it. Leaving a sentry at the door, he took me to a chamber in the rear and left me, also with a guard outside.

Sitting down on a chair, resting my arms on its back and my chin on my arms, I fell into a troubled meditation. I was not thinking of myself, for, conscious of innocence, I feared nothing. Had I been older I would have known that innocence does not alone constitute a valid defence. I regarded the situation as a huge mistake. But what an unfortunate one! Margaret and I had brought information which, if acted upon at once, would lead to important advantages to the Union cause, save her and any mysterious person or persons with whom she might be allied, and place the general, guilty or not guilty, where his enemies could not strike him. And now, at the culmination of these happy results, the whole advantage must needs be aborted by the spite of that marble-faced, red-headed, cowardly sneak, Mellodew. The thought that troubled me most was that Margaret's life was in imminent danger.

If I could only see Margaret, we might together find some means to thwart our enemy. Remembering that she was confined in a room with a trap leading through the ceiling, it occurred to me that if I could reach the roof I might gain access to her. Going to the window, I threw up the sash and made a hasty survey of my position. I was three stories above ground, a wooden cornice over my head, while at my right was a two-story extension. I resolved to make the attempt. Closing the sash, I turned my attention to what there might be in the room to assist me.

The only implement that could possibly be of use was an iron poker; but I soon perceived that a poker was not to be despised, for it stood beside a grate containing coal and kindling ready to light, and I at once connected the two in a possible benefit. It occurred to me to make a hook of the poker, with which to gain a hold on the cornice, and a rope of the bedclothes, by which to climb to the roof. Cutting a blanket into strips, I made a rope strong enough to bear my weight, and, lighting the fire, inserted the poker at the middle, softened it, and

bent it into a hook. Fortunately, at the other end was a ring in which to tie my rope.

Soon after "taps" I prepared to put my plan into execution. The house was surrounded by four sentries, and from my window I could see and be seen by two of them as they approached the angle at which their beats joined. My attempt must be made when they were both out of sight, but they were unsociable fellows, and much to my chagrin paced so that one was always in view of my window. I conceived a plan for bringing them together, and looked about my room for some object to assist me in carrying it out. Seeing a china image on the mantel, I seized it and threw it with so good an aim that it lighted near the angle. One of the sentries heard it strike behind him, but, after glancing back, continued his beat. When he returned he saw the image, picked it up, examined it, wondered, stared about him, and called to his colleague to ask where it had come from. They at once arranged to meet and talk it over. Leaving the angle, they passed out of view at the same time.

I made several attempts to catch my hook on the cornice, having time only to make one attempt while the sentries were out of view. At the third throw the hook caught, and at the sentries' next disappearance I grasped my rope, gave a sharp test pull, then, dangling, swayed myself back and forth till I got one foot over the coping of the extension, and in a twinkling was lying flat on the roof, holding fast all the while to my rope. Then followed several attempts to dislodge my hook, but at last I had it in my hands and soon after secured directly above me. In another moment I stood on the roof of the main building.

The waning moon had risen, but the character of the roof, sloping to the centre, protected me from being seen by any one in the yard as I walked to the trap. I was in more doubt how to proceed from this point than since I had begun the execution of my plan. In the first place, it is a serious matter for a young man to rap for entrance at a lady's chamber after she has supposedly gone to bed. But when that lady is held a prisoner with a sentry at her door, and the would-be visitor is accused of having participated with her in her crime and supposed to be in his own barred quarters, the complication is harrowing.

I concluded to give a light rap.

There was no reply.

I gave another.

Only silence.

Raising one side of the trap softly, I put my ear to the opening.

What was my astonishment to hear whispering below.

I have done a great many things that I should not have done, as will be still more apparent before this narrative is ended, but I have drawn the line at eavesdropping. I interrupted the whispering by speaking softly,—

"Margaret."

"Heavens!"

"Margaret, come to the trap. I want to speak with you."



There was a subdued scurrying below; when it ended, Margaret asked, in a low voice,—

"Lieutenant Hall?"

"Yes."

"What are you doing there?"

"You and I must lay our plans together. I gained the roof from my window and came here to talk with you."

By this time she had mounted the steps.

"Go away at once."

"We must consult."

"We can do nothing. Go away."

"Margaret, some one is with you. I heard whispering."

She was silent a few moments, then said, "Will you keep a secret?"

"I will."

"It might conflict with your duty."

"Margaret, my having heard the whispers will conflict with my duty as much as if I had your entire confidence. Let me be the judge of what I ought to do, with a full knowledge of all these mysteries."

"Wait."

She descended the steps, and for several minutes I heard whispers, but not a word of what was said; then she came back and told me to raise the trap noiselessly and come down. I did so, and Margaret led me to the window, through which shone the moon, and by its pale light I saw on either side of the casement a boy and a girl. Neither could have been over seventeen, and their features were cast in the same mould. I looked wonderingly from one to the other, for in each I perceived that apparition which had haunted me,—the face at the window. The girl was she I had seen in Confederate uniform.

"This is my brother Harold," Margaret whispered, "and this is my sister Georgia. They are twins. Harold, this is Lieutenant Hall. We are in his hands. He may keep our secret or inform on us, as he chooses."

Georgia's eyes were turned on mine with a deep pleading as she said, "You won't betray Harold, will you?"

I could only stand stupidly tongue-tied in presence of her bewitching face. Margaret did not leave me long to feast my eyes on her sister's beauty, taking me aside to whisper briefly such explanations as were necessary. She told me that Harold and Georgia had both come to her through the trap, having gained the roof, Harold from an unused chimney opening into the room in which he was hiding, Georgia through a broken skylight. Then she gave me the main points of her story from the first.

Harold Beach had been induced by a Confederate officer much older than himself to go with him in disguise into the Union lines at Knoxville for the purpose of making a drawing of the defences. Having completed the work, the officer shifted the plan from himself to Harold, both succeeded separately in leaving Knoxville, and Harold, resuming his uniform, was making his way southward when he was taken ill. Being near home, he sought refuge with his mother and sisters, reaching the plantation but a few minutes before us the day we

first met Margaret. The first knowledge she had of his presence was seeing his face at the window.

Hearing a searching party coming up the stairs, Harold escaped through the trap, climbed down a brick chimney, and, dodging between rooms below, easily avoided searchers who had not his intimate knowledge of the house. That night Margaret persuaded Harold to permit her to burn the plan, which, if discovered on him, would prove him a spy. She had gone to the kitchen to put it in the stove when I caught her. Learning that the officer who had made the drawing was in the neighborhood in command of a Confederate force, she eagerly accepted my proposition of a parole and at once went to inform him of her brother's and her own peril, an act which did not directly involve the breaking of her promise. I interrupted Margaret's narrative at this point to exclaim,—

"Major Bernal Berante?"

"Yes."

Berante made magnificent promises which he never performed. Georgia conceived the idea of putting on Harold's uniform and confessing that she was the real culprit. She had donned the uniform and taken down her hair to cut it off when I saw her at the window. Margaret, entering the room at the moment, stopped the sacrifice.

Meanwhile the general kept such strict guard about the house that Harold, though his sister watched every opportunity, was unable to make an escape. Margaret steadfastly maintained her secret, and stood between him and death. Then followed her trial, our expedition to the cave, and the subsequent events.

The unravelling of this mystery was a great relief to me, though I was obliged to confess to myself that the danger threatening this unfortunate family was not a whit lessened by the newly acquired knowledge. I had come to consult with Margaret, but there was something in the person of Georgia—a delicate oval face, liquid black eyes, and above all a confiding hopeful smile with which she greeted me—that drove planning out of my head. Margaret soon perceived that if the object for which I had come was to be accomplished she must withdraw my attention from her sister.

"What do you propose?" she asked.

"What do you suggest?" I replied.

"With Harold penned up in this house we can do nothing. Were he safely away, I might make a clean breast of the whole matter to the general, as I have to you. But no; it would appear that I was inventing a story about Harold,—that there was no such person, or if there were, that I was using him to bear my burden."

"But I——"

"Would not be believed either."

"Your mother and sister?"

"Are too near to me: their evidence would not count."

"Is there no other?"

"Yes, one, but he could not be reached."

"Major Berante?"

"Major Berante."

"In a matter of life and death he might be brought in under flag of truce."

"To confess that he has been a spy?"

"Certainly, if protected by the flag."

Margaret thought a moment and then said, "But all this is useless talk, for Harold is here and cannot get away."

"He *must* get away!" I exclaimed, forgetting caution in my intensity, and speaking aloud. Margaret clapped her hand over my mouth, and I knew I had blundered.

We heard the sentry come and stand by the door, evidently listening. I seized a hand of each girl and we stood mute, waiting, our eyes fixed in terror on Harold. If the sentry opened the door, he was lost. The man listened a few minutes, then stepped to the head of the stairway.

"Corporal of the guard!" he called.

"Corporal of the guard!" sounded another voice, faintly, downstairs.

"Corporal of the guard!" came through the windows from the yard below, like the last of successive echoes.

Margaret whispered to Harold to go, and motioned to me to follow. But I, annoyed at having the interview so summarily interrupted, especially at leaving Georgia, and calculating that I would have a few minutes before the arrival of the corporal, loitered.

"Go," said Margaret; "and you, too, Georgia."

"We have made no plans," I protested.

"Too late. Go: there is a step on the gallery below."

She pushed me to the ladder.

"Harold must escape," I whispered, as I ascended.

"He can't," moaned Georgia, who was mounting behind me.

I never was a good hand to untie knots. I must always cut them. I resolved to cut this knot, if in doing so I tied a hangman's noose under my ear. I leaned down and whispered, "I will help him."

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## XX.

### THE TABLES TURNED.

We had scarcely got through the trap when the door of the room below opened. Indeed, I had no time to adjust the lid, and left it ajar. Georgia and I sat on the roof, not daring to go farther, lest our footsteps should be heard in the room below. The corporal of the guard put his head in at the door, and we heard him talking with Margaret. He asked who was there, and Margaret said "No one." I supposed that he would search the room, but he did not; he closed the door, and we could hear him going down-stairs.

During this period of suspense I knew nothing except that we were in jeopardy. When it was over, what was my astonishment to find my arms around Georgia, holding her to me as if our safety depended upon the tightness of my grip. I would have continued in

the same position for an indefinite period,—for it was not unpleasant, and my modesty, as I have before stated, was by no means of the first order,—but Georgia, recollecting herself with the disappearance of immediate danger, withdrew from my embrace. Then, instead of hastening to my room, I dallied. Georgia was wild, as she had been from the first, about her brother's critical condition, and I as eager to reassure her.

"He will be caught yet," she moaned.

"Not a bit of it. I'm going to help him to escape, if I am shot for it."

"That would be only giving your life for his."

"But mine isn't worth anything,—at least, to you,—and his is very dear to you."

She did not reply to this, and I launched forth in a number of wild schemes for Harold's escape that could only have emanated from the brain of a beardless boy who had suddenly become enamoured. I was sowing the wind, giving my keepers time to get on my track. I knew nothing but Georgia and my impossible devices in behalf of her brother, till suddenly, noticing a stirring in the yard below, unusual after "taps," I led Georgia to her skylight, saw her safely through, then, going to where I had left my "hook and ladder," let myself down to the roof of the extension and waited for the sentries to be out of view. Then, securing my hook to the cornice directly above my room, I swung myself clear. Vibrating once, twice,—crack, and down I went. Some one caught me in his arms, staggered, but kept his legs. I turned my head, and looked into the face of—the general.

He put me down and stood staring at me. I behaved better on this occasion than ever before when he had me at a disadvantage.

"A fine night, general," I said, quite calmly.

"Just the night for 'sighing and singing under Bonnybel's window-panes,' he quoted from a favorite ballad.

"Or dangling before one's own window-panes," I suggested.

"When you are older you will not care to risk your heart, your honor, and your neck in such escapades. Then you'll know a boy is an ass. Come with me."

He led me to his tent, where he threw himself on his back on his camp cot. He looked worn and weary. I stood waiting for him to proceed with a catechism which I naturally expected.

"You are infatuated with a woman," he said, "and are on the verge of ruining your career."

"What woman?"

"Margaret Beach."

"Would you mind telling me, general, how you know that?"

"It is plain as day. I make a truce with Miss Beach that she may lead you to a point where you can watch the enemy. No enemy passes. To save her and some confederate, perhaps, hidden on these premises, you return and make a false report. Would you do this were you not in love with her?"

"I wouldn't do it in any event," I replied.

"I have written evidence."

"Written evidence! What do you mean, general?"

"You will know in time. I am not going to attempt to draw from you what you have been up to to-night; if you care to make a clean breast of it, do so; otherwise I will call the guard and send you back to your chamber. And I will take care that you don't dangle again before your window, or the window of any one else."

It seemed fully five minutes before either of us spoke again, the general leaving me to make up my mind, I considering what to do. At last I started to speak, but checked myself.

"Out with it."

"General, do you know one Bernal Berante?"

I studied his face to note the effect of my words. For my life I could detect no change, no emotion.

"I do."

"Did you ever write a letter to the mayor of — in Texas, offering to surrender your command for a consideration?"

"Well?"

"Major Berante has that letter. When I was a prisoner in his hands he forced me to read it, telling me that you would explain it, and suggesting that I ask you if you remembered the casemate at Fort —."

The general heard me without wincing; I was astonished at his self-control.

"You have kept this matter a secret for some days," he said.

"I have."

"You are more wary than I thought you."

"I am curious, general——" I hesitated.

"To know——"

"The explanation that Major Berante said you would give."

"Lieutenant," he said, icily, "I am not in the habit of making explanations to the members of my staff."

His coolness staggered me; I felt that I had gained no advantage by my implied threat. With my knowledge of his character I should have known better than to make such a threat. I determined to prod him in a way that might give better results.

"Very well, general; you keep your secret, I keep mine. But you have the advantage of me. You are my superior, and have the ear of the commanding general. I am your prisoner and muzzled." I cast up my eyes with the look of a martyr.

He started up. "I muzzle you! Go where you like; tell what you like; fall into traps; get yourself bewitched. If I had the right to give Margaret Beach her freedom I would do so, that you might continue your sighing at her feet, and get yourself shot for your pains."

"General," I said, "let me explain all this."

"Go."

"You will not hear me?"

"Go; you are free as air."

My shot had produced far greater effect than I had supposed. I expected that the general would hurl back my implied thrust, but that

it would induce him to break my arrest I did not for a moment anticipate. I stood staring at him in astonishment.

"General," I said presently, "after the manner in which you have doubted me I would accept no favor from you. You have given me my freedom, which rightfully belongs to me; but understand that you have placed me in position that releases me from any further responsibility to you except officially. In military matters I am subject to your orders; in civil matters I shall act in accordance with my own conscience.

"In other words, you will sigh under Bonnybel's window-panes as much as you like; you will assist her in her efforts to transmit information to the enemy, which she is desperate enough to do even with her neck in a halter."

"You mean noble enough to do, did she consider it her duty."

The oddity of the situation suddenly flashed upon me. First the general is accused and irritated to the verge of insubordination. Then he meets Margaret Beach, with evidence against her as strong as that against himself, and, believing her guilty, treats her with far more severity than the government had treated him. Lastly, the infection spreads to me. Being accused wrongfully, I am about to make my treatment an excuse to assist an enemy of the government to escape. Surely, when the devil sows, he catches all within range of the seed.

And when the devil gets one into a condition to suit him he kindly furnishes the means of getting a stronger grip on his victim. I left the general in high dudgeon, and, going to the house, sat on the veranda, "nursing my wrath to keep it warm." I had spent an hour in this fashion, when, hearing some one pass out of the front door, I turned and discovered Georgia. When she saw me she started back; then she came forward, and, hoarse with emotion, said,—

"Mamma is very ill. Can't you go to the general and get a pass for me to go down the road to where our doctor lives?"

"He would send an orderly."

She buried her face in her handkerchief.

"I can give you a permit in the general's name," I said.

"Please do."

I suspected at once that her object was to send her brother out of the lines in her clothes. I had assured her that I would aid him to escape, but, now that I came face to face with wrong, notwithstanding that the devil was buzzing about my ear, I hesitated.

"You want a pass for your brother to use."

"For myself."

"Surely?"

"Surely."

"Very well; come with me."

I led her to the gate and directed the guard to let her go out. What was my surprise to see her hasten away into the darkness without hesitation or fear, or even a good-by.

"Upon my word!" I exclaimed, "she wants to go for a doctor, but she might have at least thanked me for helping her to do so."

Early next morning orders were issued to march as soon as the men



could get their breakfast. Where we were going was not divulged, but I surmised we were to go either to Knoxville or Chattanooga. Wondering what had become of Georgia, I mounted the stairs, and, inquiring which was her room, tapped at the door.

"Who's there?" I recognized Georgia's voice, but noticed that it was much sweeter than the night before.

"I, Lieutenant Hall. I only wish to know if you were successful in your quest last night."

"Y-e-s."

"What time did you get back?"

"About—let me see—ten o'clock."

"Nonsense. It was eleven when I passed you beyond the lines."

Again there was a short silence, followed by, "Was it?"

"What's the matter with you?" I asked.

"Nothing; go away. I'll tell you by and by."

I went down-stairs, and on reaching the gallery found a summons to go to the general. As I left the house a solid company of troopers marched up and took possession.

"Lieutenant," said the general, "we are to go at once to Chattanooga, where this whole matter will be referred to the commanding general; but before we march I intend to put it beyond possibility for any one who may be concealed within the limits of this plantation to escape me. I shall make a final search myself, and I desire you to accompany me."

I followed him to the house, which I found filled with men. They were scattered in every apartment, in the halls, in the cellar, on the roof. It was plain that the general had caught the secret of Harold Beach's long-maintained dodging. My heart sank within me. At last the boy must be trapped. Margaret would be vindicated, but her brother's arrest and the speedy punishment that would surely follow would be a terrible blow to her. The general walked rapidly through all the rooms of the lower stories, but it was only when he reached the top floor that he began to hunt in earnest. Every room except the one in which Margaret had been placed was examined in every nook and corner. When we came to Georgia's room, I was surprised that she was not there. Mounting to the roof, the general ordered a man to thrust a sabre tied to a guidon staff down the chimney. No one was found, and the searching party descended to the floor below. A sentry was sitting at Margaret's door. The general stopped before it, hesitated, started to go down-stairs, but, changing his mind, went back and knocked.

The door was thrown open by Margaret, and the general, followed by his attendants, stepped over the threshold. By the window stood a figure that I recognized as the object of our search,—Harold Beach. Margaret's face was calm; indeed, it struck me with wonder that, now the blow had fallen, she bore it so tranquilly. Harold turned, and, encountering the gaze of the searching party, shrank away, rather as if ashamed of his work than sensible of the doom that awaited him. The general stood looking at the youthful soldier with mingled surprise and contempt.

"Are you the creature who has been eluding us so long?" he said.

The boy's face broke into a merry smile. The general stood puzzled, stepped forward, put his hand on a coil of hair that there had been no attempt to conceal, and a jet black mass fell nearly to the floor. In a twinkling I perceived Georgia.

Wild with delight, she began to jump up and down, clapping her hands, her eyes dancing.

"General," I said, "I think I can throw some light on this matter. The brother of this girl last night asked me for permission to go for a doctor. Supposing him to be his sister, I passed him out."

"What was he doing here?"

"He was the real spy, intending to carry the plan of Burnside's works to General Bragg."

The general stood looking first at Georgia, then at me, then at Margaret. But one thought seemed to possess him, a wonder that we should have the hardihood to concoct such an absurd story. Turning, he ordered those attending him to leave the room.

"I confess," he said, when they were gone, "that I sympathize with this last desperate deception, this forlorn hope to save a life."

There was a moment of silence, then Margaret stepped forward. The hunted expression she had worn ever since we came to the plantation had disappeared.

"My innocence may now be proved," she said.

"How so?"

"The officer who made the plans found on me is near here and may be summoned as a witness."

"Indeed? Who is this officer?"

"Major Bernal Berante."

The general started.

"Margaret," I cried, my loyalty to the general returning in spite of our recent differences, "this Berante holds a paper incriminating the general. We must find some other way."

Margaret looked at him with surprise.

"Shall I tell you whether I am innocent or guilty?" he asked.

"You are innocent."

They stood looking at each other intently. Margaret with an expression of implicit trust, the general with mingled doubt and wonder. Then Margaret stepped towards him as if to give some expression of comfort, but he drew his arm before his eyes as if to shut her from his view, or to ward away a stroke, and without a word left the room.

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## XXI.

### WHERE LIES THE HEART?

In the living-room of a house on the north side of the Tennessee River, opposite Chattanooga, sat the silent soldier. Before him stood General Heath, at a window sat Margaret and Georgia Beach, while I leaned against the wall. Perhaps it was the sighing of a chill

November wind without, or a cheerful blaze and an odor of burning wood at the hearth; perhaps the rugged and to me harrowing life we had been leading; at any rate, I felt that I would like to stretch myself on the cushioned lounge by the fireplace and go to sleep till the war was over.

But I had no idea of stretching myself or even seating myself in the presence of the commanding general, though it was his exalted position rather than his commanding appearance that deterred me. He was sitting sidewise, one arm over the back of the chair, his hands clasped negligently, his legs crossed, boots mud-covered, the private's overcoat he wore thrown open, showing a bit of woollen shirt under his chin. In his mouth was the ever-present cigar. He had come at General Heath's request to hear the evidence in the disputed question as to where General Longstreet had gone, and to decide what should be done with Margaret Beach.

At a signal from the general-in-chief that he was ready to listen, Margaret and Georgia came forward, and General Heath spoke:

"On the —th of October you directed me to head an expedition with a view to determining the truth or falsity of a report that General Longstreet's corps was to be detached from Bragg's army and sent to crush Burnside. I followed your suggestion to cut my way through to the railroad, but was seldom permitted to get near it, and never at a time when troops were passing. At last I determined, as suggested by you when I received my orders, to send a small detachment with a view to concealment near the road to watch the passage of trains. Lieutenant Hall commanded the detachment, and this girl"—pointing to Margaret—"acted as guide. The party gradually became dispersed, Lieutenant Hall and Margaret Beach returning to report that they saw a number of trains passing northward, loaded with infantry, artillery, and a pontoon bridge, and a body of five thousand cavalry marching. Private Mellodew, who accompanied the expedition, returned with written testimony indicating that General Longstreet had been ordered in an entirely different direction. I have suggested that you hear the evidence bearing on the case here rather than in your own head-quarters for reasons of convenience, as will appear as we proceed.

"Another matter claims your attention. Margaret Beach was caught with plans of Burnside's defences in her hands, was tried for a spy by drumhead court-martial, and condemned to death. Subsequently I availed myself of her services as guide, promising that if her efforts bore fruit the magnitude of the benefit to the Union cause might warrant your interceding with the President in her behalf for a pardon. Her life therefore depends upon the evidence which is to be brought up for your consideration and your subsequent decision, either to approve the finding of the court or recommend clemency."

General Heath then gave his commander a history of the case from the time we first met Margaret Beach to our return to Chattanooga. When he had finished, Private Mellodew was called. He came into the room with his usual grin, which it was now plain came from overstrained nerves. He had begun by a lie, and had no choice but to

continue in a lie. He asserted that no movement northward of any large body of troops had taken place, and that Margaret and I, in order to save Margaret, had conspired to report the passage of a few scattered bodies of cavalry as a movement of Longstreet's corps. Not willing to be a party to this fraud, he had left us to make his way back to the plantation alone. Meeting a messenger about to enter a Confederate camp with a despatch in his belt, he, Melodew, had accosted him, won his confidence, stolen the message, and brought it in for the information it contained.

At this point the general took a paper from his pocket and read :

"HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,  
"November —th, 1863.

"COLONEL ROGER ARCHARD :

"COLONEL,—You will watch your opportunity to rejoin with your command General Longstreet, who has been ordered to march through the gaps in Lookout Mountain, and take your position at or near Brown's Ferry, with a view to co-operating in a general attack on the enemy at Chattanooga on or about November —th. You will doubtless be able to cross the river from the north bank either opposite or below the point of rendezvous.

"By order

" ————,  
"Assistant Adjutant-General."

General Heath handed the order to his commander, who read it carefully, then without comment nodded his direction that the hearing should proceed.

I was next called, and began a recital which only showed an anxiety to vindicate Margaret. The commander departed from his usual silence to ask me several questions, and my replies, though I answered truthfully, seemed to prove that I was lying. When I had finished, I sat down overwhelmed with confusion, and, unconscious that I was speaking aloud, blurted out, "If any one is to be hanged, it is I for a fool." A faint smile passed over the lips of the general-in-chief, and Margaret Beach was called to tell her story.

Margaret made what to me was a perfectly clear case, and I expected as she proceeded that the commanding general would break up the inquiry, asserting that her statement was all he needed to prove her case. But I looked in his face in vain for anything to indicate the impression she was making.

When she had finished, he asked,—

"What proof have you that it was your brother and not your sister who was with you,—that he was the real possessor of the plans found on you?"

"My sister will testify to that effect, also Lieutenant Hall, who saw them both together."

"Neither of these witnesses would gain credence in a court of law, both of them being much interested to save your life. Is there not some one whose testimony is unbiassed?"

"There is one, but you cannot summon him."

"Why not?"

"He is a Confederate officer within the Confederate lines."

"Do you know where he is now?"

"I met him a few days ago near the Tennessee River not far from here."

"He might be reached."

"I do not wish it."

The general-in-chief looked at Margaret, surprised. His eyes plainly asked an explanation.

"He would bring evidence," Margaret said, at last, "of the guilt of one who has told me he is innocent."

The words, spoken in a clear, soft voice, a simple assertion of confidence in one who had never given her the benefit of a single doubt, seemed a rebuke from heaven. General Heath bent his head. He seemed dazed. Though all the vigor of his persuasive tongue was needed at this critical moment in one great effort to ward off the calamity that had been brought about by his incredulity, he seemed in no condition to make even a protest. The commander-judge wanted for him to speak, but, as he did not, spoke himself to Margaret.

"I cannot consider evidence you are unwilling to produce. The evidence that has been brought forward in your behalf is not only simple oral testimony, but the testimony of those deeply interested in you. The facts are all against you. First, you were caught with the plans in your hands; second, you visited the enemy while under parole, presumably to bear information; last, your statement as to the northward movement of Longstreet's army is contradicted by a written order. My sympathies are with you, for you have spoken with the semblance of truth. While I would gladly serve you, this does not seem to be a matter which admits of any interference on my part. A court has heard the evidence and has convicted you. I have listened to a rehearing, and cannot see how they could have done otherwise than convict you."

Margaret stood pale but calm.

"And I must die?"

General Heath, who had been standing as if lost in some dread dream of the past, at these words roused himself, shook off the stupor that had chained him, and, in a firm, loud voice, said,—

"Call Major Bernal Berante."

For the love of heaven! Has the man broken down under the strain? Is he losing his reason? I started towards him and laid my hand on his arm.

"General, Major Berante is not here."

"Major Berante is here. You will find him across the hall. He has come, general," he said, addressing the chief, "to testify in this case. I sent a flag of truce to bring him. He was permitted by his commanding officer to do so only with the understanding that his testimony is necessary to save a life. Major Berante is accompanied by his commanding officer, Colonel Archard, that he may serve for a witness as to what may transpire, a precaution which seemed proper

and to which I assented. I have pledged my word that Berante will not be asked to give any testimony except such as concerns Margaret Beach, and in any self-incriminating admissions he may make he shall have full benefit of the protection offered by a flag of truce. Lieutenant Hall, bring the witness."

I cast a quick glance at Margaret, to note the effect of this announcement. I expected some marked expression of relief. What was my surprise to see unmistakable evidence of regret, that the general had sacrificed himself to do her justice. Could any human consideration account for her preference of his interest to her own,—his a question of disgrace, hers of death? Young as I was, unused to analyzing human feeling, I knew the motive was divine.

"Bring the witness," repeated the general.

I darted from the room, and in a few minutes was in the presence of two men who had both at different times had me at their mercy. Without stopping to bandy compliments, I led them to the room, where they were expected. As we entered and Berante caught sight of the general, his eye lighted with malignant triumph.

"Gentlemen," said Colonel Archard, "it having been represented to me that a woman accused of being a spy in the Confederate service had been convicted and sentenced to death, and that she needed the testimony of my subordinate, Major Berante, to save her, I have come with him into your lines, that he may have a witness as to what testimony he shall bear. You are free to examine him touching the case in question, and he is free to answer, so long as his evidence does not reveal information pertinent to the Confederate cause."

"Major Berante," said the general-in-chief, quietly, "I should be pleased to listen to your testimony."

The gentleman-like manner of Colonel Archard and the unpretentious bearing of the commanding general were in marked contrast with the loftiness of Major Berante, as he told with conscious pride how he had entered the Union lines at Knoxville, taking Harold Beach with him, had made the map of the defences, laying down the location and strength of troops, the position of batteries, the kind and condition of armament; how, having been suspected, he had given the map to Harold, and by assurance and tact had made his way back to Confederate ground. He further testified to Margaret's story that she had sought him to beg that he would interfere to extricate them from their perilous situation, loftily averring that he had been deterred from giving himself up as the real culprit only by the important work of heading off General Heath.

There was a look of relief and deep interest on the face of the general-in-chief. Margaret's truthfulness and the noble work she had done in shielding her brother had been established beyond question.

"And now," Berante went on, "having given my testimony in the case of this innocent woman, it gives me great satisfaction to be able to show you that you have among you one who is steeped in guilt. That man"—pointing to General Heath—"is a traitor to the cause he serves: there is the document to prove it."

Stepping towards the general-judge, Berante handed him a paper.



The commander drew back. "I am not here to consider charges against General Heath," he said. "I decline to read it."

"What is this?" exclaimed Colonel Archard, with flashing eyes. "Gentlemen, I assure you, on the honor of a soldier, of my ignorance of any intention on the part of Major Berante except to give testimony to save a life."

"General," said the man accused, "I beg you to read the document Major Berante offers."

The general-in-chief directed Berante to read the letter. Berante stood slowly unfolding it, his glittering eyes fixed on General Heath with an expression of malignant satisfaction.

## XXII.

### AN OPPORTUNE ARRIVAL.

There was a sound of high words in the hall; the door was thrown open, and an old man with hair and beard as white as snow, ragged garments, and faded straw hat, struggled past a sentry who was endeavoring to hold him back, and rushed into the room. We all looked astonished at an intruder who showed so little deference for the commander-in-chief. The old man stood for a moment casting rapid glances from one to another, evidently in search, then his eyes became fixed on Mellodew, who from the first moment of the stranger's entrance had shrunk away, endeavoring to conceal himself behind the others, chattering and grinning like a frightened ape. The old man tore off his hair and beard, revealing the features of Corporal Plunk.

"You white-livered hound!"

"Corporal Plunk!" exclaimed Margaret and I at a breath.

"Corporal," said General Heath, "you are in the presence of the general-in-chief." Plunk straightened up and brought his hand up to his forehead awkwardly by way of salute. "You have come too late; the case is closed."

"Closed, general? Closed without my story? Closed without my seein' that animated tombstone where he so nearly placed me? Dead men tell no tales, Enoch, but I'm not dead. Do you see that hand, that arm? They're to pull the rope intended for me, only you'll do the danglin'."

"Come, corporal, the general-in-chief wishes to know of the military situation. Private Mellodew has charged Lieutenant Hall and Miss Beach with conspiring to state falsely that General Longstreet has gone northward, while Private Mellodew asserts that no such move has taken place."

"He lies. The move *has* taken place; I saw it with my own eyes; that is, after the young lady saw it; for I deserve to be shot for being asleep. I knew that dog"—pointing to Mellodew—"was up to some deviltry when I met him among Confederates, so I left the lieutenant and Miss Beach at the ford and rode back. I got these things on the way"—pointing to his disguise—"and walked straight into

Colonel Archard's lines. I found Enoch there, settin' on a log by a camp-fire with Major Berante,—that gentleman there. I crouches behind a tree and hears the whole confab. Enoch tells the major that the lieutenant and Miss Beach have gone on with the information of General Longstreet's move. The major calls a halt till he kin report the fact to Colonel Archard,—that gentleman there. Major Berante gits permission to send detachments off to chase 'em, then goes to a house near by and comes back with a paper. I don't know what it was, but I tuk it thet he wrote it himself. Leastaways he tells Enoch thet if he will make up some yarn to throw distrust on Lieutenant Hall's and Miss Beach's story, and take the paper to General Heath, makin' up another yarn about how he stumbled on it, Enoch might come back and git big pay for the job. Enoch said he would do anything to git even with the lieutenant.

"They gits up from the bivouac, and Enoch starts for the plantation. I follers him out onto the road, but I was so riled thet I couldn't wait fur him to git fur enough from the rebel camp before I tackles him. Enoch hollers like a loon, a vedette comes runnin' from one direction, and an officer of the picket from another, and they pinned me down and tuk us both to Major Berante.

"Well, I was in a hole. Thinkin' to gain time, I tells the major that I hev important information I'd like to swap fur my life, and he agrees to give me till mornin' to make it all up—for thet's what I was agoin' to do. In the mornin' I tells him a cock-and-bull story about General Grant sendin' troops around by Nashville and Louisville to Knoxville, and lets him simmer. He opens them snake's eyes o' his'n, takes in the information, but keeps me in limbo all the same. Well, to shorten up, I've been watched by Confederate guards lots of times in this war, and they haven't kept me long at any one time. Last night I give one of the men watchin' me a postal quarter to go to the sutler for rum, and——"

"General," interrupted General Heath, "Corporal Plunk's testimony makes all clear. The work on which you sent me has been accomplished, but not by me. Lieutenant Hall and Corporal Plunk have done their part, but it is this brave girl," pointing to Margaret, "who, having assumed the ignominy which rightfully belonged to others, in face of misunderstanding on my part and its consequent harshness,—a harshness I shall regret to my dying day,—while her two associates on the expedition were asleep, saw the transfer of Longstreet's corps.

"And now," he continued, "having witnessed her vindication, it only remains to defend myself against the venom of that serpent. Major Berante, you were about to read a certain letter from me to the mayor of — when you were interrupted by Corporal Plunk's entrance. I beg you to proceed."

Berante, throughout all the damaging evidence against him, had succeeded in maintaining an apparent indifference, standing, while Plunk was telling his story, with a mild look of wonder on his face, now scowling, now showing his pointed white teeth in a derisive smile. His only sign of impatience was to occasionally raise the letter he held

in his hand as a final overpowering weapon for his vindication. When requested to read it he turned deliberately to the general-in-chief, put his hand on his heart, and bowed respectfully.

"Circumstantial evidence," he said, "I have always considered worthless, and this man's testimony convinces me that I have been right. Were it worth my while, and had I time and opportunity, I could easily refute all that has been brought against me. Instead, I will give you something that is in black and white, written and signed by that man" (pointing to General Heath), "whose treachery has long been suspected, but now for the first time is to be conclusively proved."

Then he read :

"FORT —, TEXAS, March —, 1861.

"TO THE MAYOR OF —.

"The consideration you offer is ample, but it will require several days to disarm the men, as I dare only order the withdrawal of a few muskets at a time, making excuses to send arms and ammunition to neighboring posts on pretended requests.

A. H."

Berante, having finished, stepped to the presiding judge and handed him the letter. The stillness of death fell upon us all. Margaret, notwithstanding its damning character, received it with a defiant glance at the reader. The general-in-chief, beneath his sphinx-like exterior, gave evidence, in the restless turning of his eyes from accuser to accused, that he was deeply impressed. Colonel Archard stood thunder-struck at the sudden turn events had taken, regarding with surprise and anger his subordinate, who had withheld his intentions from him. General Heath stood facing his accuser, but gave no token by his expression as to his guilt or innocence.

"Did you write that letter, general?" asked the chief.

"I did."

"General," exclaimed Margaret, addressing the chief, "the man who bears that letter induced my brother, a mere boy, to put his neck in a halter, and when suspected threw the proof of his treachery on his comrade. I have known both these men, and I tell you that Major Berante is capable of any iniquity, while General Heath——"

The faces of the group fastened on her in surprise made Margaret suddenly conscious of what she was saying, for a crimson flush unfurled itself in her cheek, and she shrank back. The commander-judge, touched by this burst of confidence, asked, kindly, "Why do you place such trust in one who has not trusted you?"

"Because the evidence against me was so strong that General Heath would have been a fool to trust me."

"The evidence against you was circumstantial, that against him is written. Written evidence is, I believe, the strongest known in law."

"Were he to write himself a traitor on a hundred sheets I would not believe him guilty."

"Why?"

"Because——"

He waited to hear her reason, but no reason came; only a tear that glistened in her eye.

"Because," said the commander, finishing for her, "you are a woman."

Raising his eyes, General Heath gave Margaret a look,—a look of penitence, of gratitude. But Margaret doubtless saw far more, for suddenly her face lighted with a triumphant joy—a dim flashing of a divine sensation, and I knew that she had received the one great message of her life.

"General Heath," said the commander, "you remember our interview on the morning of your departure on your mission?"

"I do."

"And the order of the Secretary of War?"

"I remember."

"I have done for you all in my power. Your effort to vindicate yourself by a signal service has resulted in furnishing such strong proof of your guilt that I do not consider myself warranted in further postponing the Secretary's order. You will go to your quarters under arrest."

General Heath had made his replies as one whose mind was on other matters. At the order to consider himself under arrest he started.

"One moment," he said, addressing the general-in-chief. "I have a bit of evidence to submit in my behalf. But first let me speak a word with reference to my past relations with Major Berante. We were classmates at West Point, and afterwards stationed at the same fort on the Atlantic coast. Being of Spanish extraction, he inherited a Spaniard's passion for gambling, and thereby got into trouble. As commandant of the post it became my duty to confine him in one of the casemates, and since then he has cherished for me no great friendship. The spring of 1861 found us again together at a post in Texas,—I in command, Berante second. Secessionists in a neighboring town were preparing to surround and capture our little force. Fortunately, the mayor was at heart a Union man, and secretly aided me to thwart the designs of the conspirators. I had been informed from Washington that a transport would be sent to the coast of Texas to remove my command, and I relied upon the mayor to stave off an attack by diplomacy till the arrival of the ship, and to inform me of its coming; information that could only be furnished me clandestinely.

"One morning I received from the mayor a letter containing a demand for the surrender of the post, coupled with an offer to me personally of a tract of land and a commission in the Confederate army if I would do as he required. Aware that he was dissembling to his associates, I felt confident that his note was to be read between the lines. I subjected it to a number of tests without result, when it occurred to me to use the simple method of applying heat. To my satisfaction letters of a brown color came out:

"'Transport arrived. The way is clear.'

"That night I marched my men to the coast, where I found transportation awaiting me, and in a few days landed them safely at Annapolis.

"The letter produced by Major Berante was intended for the inspection of the secessionists, who assuming that I had been successfully bribed, relaxed their watchfulness, thus enabling me the more readily to reach the coast. I intrusted the letter to Major Berante for delivery, who put it in his pocket to be kept for future use against me, and entered the Confederate service. If you will intrust me for a few minutes with its keeping I will show you my real reply, my vindication, written with the juice of a lemon on the very document Major Berante has been preserving for my destruction."

Taking the incriminating letter from the commanding judge, General Heath stepped to the fireplace. A thrill shot through those present, thinking that he was about to burn it. But no; he held it before the flame, carefully keeping it far enough to prevent its igniting. Not a word was spoken, all eyes being fixed intently on the paper curling in the heat. Presently the general drew it from before the flame, glanced at it, then raised it aloft so that it could be seen by every one in the room. Across its face brown letters had come out clear and distinct:

*Yours received. Thanks.*

*We march to-night.*

HEATH.

Slowly the general-in-chief rose from his chair, and, advancing to the vindicated man, grasped his hand; Margaret laughed and wept by turns, while the rest of us threw up our hats and shouted. When quiet was restored, General Heath concluded:

"You are aware, general, that during the period of my service in the West rumors have been current that I have been secretly and treacherously aiding the enemy. It is now plain whence this secret malignant influence came. Berante was made a prisoner at Shiloh and had the ear of Union officers. Having been exchanged before Chickamauga, he was present at that battle and had an opportunity to converse with the Union officers captured there. I leave you to infer whence came the reports that the Confederate successes were largely due to a friend in the Union army, that friend being myself. At last I am confronted with the author of my misfortunes. I am unable to punish him, for he has come into our lines pledged to protection, but I thank the Great Jehovah, the God of battles and of peace, that from this time forward he will be powerless to injure me."

When General Heath had finished, Colonel Archard, who had been standing the very impersonation of indignation, waiting for him to finish, stepped to the commanding judge and said,—

"Permit me to apologize in the name of the Confederate army for this action of one of its members, who, I assure you, will be brought to face a court-martial as soon as he returns to Confederate territory."

"Gentlemen," said the general-in-chief, "having accomplished the

object for which you came, nothing more remains to be done. Accept my thanks for enabling me to do justice to this young girl. You will be escorted to your lines."

The officer who had charge of the flag of truce was summoned, and the two Confederates passed out.

Notwithstanding war's horrors, it has its pleasurable episodes. My most delightful remembrance of that period of strife and suffering is the few minutes following the exit of Colonel Archard and Major Berante. There was a sudden wringing of hands, eyes looking into eyes that danced triumphant, a babel of congratulations. As for me, forgetting myself completely, I threw my arms around everybody in the room except the general-in-chief. I embraced, successively, the general, Margaret, Plunk, and Georgia, whose enthusiasm, great as it was, did not prevent her giving me a box on the ear, which she afterwards admitted was not for the caress, but because of its publicity.

Our expressions of joy were interrupted by the general-in-chief taking General Heath aside and speaking with him in a tone which, though too low to be heard by the others, brought a light into his eye that I had not seen there for months. Then the commander of the armies of the West offered Margaret especial thanks for the great service she had rendered, and hurried away. What he was going to do I did not know then, but the next day the thunder of his guns told me that he was taking advantage of the absence of Longstreet's corps from the army of the Tennessee, fighting and winning the battle of Missionary Ridge,—a battle which marked the beginning of the end of the Confederacy.

\* \* \* \* \*

As a love-story this narrative must necessarily be a fragment. What had passed between General (then Captain) Heath and Margaret Beach before he met her between Chattanooga and Morganton Cross Roads I never learned, for both were naturally reticent, and especially so with regard to the most sacred of all conditions. After the battle that followed in the wake of the information we had gained and the general's vindication, I was suddenly summoned one morning to attend him. He rode straight to the plantation, where he found Margaret, and I am quite sure that it was on this occasion that a treaty of peace was formally drawn between the two and their future relations officially settled. As to their courtship, except that courtship which was going on under my eyes while the general held Margaret as a prisoner, I know nothing, but I can vouch for the fact of their wedding, for I witnessed it, and that they were afterwards a loving couple, for I have often visited them.

As to my affair with Georgia, an account of what followed our few brief meetings described in the last pages of this story would involve another volume of confessions not more creditable to me than the foregoing. I made a very unsatisfactory lover, forgetting, during an exciting campaign, to communicate with my inamorata for months at a time. But when the absorbing events of that most eventful period in the nation's history were ended, I took as much interest in love as I



had taken in war. But I made slow progress as a husband. For years I could never hear the rattle of a drum, nor the bullet of some careless marksman singing over my head, without showing a restlessness that troubled my wife and unsettled me to no purpose. But as the years went by I gradually quieted down to the arts of peace, and the time came when I conceived as much horror of war as I had at one time felt admiration.

The general was offered promotion for his instrumentality in bringing the news of Longstreet's move, but resolutely declined it. On the Atlanta campaign he did such effective service as a cavalry flanker that he was again offered, and accepted, the double star. A generation later when the blue and the gray stood shoulder to shoulder against the Spaniard, he became a commander in the blended columns.

THE END.

## WAR AND TRADE.

THE old Pindaree in Sir Alfred Lyall's "Verses written in India" lamented that, though his grandsons were good boys,

They'll never be men  
Such as I was at twenty-five, when the sword was king of the pen.

But he made the mistake of all persons of the warrior caste in supposing that peaceful pursuits extinguished the belligerent instinct. Napoleon sneered at the English as a nation of shopkeepers, and he spent the last nine years of his life as their prisoner. The shopkeepers were too much for him in the Peninsular war, at the Nile and Trafalgar, and they closed his brilliant military career at Waterloo.

Of all modern nations France is the most distinctively military in its tastes, its aspirations, and its opinion of itself. Its army crumbled to pieces under the first blows of Germany, and but for the fortifications of Paris the Franco-German war would have been concluded in six weeks. Germany is now the foremost military nation of the world, but its career as such has barely reached the duration of a human generation, and that is but a day in a nation's life. The military development of Germany has not been more sudden or more remarkable than its development in manufacturing and in commerce. France has a stationary population and a commerce that tends rather to curtailment, and it is quite uncertain whether its military capacity is greater than it was a quarter of a century ago. Germany has a growing population; she has become one of the great trading nations of the world, and the military spirit imbues no other nation so thoroughly.

All Europe has taken a low view of the belligerent possibilities of the United States, partly because we keep small military and naval forces, but mainly because we are very much given to trade. The swashbuckler at the military club still entertains feelings of contempt for the bird that does not wear such gaudy plumage as his. If in the civil war we showed a plentiful lack of military science, we at least showed an abundance of courage, a general willingness to fight, a tenacity that lasted till one side was crushed and till the other had accomplished its purposes, and a cheerful willingness on the part of the people, both North and South, who were not fighting, to support the men who were. In spite of all this, the accomplished European gentlemen whose burden of gold lace is almost greater than they can bear, and who spend their too copious leisure in playing the "kriegspiel," had settled it in their minds that we are too much given to dollar-hunting to fight.

Dollar-hunting! It is impossible to estimate the amount of comfort the description of Americans as dollar-hunters and the breeders of dollar-hunters (for which beautiful expression I think we are indebted to John Stuart Mill) has afforded to European *littérateurs*, social snobs, and military persons. And yet the American abroad is accused of being too free with his money. The French shopkeepers last spring

became alarmed lest the aggressive and offensive French sympathy with Spain should, in the choice language of one of the Paris newspapers, separate them from those dollars so easily parted with by their American owners, who are accused of being sordid.

No people care less about money than Americans. We are universally accused of extravagance. Our rich men astonish the world by their liberality towards colleges and libraries and churches and charities. The possession of wealth on one side and its lack on the other is something of a bar to marriage all the way from a London palace to a tribe of American Indians, but in no other civilized community is it so little of a bar as it is in the United States.

But our reputation is not purely fictitious. There is a reason for it, but one that proves the stupidity of European observers, with rare exceptions. The woman who has to make her own clothes is obliged to give more thought to her dress than the more fortunate woman who has simply to send her orders to her modiste, or, better yet, receive the suggestions of her costumer. And yet she does not necessarily care more for dress; probably she cares less for it than the rich woman who gives but a quarter of the time to the subject of clothes. It happens that comparatively few Americans have been lucky enough to inherit fortunes from their fathers, and still fewer have made mercenary marriages in foreign countries. They have therefore been obliged to make their own money, and to give that subject more attention than foreigners, who either inherit wealth or have no hope whatever of securing it. The American gives more attention to the acquisition of money than the European does, for he hasn't it and may get it, while the European has it without effort or cannot get it with effort. But the American spends it more generously, suffers less when he loses it, and estimates other men by their bank accounts very much less than the European.

That we have as a nation grown rich rapidly is due in part to the vast natural resources at our command. Yet they would have done nothing for us without our own efforts, and we have fixed our attention upon material things to an extent that may have impaired our ability to produce great works of literature and art. But it has not impaired our love of learning, as our colleges and universities and libraries can witness. It has not made us sordid, as our gifts to charity and religion, our churches and our hospitals, prove. It has not quenched the militant spark, as our readiness to fight demonstrates. Not many years ago we were ready for a war with Chili. War with England, with its navy, its markets for more than half of all our national exports, would have been a very different thing from the war with Spain, but the country came very near going into it two and a half years ago. We may have underestimated the cost of the present war, but even our underestimates would have kept us out of it had we had a trace of that passion for dollars which is attributed to us by Europeans who would not think of marrying except for money and whose social scale and tax-list are interchangeable.

We may be charged with possessing too much military instinct. The military proclivities of the country, which have never been torpid, have been systematically cultivated by a certain school, to whom

patriotism is manifested only in the act of fighting for one's country. Patriotism has of late years come to be regarded as exclusively a belligerent feeling. It used to be supposed to be so widely diffused that Scott asked, incredulously,—

Breathes there the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
"This is my own, my native land"?

But numerous hereditary societies of persons whose remote ancestors fought for the country have of late been teaching us that patriotism is a hot-house plant that requires culture; there must be lectures by young lady historians and tableaux illustrative of the Black Hawk war and the suppression of Shays's Rebellion; the flag must float over school-houses, and the children must have patriotic exercises, whereof they are beginning to confess themselves deadly tired, and we must all talk a good deal about patriotism, and go to speeches about it; and a man who was opposed to war, while we were still at peace, was strongly suspected of caring little for his country. There has been in some quarters great fear that our prosperity was undermining our love of country.

Well, we do not hesitate to enlist, do we? We can fight, can we not? Thirty-three years of peace and plenty have not eliminated the martial qualities from our nature. Our friends who are teaching patriotism on blackboards and sandwiching it in between grammar and arithmetic, and treating it as a social function, may claim that our present willingness and ability to fight are due to their dialogues and parlor entertainments and genuflections before the flag; but the fact is that we had none of these blessings in 1861, and for both conceptions of nationality there was abundant readiness to fight then.

There is no indication here or elsewhere that a nation has got to go to war frequently lest it should lose its virility; no indication that men who do not wear uniforms when it is unnecessary lose the willingness to put them on when it is necessary. Under the old (but still very recent) régime in Japan, trade was regarded as an ignoble pursuit. Arms were glorious, religion highly respectable, trade absolutely low. Had Japan encountered China then, no one can doubt that four hundred millions would have defeated forty millions. With the sudden transformation in Japan came a tremendous industrial revival and commercial expansion. The warrior caste lost some of its prestige; the mercantile caste became respectable. One of the results of this was that Japan crushed China and has become one of the great naval powers of the world.

It was the hope of the early apostles of free trade that commerce would become strong enough to put an end to war. But the commercial policy preached by Cobden and Bright has been adopted by no country but their own, and the result of a vast increase of commerce between nations has been to promote rather than to repress war. Wars are now being fought—or, more exactly, they are now imminent—in obedience to commercial instincts. It is for the sake of foreign markets that Russia is at Port Arthur, Germany at Kiao-Chou, and Eng-

land at Weihaiwei. The purposes of all these nations are not identical. Russia and France are determined to include sections of China within their own custom-house lines so that their own merchants will have an advantage over all others in selling to the Chinese within their "sphere of influence." The purposes of Germany are not fully disclosed, but they are apparently much less exclusive than those of the Dual Alliance. But Germany is in Kiao-Chou because England has found Hong-Kong profitable. England insists on what is called the "open door" policy, under which all nations would enter China upon the same terms. In spite of her protests, Russia took Port Arthur as a military station from which Peking could be threatened, and England took Weihaiwei that she might be in a position to make counter-threats at Peking. And it is all for Chinese trade that the four greatest nations of Europe are crowding in on China from the north and the south and at various points on the coast. It is trade that has within the past few years brought England and France to the verge of war in the Mekong Valley, along the Niger, and about the upper waters of the Nile.

The significance of the present situation in China is emphasized by a letter from Mr. Holmstrom, one of the editors of the St. Petersburg *Viedomosti*, to the New York *Tribune*. Mr. Holmstrom protests against Anglo-American alliance or co-operation. Early in May his newspaper published an article recounting all the instances of Russia's affection for the United States from the time that the Declaration of Independence "found a friendly echo in the court of Empress Catherine II." Then it explained that sooner or later there must be a fight to the death between Russia and England, and, when that occurs, "what immense help the ports of the United States will be to Russia! The sympathetic neutrality of the United States would be for Russia more than welcome, and the possibility of even indirect assistance from the American fleet, which is now strong, and which will become more so during the war with Spain, would be a felicitous find." This leaves no room for misunderstanding as to the reasons for Russia's desire to secure our friendship, and Mr. Holmstrom follows up his editorial article with his *Tribune* letter warning us that England desires our friendship only for selfish purposes, and that Russia and all Europe were friendly to us until the Anglo-American alliance was proposed. This ingenious theory ignores the fact—as fact it seems to be, though we are still without absolute information—that Russia was willing to enter into a conspiracy with other European nations to protect Spain and defeat our purposes regarding Cuba, and only the refusal of England to be a party to this prevented its execution. Not a word was heard on the subject of an Anglo-American alliance until after England had defeated a project to which Russia was a party, to settle our difficulty with Spain for us and in accordance with European interests.

In his *Tribune* letter Mr. Holmstrom follows up this effort to detach the United States from England by declaring that "the open door" policy is opposed by no one, that it is a benefit only to England, and, finally, that it is an imposture. In the language of the lady who returned the broken kettle, it was then perfectly whole, the break

occurred before she borrowed it, and she never borrowed any kettle. If no one is opposing the "open door" policy, what is the trouble about in China? If it serves only the purposes of England, why does not some one oppose it? And if it be an imposture, how does it serve the purposes of England? The evidence he cites to prove that it serves only the purposes of England is the statement of English papers that except at Shanghai and one or two other points no foreign nation can compete with England; "even the thrifty German firms are obliged to close and withdraw after a brief and unremunerative existence."

Now we have touched the quick; the Russian cannot sell in competition with the Englishman. The policy of the "open door" is fatal to Russian enterprise, which can succeed only where the Russian army and navy and customs service keep competitors away. As to other nations, Mr. Holmstrom's statement is somewhat exaggerated; for the Germans are doing very well in their China trade, and if they are effective as yet only at a few points it does not follow that their commerce, which is yet young, will not flourish under the policy of the "open door." As to the United States, he is entirely in error; our trade with China and Japan has been growing rapidly, and promises to become most important in the face of European competition. The "open door" is very much in our interest; we ask no better terms than England has in Chinese ports, and all ports under the British flag are as open to our ships and our merchants as they are to British ships and merchants. In her efforts to keep the doors of China and Africa open, England is serving our interests, and here is the substantial basis for Anglo-American co-operation against France and Russia, with the certainty that Japan, and the probability that Germany, comparatively recent factors in the world's commerce, would gladly co-operate with the nations first named, making a Teutonic union in the West, joined by the most Occidental of the nations of the East.

It is trade that has pushed Russia through Asia till she emerges on the Pacific with Manchuria in her grasp. It is trade that has spread England over every sea and well over some of the continents. It is trade that keeps them at swords' points and makes war between them almost a certainty. It is trade that has carried France to Algiers and Tunis, Madagascar and Tonkin, and that has more than once made war with England imminent. It is trade that has sent Germany to the South Seas, to Africa, and to the coast of China. It was trade that carried the American people to the mouth of the Mississippi and to the Pacific coast, and, now that our exports of manufactured goods are becoming formidable, it is trade that calls for the appropriation of the Philippines.

The maxim that trade follows the flag covers more error than truth. It is oftener the case that the flag follows trade. But, if foreign nations are going to exclude us from trade with China and Africa on the same terms as their own subjects, we have got to make a way for trade by sending the flag with its usual accompaniments of breech-loaders. If the United States and England would not be driven out of Chinese trade by the gradual extension of Russian and French



frontiers, they will have to keep the door open by inserting the muzzle of a cannon into it. England has got her cannon mounted at Weihaiwei and Hong-Kong; Manila is not so near as would be desirable, but it will do very well as a place for our guns.

So the more commerce is extended the more danger there is of war. Probably the United States and England would never make war upon each other for commercial reasons, in spite of the radical differences in the economic policies of the two nations. But there are nations in a more backward stage of civilization and economic development which confess their inability to do business under the policy of the "open door;" they admit that on account of their inferiority they can extend their trade abroad only by armed seizure of foreign territory, excluding other nations, or admitting them to the privilege of shooting on their preserves only by charging them roundly under the forms of a discriminating tariff. These other nations appear to be willing to fight in order to keep competitors away. Therefore the nations that are willing to enter a peaceful struggle for commercial success find that they must be equally willing to fight or withdraw from the contest altogether.

So the doors of the temple of Janus must be kept unlocked and on the jar that the exchanges may be kept open, and the rifle-factories are busy lest the cotton-mills shut down, and the foundries are casting shot and shelf-hardware, and the rolling-mills have to work simultaneously on armor-plates and railway bars. The losses that war inflicts upon business are enormous, but under the present policy of the Dual Alliance still greater losses are threatened by peace. Each nation must imitate the pioneer, who is prepared at every moment to defend his quarter-section and his sod cabin against the savages who know no way to get what they desire except to capture it. All the great nations of the world are manufacturing more goods than they can consume at home; they have got to sell to the weaker or lower nations or go into a commercial decline. In the course of time these weaker and lower nations will advance far enough to make their own goods, or they will at least get filled up with the goods the United States and Europe must export, and what will happen then? Happily that day is remote; the present generation will pass before the present economic stage reaches its conclusion and the world has to have a revolution or take another step in economic evolution.

The nineteenth century, with all its wonderful industrial development, draws near its close with the merchant pushing the soldier forward into an attitude of defiance or an act of hostility.

*Fred. Perry Powers.*

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#### A FRIEND.

LO, thou art safe unto thy journey's end  
If thou but hast Sagacity for friend.

*Clinton Scollard.*

## A FAMILY HISTORY.

I HEARD him for two or three days before I finally made up my mind that I must go in search of him. His clear, brilliant whistle sounded from the cañon, and once or twice, in the early morning, I caught a flash of black-and-white-and-orange among the osiers, but when, armed with a field-glass, I fared forth to find my bird, I had such a hunt that I was about to postpone further search until I should have breakfasted, when I heard, directly above my head, a clear, high-pitched note or two; then a rushing tumble of melody. There was no mistaking the black-headed grosbeak, and in another moment I caught sight of him, sitting, almost directly in front of me, on a branch of the densely growing willow. He must have seen me, but he was not alarmed, for he went on, unconcernedly, with his song.

"Here, sweet! Here, sweet!" he sang, slowly and distinctly, making two syllables of the first word, and running up on the second with a delicious little slur. Then, as though the singer got in the biggest sort of a hurry, the notes poured fast one upon another: "Sweet! Sweet! Sweet! Here I am! Here I am! Here I am!" followed by two short, clear, whistling notes.

I have heard a good many grosbeaks sing, and there is a perfectly unmistakable family resemblance among the various performances, but no two have exactly the same inflection, if I may use the word, while there is always a characteristic difference in the arrangement of the notes with individual birds. Another that I have listened to this season says, quite plainly, "Hurry up! Hurry up!" instead of the sweeter "Here I am! Here I am!" of the chap in the willow-tree.

The black-headed grosbeak is by far the most beautiful singer we have here in California. The song is a loud, high, brilliant performance, very similar to that of the Baltimore oriole, but by no means the finished effort of his cousin the cardinal grosbeak. Our Western bird is as handsome as his song is beautiful, but, despite his showy plumage, there is a curious ventriloquistic quality in his note that makes him rather difficult to find unless one knows his haunts. Hearing him, the novice naturally looks for him among the tops of tall trees, but he always sings from the thickets. He is to be sought among low-growing willows by stream-sides, and in the chaparral.

As his name indicates, this grosbeak has a black head, with a broad median stripe of pale orange on the crown. There is also a deeper orange stripe behind the eye, and he wears a well-defined collar of bright orange. His back and tail are black as he sits still, but both tail and wings show a good deal of white when he flies. The breast is cinnamon-color, and the under wing-coverts are yellow. The bird flies low, and it is a delight to see him, as, like Lowell's oriole, "a flash of summer fire," he rushes past you on swift wings to dart into the chaparral, a general term in California for every sort of growing bush.

I was apparently not alone in my understanding of the bird's call; presently I heard a low cry, like that of a quail, and in a moment he was joined by another bird, which at first glance I mistook for a white-crowned sparrow. A second look showed me my error, and I recognized Mrs. Grosbeak. She was shy, however, and flew off the instant she spied me, the male bird following.

In the afternoon of that same day I came upon a nest among the greasewood. It was such a slight, casual sort of nest, a mere shallow cup of sticks and weeds carelessly lodged in the fork of a branch, that I could hardly believe that it was intended for occupancy. In fact, I thought it a last year's nest beaten down by the winter rains.

As I watched it, however, the grosbeak again appeared, and in unmistakable ways gave me to understand that I was an intruder. Poor as the structure was, it was his castle, so, with trailing wings and ruffled crown-feathers, he perched upon an overhanging branch of willow, prepared to act on the defensive. Then his mate appeared, but merely slipped in among the greasewood and hid, apparently trusting her lord to maintain their rights in the premises. Anxious to prove my entire harmlessness, I went softly away, delighted with my own good fortune. I had some fear lest my chance visit should alarm the pair, but my study of birds on this coast has not led me to the belief that they are as easily frightened from their nesting-places as the books give us to understand that they are.

Early next morning I went out and found the little hen at her post on the nest. Day by day, after that, unfolded before me one of the prettiest little domestic dramas it was ever my delighted fortune to witness. Fatherhood among the birds has always been to me a source of wondering admiration, but the tenderness, devotion, and courage of my little grosbeak during the long nesting season exceeded anything else of the sort that I have ever seen. The nest was, as I have said, in a tangle of greasewood, growing in a little cañon, and from a sheltered place on the bank beside it I could observe all the details of grosbeak housekeeping.

I was hardly established in my snuggerly on the bank when the male bird appeared. As usual, I heard him first, his clear quail-call sounding in the chaparral before he flashed into sight. His mate answered the call with another so exactly like it that had I not seen her I should have supposed that the note came from him. The little husband sprang to a branch nearly opposite the nest, and began singing, but so softly, with such exquisite tenderness, that I should never have recognized the voice I was accustomed to hear pouring in a rich volume of rolling melody from out the bushes. There was a delicious brooding note in it, and at times it sunk to such a low pitch that I could not catch the sound, and could only see the quivering of his bill and the ruffling of his throat feathers. He did not perch and stand, as most birds do when singing, but sat upon the branch, evidently at home and at ease. Finally the bird on the nest lifted her head and sounded a note, to which he at once replied. Then she stood up and flew off. Immediately after he flew to the nest, surveyed its contents for an instant, and at last settled down into her place.

This, I found as the days went by, was a regular feature of the domestic programme. She always occupied the nest at night, but I watched the birds fairly closely for nineteen days, and I think that he sat upon the eggs full half of the time. I usually found her there when I went out to the nest, but sometimes he was on duty, and, no matter how long I remained, she would not relieve him, although I frequently heard her call from the thicket. I never surprised her on the nest, however, that I did not hear, almost immediately, his loud "Sweet! Sweet! Sweet! Here I am! Here I am!" and off she would fly. The next moment a gleam of black-and-orange would appear low in the greasewood. He usually came in low down, hopped up, always on the same branches, and came into the nest on the farther side from where I sat. His departure was made the same way, but the mother bird always flew directly off and upward. Later I used to see her coming to feed the little ones, and then she too hopped up the leafy stairway from the ground-floor, but would afterwards fly directly out through the bushes, while he continued to go down-stairs and out by way of the basement.

It was exceedingly interesting to note the different ways of the pair on the nest. When the little hen was there she snuggled down until nothing was visible save her stout olive-green bill and the light stripe on her head. The father bird did not seem any larger than his mate, but he was the picture of clumsy misfit as he sat, or rather stood, in the nest, his bright, conspicuous black head and orange collar plainly visible over one edge, while on the opposite side his long black tail stuck straight out. Their habits were different, too. On the one or two occasions when, concealed in the bushes, I saw her come home to the eggs, she slipped quietly in, without a glance at the contents of the nest, and was instantly at rest. He, however, always had to stop to contemplate the eggs. He would stand on the edge of the nest and regard them earnestly. Then he would step cautiously in, taking a good while to settle himself. After a little he would stand up and look at them, as they lay under him, and once I saw him put a foot each side of the nest, bend his head over, and gaze proudly down, between his legs, at the wonderful treasure he was brooding. His pride and interest in those eggs were in very funny contrast to his little wife's apparent indifference to them. His wonder over them and his pleasure in them were quite unmistakable.

It was a matter of surprise to me that birds so shy as the grosbeaks always seem should nest in so exposed a place and take so little apparent pains to conceal their home. Sometimes, when I went to the nest, I found it left alone, but the male bird was never far away, and on one occasion, when I ventured in among the greasewood, he was on the spot instantly, uttering loud, scolding "tsips" of protest. I sat down immediately under the nest, and he perched upon a branch almost within reach, on a level with my head, and gave vigorous expression to his displeasure. I made no advances towards the nest, not having the heart to enrage him further, but he was quite reckless, and, I have no doubt, would not have hesitated to attack me had I touched his home. After a few moments he ceased his harsh, scolding tones, but kept up

his whistling, quail-like call, never taking his eyes off me, there under the nest. At last he became silent, and finally slipped to a higher branch and disappeared. I thought he had become convinced of my friendliness, and that I had won his confidence. Little I knew about that! When at last I arose and turned to go, there he sat, directly behind and above me, watching every move I made.

The grosbeak is a pugnacious fellow with birds of his own size, but he never troubles the smaller ones. A good many birds found the nest from time to time, and, bird-like, stopped to gratify their curiosity concerning it. A little song-sparrow, who had lost his tail-feathers, and who led a sort of bachelor existence in the greasewood all the springtime, used to sit and sing close beside the nest. So persistently did he flit about that I came to regard him as a friend of the family, but the grosbeak never molested him. Once, when a saucy little thistle-bird (Lawrence's goldfinch) alighted close by the nest and peered in, the head of the house flew down with a warning "tsip," but made no further demonstration. One morning, however, a male oriole came down into the greasewood and seemed disposed to remain. It was one of the occasions when the mother-bird was on the nest. She half arose and uttered a little whistle, their common call, and her mate was on the scene in a hurry, all ready to do battle. The males seemed pretty fairly matched; but the oriole is not a malicious bird, and the intruder withdrew. Once the grosbeak with half a dozen orioles and finches made common cause against a California jay that had apparently attempted to raid the nest of one of the little birds. The jay is a thief and a coward always, and this marauder received bitter punishment at the bills of the feathered vigilance committee that hastily formed.

It was on the 15th of May that I first observed the grosbeak hen on the nest. Nineteen days later, coming out of my front door, in the morning, I saw her balancing on the mustard-stalks in front of the house. She looked somewhat dishevelled, but had a distinct air of being off duty, from which I concluded that the little birds had appeared. Field-glass in hand, I went hastily down to the nest, and, sure enough, I could make out three yellow bills, three puffs of white down, and three gaping mouths. Of course the father-bird was instantly in evidence, and he had an entirely new note for the occasion. This was an inexpressibly tender, low "cluck," that I had never before heard from him. The youngsters heard it even sooner than I did, and while yet their father was at the bottom of his staircase of twigs, hopping cautiously upward, with a watchful eye for my movements, they had their mouths wide open, all ready to be filled.

The grosbeak evidently wished me out of the way, but he was too genuinely brave to hesitate long. He came to the edge of the nest and looked lovingly down at the uncouth babies wavering about before him. Mother-love is always a touching and beautiful sight, but I never saw anything lovelier than the manifest yearning tenderness of that little father as he bent over the birdlings with his "cluck" of mingled pride and affection. Then he threw back his head, cracked some of the seeds which he had in his bill, and put his mouth down to

one of the tiny yawning caverns before him. He seemed to have his big bill quite full of seeds, for he went two or three times to each little open mouth, putting the food down into the youngsters' throats, until each birdling seemed satisfied. Then he settled down upon the nest and covered the little ones with his warm wings. He must have known that I saw the whole performance, but he seemed quite calm and unafraid. It was a very pretty sight. Just beyond the grease-wood bushes the little cañon opened out towards the bay, and I could get a bird's-eye view of a long descent of hill, a broad plain, the shining waters, with San Francisco on her many hills, and, far beyond, the Golden Gate, all going to make up one of the noblest scenes the world affords; and in the midst of its vastness, under the blue, cloudless sky, the wee father-bird, keeping his nestlings warm, was as safe as all the yellow treasure of the guarded mint in the city.

The young birds were two or three days old before their mother returned to duty. Indeed, I began to think that she had deserted them, when, one evening, she flew into the bush and hopped up to the nest. She was close beside it when she saw me, and rushed hastily away, leaving her disappointed offspring opening and shutting their bills on the empty air. Father Grosbeak was on hand at once. For some reason he seemed to have grown shy, for he remained under cover and kept up a running call that sounded like "Be wary! Be wary!" The female came to him, and they conferred together. At last, by slow degrees, she again approached the nest. He began to sing, softly, in the background, and, manifestly palpitating with fear, she thrust a portion into each waiting mouth and fled. After that she seemed to assume the entire task of feeding the children. The father may have continued to help, but I never saw him beside the nest again, nor did he sing about the bushes any more. I could hear him in the orchard, where the cherries were ripe, and now and then I saw him gathering seeds from the water-cress and the mallow, but whether for himself or for the family I could not determine. He was usually on hand at feeding-times, but remained in a willow-tree overhanging the bushes, and called encouragingly to his shy helpmeet as she fed the young birds. Only once during all those days did she appear to overcome her shyness. I was watching the nest from my post on the bank, where I had sat for an hour or more. Evidently the youngsters were hungry. They moved restlessly, and were by this time able to stretch far out from the shallow nest and wave themselves about in a way that looked extremely perilous. The mother-bird was waiting to feed them, but she dared not approach, and her lawful protector did not come. At last, desperate, she flew to the willow where he was wont to perch, and began to call, evidently addressing herself to me. The victory over her timidity was so great that, in very shame at having tried her so far, I retired.

The birdlings were by this time big and lusty, fairly boiling over the rim of the nest, and clamoring for food. Their feathers had grown, so the mother-bird no longer covered them at night. Indeed, they looked nearly as large as she, and had funny little light stripes on their crowns, like hers. They were nine days old, and I tried



to keep a close watch, that I might see their entrance into the world. I missed it, however. They were all in the nest when I went one evening for a good-night look, but they were gone before breakfast-time the next morning. I could hear the grosbeak singing about the place, and knew that he was probably encouraging the youngsters in their efforts to fly, but not until late in the afternoon did I see anything of the babies. Then one blundered squarely into my face, as he essayed the passage from one bush to another. He was quicker than I, however, and got out of the way. The next day, passing through the brush, I put my hand on another of them before I knew it. I picked him up and held him for a moment. He did not seem afraid, but resented the liberty by pecking furiously at my fingers. I let him go, and have seen none of them since.

The male grosbeak occasionally flashes into sight, and I hear his musical shout from the orchard, but the nest is empty; the family is grown and scattered, and the family history is told.

*Adeline Knapp.*

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### TISH'S TRIUMPH.

SHE was a striking specimen of back-street maidenhood. The bloom upon her cheek was not that of the wild rose. The freedom of her fluttering tatters and the defiant aspect of her head-gear were in the extremity of Rag-fair fashion, enhancing and heightening her elfish expression of face, in which the clear keen eyes only were unsoiled. Half a dozen old skirts, remnants of discarded suits, held on with loops, with bits of string, and unreliable buttons that dangled by a thread, constituted her entire wardrobe, present or prospective, and she wore them by so nice a graduation that the undergarment, under all circumstances, was the longest and most aggressively apparent. Her dilapidated hat had a crown like a valve, retained in place by a few treacherous stitches, and it flapped like the lid of a tea-pot, and rose in every breeze, until one day a determined wind wrenched it from its unsteady hinges, and away it went forever.

It was then that Tish's inventive mind originated a new mode of wearing the remainder; reversing it, she thrust her head through the crown, brim uppermost, after the manner of a university cap, and when, with every mark of complacency, she had viewed this arrangement in the nearest puddle left by a recent heavy rain, she continued her desultory morning ramble, singing the latest air caught from a wandering organ-grinder.

She was a poor little soul, half starved and—when it was possible to catch and hold her—well beaten, but gifted with a genius for making herself happy. Her young companions and admirers, the arabs of Sweeny's Court, found it difficult to ruffle her equanimity, even by such taunting and derisive advice as "Crawl in your box;" or "Go chase yourself around the block;" or "Go tell your mother she wants you." They kept their distance, spite of their inclination

to torment her, for in agility and strength she was a match for the best of them, and her courage secured to her a hard-earned independence.

On this particular morning she had eaten no breakfast, for a reason similar to that which prevented the mythical personage known as "Jack" from eating his supper,—there was none for her to eat; but an occurrence so common was not one to disturb the serenity of Tish's mind, untutored as it was; *her* optimism had a firmer basis than that of bread and butter, and if she could not exclaim "The world's mine oyster," she might have amended the boast to suit her surroundings and said, "The world's mine apple,"—green, hard, unripe, with appalling possibilities of pain and death, but still hers. She knew the spot where a miserable worm-eaten tree overhung the brick wall of a city garden and shed its unwholesome fruit upon the sidewalk; and it was towards this Hesperidean banquet that her naked feet were bearing her. It was her favorite resort, her breathing-place, her Newport or Niagara, to which she, in company with other disreputable and neglected children, repaired to seek relaxation, exercise, and, if fortune smiled and the wind was high, to regale herself upon the indigestible and untimely fruit which fell from the dying tree. She was first upon the ground this morning; no dragon visibly threatened; no other soul was there to wrest from her whatever of flotsam or jetsam she might find in the wreckage left by last night's storm; but, alack! there was not an apple upon the footway. The wind had blown the other way. Tish searched the gutter diligently, silently,—here was a business too serious for singing,—and then looked up at the tree.

It has been said that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives: and if by the ignorant half be meant the happy, the well fed, the well-to-do, let the saying pass unchallenged; otherwise, let no man deceive himself. The poor, from hearsay, from imagination sharpened by denial, from the florid literature which busies its pen chiefly with the loves and lives of those who neither toil nor spin, are well acquainted with the manner in which the rich exist. Even Tish, who knew neither the State nor county in which she was born, knew that a king is a man who can shovel up diamonds and rubies with a scoop similar to that with which old Mr. Jalap, the druggist, measured out his gum-drops, and that a queen wears her Sunday clothes every day and has mince-pie and ice-cream as ordinary articles of diet. She had listened, sitting upon a cellar-door on a summer's night, to ragamuffins discussing the circumstances of a millionaire; and, though they erroneously supposed that this fortunate gentleman kept barrels of freshly-coined dollars in the coal-vault for immediate emergencies, it was the popular opinion that in his calendar Christmas festivities alternated with Fourth-of-July jollities throughout the entire year; that he feasted every hour in the day, and had no other worry than the temperature of his bath and the fit of his kid gloves. All that Tish wished was that she could but nibble a rat-hole in his abundance. She stood now beneath the apple-tree, a born communist, desire in her eye, hunger gnawing the pit of her stomach.

"Mr. Carlisle's away, and so's his wife and all the children. I'm a-goin' to hev' some o' them apples o' theirs, if I hev' to climb the

fence to git 'em. I've got to hev' 'em, for I can't stan' this goneness another minnit."

Up she climbed; cross-pieces on the barred gate lent a friendly footing; cat-teasers and spikes had no terrors for her,—her bare soles were like toughest tanned leather; nor did she fear observers in the solitary by-street, upon which were only the stables or the back-gates of rich men's gardens.

"My lands!" she exclaimed, well up, and safely seated upon a knotty limb on the inside of the wall; "who'd 'a' thought it?" She took a view of the landscape in her airy, freebooting, dirty-faced fashion.

"There's grapes, too,—bushels of 'em, green as grass; and there's pears; and—well, I never!—cherries." The delicious prospect of plenty was getting too much for caution. She munched her apples recklessly and threw the cores far and wide.

"I don't care if I don't never hev' nothin' more to eat down there," she said, with an upturning of the nose that was partly natural, partly acquired. "I'm a-comin' here every day of my life.—Where's the dog, I wonder?" she added, in the incidental manner in which Hercules might have inquired for the dragon. "Ain't none, I guess, or gone to the sea-shore with the family.

"If I was rich, now," she continued cogitating, "I'd hev' a ham-muck, and I'd sling it under that there grape-arbor, and I'd lie in it with my mouth wide open, so the ripe grapes would drop right down my throat; and when grapes was gone, I'd sling it under the cherry-tree." So little did she know of the proper succession of the fruits. "My," she exclaimed, in great disgust, "but these apples is bad and wormy! I never knowed how rotten they really was till I laid eyes on that cherry-tree; and they're so corey. Why can't they be all apple? They'd taste a sight better."

Longingly she looked at the scanty fruit upon the stunted, smoke-dried cherry-tree, which to her unaccustomed eyes seemed luscious, tempting beyond all power to withstand.

"I've as good a right to taste 'em as them imper'ent sparrers," she soliloquized, to quiet a faint twinge of some long-forgotten and disused morality. "The idear! A whole treeful of cherries bein' wasted upon them there greedy birds, what can eat worms, and like 'em, too! Well, they kin hev' my share o' worms," she remarked, flinging away a freshly-bitten apple, "and I'll take their share o' cherries."

No laggard was she: she descended from her perch with the agility of a squirrel, and, with her ragged elbows tucked in against her sides, her bare right leg extended, she poised an instant in rapid survey of the forbidden pasture. One long row of green but flowerless shrubs lay between her and her destination. She gazed up the brick walk, discolored and grass-grown, peered under the tall arbor with its drooping vine, and lifted her eyes, so keen and bright, to the windows of the solemn house. All was safe and all silent. Like a swallow she fitted swiftly to the goal, almost reached it, and then fell ignominiously, completely, and with a tremendous bounce, into the hands of an enemy, lying low in ambush for her express capture and discomfiture.

Hidden from her by the treacherous shrubbery, stretched out lazily beneath it, lay the smoking philosopher who had, with the greatest interest, watched her repast, heard her soliloquy, and interrupted, with extended boot, her intended raid. Too late she saw her peril; madly scrambling, with a wild flutter of ragged petticoats, to recover her balance, she sprawled, terrified and abashed, at his feet. Poor Tish had met her Waterloo, and for her there was neither night nor Blücher.

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed the gentleman, sitting upright in simulated surprise. "Where did you drop from? My girl, you might have killed me."

Tish, engaged in a desperate and hasty attempt to right her reversed skirts, feeling the aggrieved tone in his voice, murmured an irrepressible "Oh!" as a tribute in recognition of her own mishap, and an apologetic "I didn't mean to hurt you" as a recognition of his, and then sprang to her feet and faced her captor.

"Didn't mean to hurt me?" he echoed, sceptically. "Why, I thought the side of a house had fallen on me."

There was a twinkle of mirth in his brown eyes and a twitching smile under his moustache as he gazed at the slight figure, flurried, irresolute, seeking to escape from the toils.

"Here I was calmly pursuing my morning devotions," he said, pointing to the discarded newspaper and extinguished cigar, "when you pounce down upon me like an overgrown straddlebug, and nearly frighten me out of a year's growth. How would you like it yourself?"

He was a very handsome and good-humored gentleman. Tish remembered that he must be Mrs. Carlisle's bachelor brother. He did not look either cruel or ferocious, but she kept her wary eyes upon him: how did she know but that he might beat her, or put her in the cellar, or, worst of all, give her to the police? Of one thing only she was certain: she could no more have evaded him in that high-walled garden than she could have flown upward.

"Oh, you can't get away," he said, divining her thoughts. "You came here to please yourself, and now you must stay awhile to please me. You're a back-streeter, aren't you?"

Thus addressed, Tish acknowledged that she was; and with a trembling protest that she never meant to intrude, and a vehement promise that she'd never do it again, she entreated for her liberty.

"If you'll let me go this wunst, mister, please, I'll never come back again."

"I see," said he, "you were making an onslaught upon my honored grandfather's apple-tree." Unconsciously she clutched an unbitten apple in her hand. "Now, what under the shining sun do you back-streeters eat green apples for? Do you hanker after acetic acid to such a degree that you risk your arms and legs to make a breakfast of it? Do you want the cholera to tie you up in hard knots that no doctor can undo? Say, you miserable little whiffet, do you want to die?"

At all these questions the child, pale with terror, only cried fervently, "Please, mister, let me go."

Did she want to die? He had made the inquiry in good faith, but it had in it a tinge of unintentional irony: why should she care to live, this human rag-bag, with bare feet and empty stomach and absurd hat into which she had thrust her head so tightly that no shock of time or change could shake it off? She writhed and squirmed from beneath his firm hand, but bravely shed no tear as yet. Hers was the courage of despair.

"Say," he exclaimed, at length, in the ardor of a sudden inspiration, "did you steal and eat those apples because you were hungry?"

"A' course I did," she answered, frankly. "A' course I did. Would I go and eat wormy apples if I wasn't?"

"It is a plausible theory," said he, doubtfully; "but it has been wisely remarked that there is either a great deal of the pig in human nature, or else a great deal of human nature in the pig. I can't determine which half suits your case, and am undecided whether to call a policeman and order you out to instant execution, or whether to take you into the house and ask my mother to administer a dose of castor-oil."

"Oh, don't, don't, don't give me to the p'lice," she wailed, disregarding the threat of castor-oil. "'Deed an' double, mister, if you'll only let me go this wunst I'll never come back again as long as I live. —Oh, if I only hadn't 'a' come," she lamented, in late repentance. "An' what'll poor Pete do without me?"

Copious tears flowed down her cheeks, working a muddy passage to her chin. Her bright eyes were, through vigorous knuckling, instantly encircled by a pair of dirty spectacles, through which she looked up into Mr. Spencer's face.

Her unfeigned misery moved him to show the compassion he felt. "Come, now," said he, less severely, "stop howling, and tell me all about yourself. Tell me the truth, and nothing but the truth, and I may reconsider my original proposition. I'm not very fond of the police myself. What is your name?"

"Tish, sir," she sobbed.

"I fancied it might be 'Amaryllis, in the shade,' or perhaps"—he glanced at the wavy locks standing up like fantastic flowers out of the old hat—"Neëra herself, with all the tangles in her hair. How old are you?"

"I'll be twelve next summer."

"That's just twelve months off. I never saw a child yet who wouldn't be something next birthday," said he, sententiously, half soliloquizing, in wonder that she too should share with happier children that far-seeing, imperishable gift of hope. "When you are seventy you'll talk about your *last* birthday. To whom do you belong?"

"I don't b'long to nobody; Pete and me lives at Mos Frambus's house."

"And who's Pete? Your brother?"

"Oh, no," she said, with a fresh burst of despair and grief. "Pete, he's my bird. Please let me go."

"You're eleven years old, and don't belong to nobody. Suppose

we turned those bitter negatives to one sweet affirmative. Suppose I take you and Pete under my wing, for I have no children of my own; in fact,"—and the cheerful philosopher beamed genially down upon her,—“I'm not married, and never expect to be.” This he added in an off-hand, incidental way, as if it might reconcile her to look favorably upon his guardianship. “I find you interesting, extremely so, with that face, and,” holding her at arm's length, “picturesque. I wonder what you would look like if you were scoured. Wouldn't you like to stay here always? You could hang Pete in the cherry-tree while you scrub the yard and did the errands, and I think I could guarantee you three full meals per day. What do you say?”

“Please, mister, let me go!” she reiterated, evidently distrusting the levity of his tone.

“Then you scorn my solicitude! You won't sweep up the kitchen for my mother, nor run her errands? You won't comfort her in her distress? Oh, you may laugh, if you like, but she is distressed, for my thoughtless sister went off to the sea-shore and took all the servants with her but the cook, Catharine, of whom we lived in continual fear that she'd get mad some day and brain us both with the rolling-pin. She left us yesterday, alleging, in trivial excuse for her desertion, that her cousin, who was always ‘ill-futed and bad-legged,’—in her exact words,—had gone and died; so, in the coolest manner she left my amiable mother weeping.”

Very wistfully the poor child looked at him, endeavoring to sever jest from earnest. “And now,” he continued, “you refuse to stay, though you might pay for my deceased grandfather's apples this very minute by washing up the breakfast dishes. Well, then, go; the bars are down,” removing his hand from her shoulder. “You are free!”

She had pleaded for liberty with such ardor that he had only one expectation,—that of seeing her scud across the sun-dried grass and disappear over the wall by the apple-tree stairway; but with the contrary nature of her sex, she surprised him by remaining.

“I kin wash dishes,” said she, “and I kin sweep; I kin run arran's, too, an' if I could bring Pete, I'd come an' help your mother, for I hain't no other way to pay for them apples. I wouldn't 'a' tuk 'em if I wasn't so hungry. Dear knows, they hain't so good.” She laid her elfin claw across her gaping waistband, which disdained to meet the ragged waist above it.

“Let us seal the bargain with a breakfast, then,” said he; and Tish, in her fluttering rags, followed him up the side-yard to the dining-room, where, in the cool, dim corner, sat a lovely placid-faced old lady, calmly knitting. By what persuasive eloquence he induced her to install the little ragamuffin as a sort of supplement to the irascible Catharine need not be recorded here. This bearded son was still, in her eyes, the boy of yesterday who picked up stray cats and blind puppies, and fought to secure liberty for the trembling captive in a mouse-trap; and he had his way. Tish, who entered by scaling the wall, departed frankly and openly by the back gate, prepared to bid her associates, the arabs, a triumphant, if somewhat haughty, farewell.

The summer waned, and Tish, who by force of circumstances had



been a rabid radical, unconsciously changed her political status to that of a law-abiding, law-respecting property-holder of the most conservative stamp. So wonderful a transformation had been chiefly brought about by the possession of decent clothes, a pair of shoes, and the certainty of her dinner, as well as by the unwearied kindness of her benefactors, who taught her the meaning of honesty, thrift, and truth. She grew so straight and tall, and developed such an amazing aptitude for cleanliness and hard work, that broom-handles snapped in her vigorous hands like twigs, and the duration of crockery diminished to one-half; but for such accidents Tish found adequate reparation in a proud proffer of her wages, fifty cents in cash every Saturday night, to buy new ones. "Jes' take it off me every time, an' it'll learn me better," said she.

Watching her development, Mr. Spencer's belief in human depravity sunk to its minimum, while his appreciation of his own fine insight into human nature rose to its maximum, especially when his gentle mother, while deploring Tish's heavy hand, spoke highly of her good head and grateful heart. Still, Tish had her troubles, and when the great house was silent in the short twilights of fast-approaching fall, when work was done and she sat alone, while Pete drooped upon the perch of his battered cage, she felt her curtailed freedom, longed for companionship, for something, she knew not what. Pete, songless and solitary, had grown fat and well feathered on regular rations of canary-seed and salad, and danced with delight under the cherry-tree, practising a long, shrill "'tweeth," like a boy who whistles upon his fingers to hail a street-car; but no dainty care could wring from him a song. To him Tish opened her heart: being a maiden fertile in resources and equal to the emergency of fighting away the dreariness of solitude, she transferred by an ingenious and vicarious scheme to Pete's golden shoulders the whole burden of her loneliness, talking to him, reasoning with him, and admonishing him by the hour.

"Now, where's the use, Pete," she argued, "o' feelin' so? I know you're awful lonesome, but that ain't as bad as livin' on plantain an' pepper-grass what I picked up for you on the lots. Don't speak to me in that unthankful tone, Pete," she added, as he replied with piercing "'tweeth." "You might 'a' been a jail-bird if you'd 'a' lived much longer in Sweeny's Court. Where did you get them yaller feathers an' that full seed-cup from, if bein' good and lonely didn't pay for 'em? Come, now, cheer up, an' never you let your lonesomeness get the better of you some fine night, an' carry you back to where you come from. Ugh! just to think of it ought to make you sick!"

Then, to hearten him and make it lively, she was driven to extraordinary expedients. She turned up the light, raked the fire, and set her full tea-kettle upon it. When the lid rose and the water bubbled, she flew to the dresser-drawer and took from it the cook-book, which she propped upon an imaginary music-rack, and, having seated herself before the well-scrubbed kitchen table, she would pretend that it was a piano, and play upon it with much energy, much crossing of hands, much swift fingering, many extraordinary runs, after the most approved

and fashionable methods of accomplished performers, singing meanwhile at the very top of her lungs. Then Pete, in deep penitence and greatly astounded, shrilly accompanied her with his whistle; and more than once Mr. Spencer descended, unobserved, to look in upon the poor little jubilating.

"She is lonesome; she misses Mike and Molly, and is heroically fighting old associations," he said to himself, with a sigh. "What more can I do than I have done? Well might Carlyle ask, 'Will all the universe undertake to make one shoeblack happy?'" Thus philosophizing upon the insatiable nature of the soul, he would silently withdraw.

Late in the fall it chanced that he was hastily and unexpectedly summoned from home, to be gone for a single night. Calling Tish, he charged her strictly to take good care of his mother and the house, knowing that, her duty once understood, she was as flint or granite in the performance of it.

"Allow no stranger to enter during my absence," said he. This command caused Tish to answer the door-bell with the iron poker in her hand during the entire day. He had been gone scarcely an hour when it rang for the first time, and Tish opened the door fully prepared to see the forty thieves standing on the top step; and, it may be added, fully prepared to annihilate them on the spot. She was somewhat disappointed to find there a most inoffensive elderly gentleman, with florid complexion, stout figure, and unimpeachable address. He made her a bow so effusively polite that Tish's soul was touched, and deftly she concealed the poker in her skirt. He wanted to see Mr. Spencer, had come a long way to see him,—must see him, in fact. Was there no possibility that he would change his mind and return? Did she think he might be overtaken?

"That depends," answered Tish, "on how fast you kin run."

"Of course, certainly," said the stranger. "What a very intelligent young woman you are! I'll go after him, and I *may* be able to bring him back. Indeed, if he had only known I was here he'd never have gone." And with another bow he departed, walking briskly away.

"Somethin's a-goin' to happen; I feel it in my bones," said she, as the hours wore on. Having two hundred and forty bones, or thereabout, to warn her, she was very diligent, very wide awake, very faithful; but when the darkness came, and she, like a distrustful guardian angel, had—still with the poker—escorted Mrs. Spencer to her chamber, she began to feel ashamed of her presentiment.

"I'll fill my wash-b'iler an' get the water heated for the wash-woman in the mornin', an' then I'll set on my bed an' watch the house all night," said she to herself; but after having finished her task and thrown off her shoes, bed proved too much for her resolution. Lulled by a quiet conscience, youth's easily forgotten cares, and the silent darkness, she was soon asleep, nor did she wake till long after midnight. She opened her eyes convinced that she had but just that instant closed them, so sound had been her slumber, and was surprised, but not alarmed, to hear, of all things, Pete's shrill whistle, piercing

and clear, "'tweeth, 'tweeth," ringing in the kitchen, which was directly beneath the little bedroom she occupied.

"Land's sake! I expect he's a-callin' me, for that polite gentleman must 'a' really brung Mr. Spencer back. Yes," she said, after listening attentively, "he's come, an' is a-tryin' the bolts to see if I remembered to lock up. It's a blessed thing I didn't sleep but a minute anyhow, for I believe he's a-rammin' around down there to find somethin' to eat." Springing up, she groped her way to the door which led, by a flight of narrow stairs, to the kitchen. "Sure enough, he's got a light, and Pete's a-whistlin' like a house a-fire!"

Down she went, barefooted, unsuspecting, to greet her master, and, with her hand upon the latch, heard a coarse voice say,—

"Wring his d—d neck; he'll wake the girl."

With the start she gave the door flew open, and though she rubbed her astonished eyes it was no dream: in the middle of the room stood two men, with blackened faces, staring at the helpless figure on the stairway. Thank Heaven for the quick glance which used to see far off its food in the gutter, and for the intrepid soul which could defend itself before the faltering tongue could frame a word.

"No, you won't wring his neck!" she cried, recklessly, bounding into the room like a wild-cat. "Jes' you dare to touch his neck; jes' you dare to touch a feather on him! Jes' you take that, if you dare!" pointing to the canvas bag upon the floor, into which had been thrust the silver-ware in daily use. "Jes' you touch anything in this 'ere house! Jes' you *do*!" she cried, wrathfully. In a flash she had armed herself, so that no man dared approach her, and with—a tin dipper! It hung beside the sink, near where the tin boiler, open-mouthed, boiled and bubbled upon the range. Promptly she dealt out her scalding ammunition, ladling it directly into the eyes and faces of the two ruffians before her. She never stopped,—she dared not; that she knew,—but flung the boiling water with desperate and liberal hand, while they, astonished, enraged, muttered curses upon her, pressing forward and falling back, in vain endeavor to disarm her. She shrieked for help: "Fire! Murder! P'lice!" and ladled away right manfully, while Pete, who thought the whole scene an improvisation for his especial cheer and amusement, whistled, tore madly from perch to perch, and, unable otherwise to find adequate expression for his excitement, burst at last into an ecstatic song.

She routed them, single-handed. Turning in flight, they fell into the arms of a wonderful policeman, who, by a miracle unprecedented in the city's annals, was not five or six miles from the scene of conflict. In the face of one of the thieves, when exposed in open court, Tish recognized, to her immeasurable surprise, the florid, elderly gentleman.

It occurred to Mr. Spencer that Pete, no longer songless, might be honored by a gilded cage, and that his brave mistress might be improved still further by the rudiments of education, to which end he without delay made provision. And by so much nearer is the coming of the kingdom for which we daily pray.

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## DECLARATIONS OF WAR.

IT is no doubt true that the gravity of a great war is more realized now than in earlier ages; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the gravity of such a struggle under existing conditions is so utterly unrealizable that no nation cares rashly to provoke war. Hence, when events arise which lead to friction, the tendency has been in recent years to prolong diplomatic negotiations in the hope of finding a peaceful solution. But, on the other hand, when it has once become apparent that hostilities are inevitable, the final plunge into war is now taken with far less of courteous formality than in the days of old.

Readers of Greek history are familiar with instances of formal embassies sent, sometimes to "denounce" \* war, at other times to justify it. Among the Romans, a college of twenty priests, known as *fetiales*, was maintained for the express purpose of such services. They had certain implements, as well as some sacred herbs, set apart for their special use; and they often travelled great distances to demand reparation from nations who had injured the Roman state, and, if this was refused, to declare war against them.

Even had the practice of Rome not set such a precedent, it was inevitable from the nature of the organization of the states which rose out of the ruins of the Empire, and which afterwards formed the nations of modern Europe, that the utmost formality of declaration should precede a great war—and this for two reasons. In the first place, where there was almost unlimited right of private war, some official pronouncement was essential for the purpose of establishing a distinction between a mere squabble among a few barons and an act of hostility for which the community was responsible. Further, military enterprises were regarded as being not so much national undertakings as personal expeditions, levied for the private honor of the sovereign as feudal superior, and to be conducted therefore with all due observance of the rites of chivalry. As instances of this feeling may be mentioned the challenge of the English King Richard I. to Saladin, and that of Edward III. to Philip of France, to settle their disputes by single combat. Under such a régime it was not to be expected that men so exact in their observance of the punctilio of the tournament would be more remiss in their wars; hence no legal student will be surprised to learn that as a necessary preliminary to the commencement of hostilities, letters of formal defiance were always exchanged.

At a later date, verbal proclamation through a herald was substituted for these letters of defiance. This continued to be practised till the sixteenth century, and there are instances of it as late as the middle of the next century. In 1635 Louis XIII. sent a herald to Brussels to declare war against Spain; and twenty-two years afterwards Sweden declared war against Denmark by the mouth of a herald sent to Copenhagen.

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\* "Denounce" is the technical term for "declare as impending."

But even prior to this time influences had been at work which had undermined the old usages. After the close of "The Hundred Years' War" (1451), the civil wars in England, and the religious wars, the old forms of feudal chivalry became discredited. Written declarations were substituted for proclamations by heralds, and as early as 1588 the Great Armada attacked England without any declaration at all.

The great legal writers still lent their support to the old usage, and Grotius declares that the voice of God and of Nature alike order men to renounce friendship before embarking in war. But, in spite of the influence of the jurists, the practice became very loose. On the one hand, we have the English war with the Dutch in 1671, where there was solemn proclamation; on the other hand, the British expedition through the Spanish West Indies in 1654, carried through without declaration. In the case of the war between Portugal and the Dutch in 1645—and, indeed, of some other wars a few years later—hostilities were in an advanced state before any declaration was issued.

Nevertheless, the lingering influence of the older usage is shown in the distinction which Molloy, a writer in touch with the practice of "men of action," draws between "solemn" and "unsolemn" wars. Molloy's work is entitled "*De Jure Maritimo et Navali*;" its exact date is uncertain, but the author lived from 1646 to 1690. "A general war," says Molloy, "is either solemnly denounced or not; the former is when war is solemnly declared or proclaimed by our king against another state. An unsolemn war is when two nations slip into war without any solemnity, and ordinarily happeneth among us. Again, if a foreign prince invades our coasts or sets upon the king's navy at sea, real though not solemn war may, and hath formerly, arisen. So that a state of war may be between two kingdoms without any proclamation or indication thereof, or other matter of record to prove it."

In the greater number of the struggles of the eighteenth century no declaration was issued until a state of war had been constituted *de facto*, and had even, in some instances, existed for years. In a few cases the whole contest was begun, continued, and ended without notification, while it is difficult to find a single instance in which the commencement of hostilities was actually preceded by declaration.

An influential minority of jurists now began to lend the weight of their authority to the new usage; but the majority continued to support the old doctrine, which died hard. Practically, however, the only two directions in which it manifested its continued vitality were equally unfortunate. On the one hand, by furnishing a defeated nation, against which no declaration had been made, with a formal ground for regarding itself as wronged, it led to feelings of rancor being perpetuated against the conquerors. One instance of this is to be found in the indignation of Austria at the unannounced attack by Prussia on Silesia in 1740. In this case the irritation was perhaps hardly to be wondered at, as the attacking force was actually in Silesia two days before the Austrian emperor even knew of the ground of quarrel.

Where, upon the other hand, declarations were issued, as was customary, long after war had commenced, angry disputes arose as to whether property captured before the date of issue was lawful prize.

The decision that such property was "good" prize if condemned after the declaration shows how merely formal was even the scintilla of respect which the supporters of the old doctrine still managed to secure for their opinion.

During the latter part of the century, when the burdens laid upon neutrals had become more onerous, the very commendable custom sprang up, and was generally adopted, of issuing a manifesto or notice of the commencement of war, not necessarily to the enemy, but to the diplomatic agents of other nations who were required to observe the laws of neutrality.

The opinion of the great jurists of this century, since the close of the Napoleonic wars in 1815, has been more equally divided on the necessity of declaration. Several of the leading European authorities still maintain that some form of notice to the enemy is imperative. Others, with the best-known American and British authorities, take the opposite view: Let us glance at the actual practice in the matter, as shown in the more important wars since the year 1800.

In neither the war with England in 1812 nor with Mexico in 1846 did the United States issue either a manifesto or a declaration. Of the smaller wars, down to 1870, in which European nations were engaged upon one side or the other, Great Britain's unimportant contest in 1838, with Persia as an opponent, affords what seems to be an almost solitary example of the issue of a declaration in the orthodox fashion, prior to the commencement of hostilities. The "opium war" of 1840, the Italian war of 1847, the Anglo-Persian war of 1856, and the Danish struggle concerning Schleswig-Holstein in 1863, all commenced by acts of hostility, preceded, indeed, in several instances by diplomatic notes and manifestoes, but in no case heralded by a declaration of war.

In November, 1853, after prolonged negotiations had already taken place, the Ottoman Porte protested against Russian claims, and intimated its intention of going to war. To this the Emperor Nicholas replied in a formal declaration. Three days afterwards, hostilities began, the Sultan having had time to receive the Czar's formal notification. During the next few months the relations between Russia on the one side and England and France upon the other became so much strained that, early in February, 1854, the Russian minister left England, and within a week of his departure Lord Clarendon, in the House of Lords, said that the United Kingdom was "drifting into war." Later in the same month the Czar issued a manifesto complaining of the unfriendly attitude of England and France, which resulted in an army officer being sent to St. Petersburg with an ultimatum, his instructions being to wait six days for an answer. Before that time had elapsed, the Czar had intimated that he would not give any reply; but the foreign minister stated privately that his "august master" did not intend to declare war.

Towards the end of March a message from the English queen to Parliament, declaring war, was read; and the *Gazette*—the publication in which British official notices appear—contained the announcement of this step. On the last day of the month, in accordance with a



quaint old custom, the sheriff and other officials of London attended in their robes and proclaimed the war from the steps of the Royal Exchange. Early in April the alliance with France, now also in arms against Russia, was completed. All these steps, it will be observed, were simply for the information of British citizens and of neutral nations, no steps being taken, as in earlier times, to give formal notice to the enemy.

This also was the case five years later in the Austro-Italian war of 1859. The Austrian emperor's ultimatum was presented on the 23d of April; two days afterwards Count Cavour intimated that it could not be complied with. On the same day the outbreak of war was formally announced in Italy, and three days later hostilities commenced.

The civil war between the North and the South presents an interesting instance of the modern tendency to rely upon facts rather than upon forms. As the North never recognized the Southern States as being anything but rebels, a formal declaration was out of the question. Nevertheless, in a way which may be readily summarized, a state of war came to be recognized as having succeeded a state of insurrection. It will be remembered that the secession movement began in South Carolina in December, 1860, and quickly spread to the other Southern States. The first shot, as every American knows, was fired on the ship *Star of the West* as she was sent to relieve Fort Sumter. On March 4 Mr. Lincoln characterized the movement as insurrectionary. On April 14 the garrison of Fort Sumter surrendered, being permitted to march out with the honors of war. At this time letters of marque were issued by the South, and a blockade was proclaimed by the North. During May Mr. Seward announced in a letter to the American minister at Paris that the government had "accepted the Civil War as an inevitable necessity." England and France thereupon recognized the rights of the South as a belligerent state, and issued proclamations of neutrality. This action was justified upon the ground that, although there had been no declaration of war, the credits voted and the proclamation of blockade were facts consistent only with a state of war, not of mere insurrection.

"The Seven Weeks' War" of 1866 began with the rupture of diplomatic relations between Prussia and Austria, followed by a declaration by the former nation against Saxony, whose territory was entered a few days after. The Emperor of Austria now issued a manifesto addressed "to my armies," which was followed by a complaint from Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia that the Austrians had invaded Silesia without first issuing a declaration of war. This complaint is a curious example of historical retribution, an identical complaint having been made a hundred and twenty years previously by Austria against the Prussian attack upon Silesia. The German prince's complaint was followed by a declaration of war against Austria, a measure which Italy had already adopted.

Four years later, Prussia was again involved in a war which was destined to complete the unification of Germany, to which the "Seven Weeks' War" had been the first step. On the 15th of July, 1870,

the French Ministry announced that the King of Prussia had refused to receive the French ambassador, and that the German minister was preparing to leave Paris. Large war-votes were asked for, as, in the face of these facts, France could no longer doubt that war was inevitable. On the 16th the slighted French ambassador reached Paris, and the German representative took his departure. France, with a self-assertion characteristic of the popular feeling of the time, issued a declaration of war, a copy of which was handed by the *chargé d'affaires* at Berlin to Count Bismarck, by whom it was presented to the Parliament of the North German Confederation. Although this occurred upon the 20th day of July, Great Britain had previously recognized the condition of war by means of a proclamation of neutrality.

In the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 the procedure was somewhat different. During April the Czar issued a war declaration, copies of which were sent to the commanding officers of the various regiments. The diplomatic representatives of the European nations having been informed of the contents of the document, England and France proclaimed their neutrality within a week. The Sultan of Turkey, for whose information the declaration, one would naturally suppose, was in the first instance intended, no doubt received a copy of it; but the extent to which Turkey benefited by the war being declared may be appreciated when it is mentioned that upon the night after the Czar had signed the manifesto a large force of Muscovite soldiers crossed the frontier into Roumania.

Among British minor wars which began without declaration may be named the Transvaal war of 1871, the Ashantee war of 1873, and the Egyptian war of 1882. The French contest with China in 1885 also began without any express formality. The Anglo-Egyptian affair, however, partook of the character of a rebellion. Arabi Pasha was ordered by the English admiral to surrender the forts of Alexandria by a certain day. He did not do so, and the threatened bombardment took place.

Within the past fifteen years two instances have occurred in which small countries—nations of minor importance—have reverted to the ancient custom. The King of Burmah, in 1885, sent Great Britain a declaration of war. The information was somewhat superfluous, for her Britannic Majesty's troops were already on the way to his capital. England's reply was a proclamation deposing the Burmese despot. At about the same time, Servia went to war with Bulgaria, having previously sent an orthodox declaration, exactly as such proclamations were issued in feudal times. As, however, both disputants complained of previous invasions of territory, it is not easy to understand the utility of the ceremony. Servia, it is true, has always been a consistent formalist, having declared war before attacking Turkey in 1876 and 1877.

From the cases to which I have referred, it seems safe to say that the withdrawal of a minister is a sufficient intimation of the abandonment of all hope of diplomatic settlement to justify a nation in commencing hostilities. Nevertheless, it need not be an act involving war.

Indeed, even the dismissal of a minister, while rendering hostilities almost inevitable, does not, as far as outside nations are concerned, establish a state of war, until followed by some recognized act of war. Prior to this, it is always possible for terms to be made, by mediation or otherwise, upon the ground that peace has not been broken.

Steam and the electric telegraph have now made communication so rapid, and the state of organization is now so complete, that two nations cannot approach a rupture without being fully aware of it. The withdrawal or dismissal of a minister is ample warning of how matters stand. Written declarations, proclamations, and manifestoes are chiefly valuable as bringing under the notice of nations other than the disputants the existence of a state of war which demands their observance of the rules of neutrality; but any act of war, not preceded by declaration, raises a presumption of the fact of war which neutrals must not disregard.

*Lawrence Irwell.*

### OKLAHOMA CLAIMS.

OLLIN and "our girl," as he called his buxom niece, halted their ponies before my gate one April morning.

"Good mawnin'; awful pretty day. I got a call to go out to my claim, an' thought maybe you'd like to go 'long with us."

Of course I wanted to go, and in five minutes was in conventional riding-dress, a costume that never failed to provoke criticism and ridicule in a country where a mother-hubbard and a sun-bonnet are considered appropriate on a horse, and where the highest flight of sartorial fancy is a black cotton skirt gathered full all around and worn over the usual dress. As we rode along over the red rutted roads that cross the prairies, Ollin remarked,—

"My woman won't go to the claim, for she says if I ever get her there she'll have to stay an' hol' it down. But that ain't so, for we've lived there long enough every year to satisfy the law, an' I'm just about ready to prove up an' sell it."

"That isn't what 'Uncle Sam' gave it to you for, is it? Weren't the claims given away so that each man could have a chance to provide a settled home for his family, and land enough to support them if well cultivated?"

Ollin's leathery face wrinkled into a smile; his small blue eyes lost their habitual look of searching, which had been gained through years of prairie work with Indians, outlaws, and herds.

"Uncle Sam is an awful nice man," he drawled, "but he's got to sit up all night to be up early enough for Oklahoma folks. There's slick ways of holdin' down claims you'd never dream of. There's our girl, now," and he glanced at the bovine maiden, who had, however, a shrewd look in her eyes and a general air of self-possession. "She's got a claim up in the Strip, but she lives with my woman an' me. Every two weeks she takes some one with her an' goes to spend a Sunday. That's an awful nice way to earn a hundred an' sixty, ain't it?"

"But I thought the government demanded that a homesteader should improve the land," I suggested.

"That's right. Our girl's nobody's fool. She's let her claim to a family who farms it an' goes half on the profits," he responded, with an admiring glance at the clumsy monument of shrewdness, whose ample form and voluminous drapery hid all of her wiry pony save hoofs, head, and tail.

"You should have seen her the day the Cherokee Strip was opened. She rode right in with the best of them, lickity-split through bush an' timber an' draws till she left most of 'em behind, an' then out she whipped her gun an' a hatchet an' began to chop the sprouts off a black-jack. 'Whatcher doin', Leora?' I hollers as I was a scootin' past. 'Improvin' my lan'!' she yells back; an' I'm blessed if that very thing didn't save her when some feller tried to drive her off—that an' her gun."

"Did you run for a claim in the Strip when you had one here in the original territory of Oklahoma?" I asked the question as a reproach, for I did not like to discover chicanery in a son of the prairies.

"Yes, I run for one," returned Ollin, with a sheepish laugh. "First, off I started in to help our girl, but when I saw her get so quick suited I looked out for number one. I got a mighty nice place, too, an' set there four hours happy as a horned toad. Then four fellers come along an' pointed their guns at me an' tol' me that was their claim an' I'd better get off. So I got off. But it was a blamed shame. I had no more right to it 'n you have, but they might 'a' let me alone till some feller come along I could sell it to. That was all I wanted."

Now, Ollin was an honest man, but who could resist the temptation to grab when a free grab-bag is opened by the government? Besides, the man who has once led a life of adventure can rarely settle down permanently to conventional regularity.

As every one knows, Oklahoma was surveyed, plaided with roads, and divided into sections a mile square, which were subdivided into quarter-sections of a hundred and sixty acres each. Then the country was cleared of every inhabitant, the militia were put in possession to secure fair play, and on a certain day the waiting hordes of settlers and adventurers were allowed to run over the border and take possession. First come were first served, and from the start every man was his neighbor's enemy. If the devil did not take the hindmost, at least the law did, for disputes arose as to who came first, and lawyers were called in to settle the matter. The processes of law are notoriously slow, and many contests of claims have been dragging from the opening, in 1889, to the present day.

Where the land is broad and the view as extended as it is on Oklahoma's prairie farms, one might fancy a wide liberality of thought; but life 'on a claim is narrower than life in a city tenement. Fancy two rivals living on the same quarter-section, hating each other as bitterly as ever did contestants for a throne. For these the whole world is narrowed down to one hundred and sixty acres, and all evil is concentrated in the person of the other claimant. Remember that

both men have regarded this venture in a new country as the last throw of the dice, and to lose now means a living death. Brooding over the threatened loss, feeling that earthly happiness can be secured only by the removal of the obnoxious one, it is small wonder if some day one of the men is found murdered. His rival has done it, without doubt, in a frenzy of despair. He has found the processes of the law too slow, and has exhausted his funds in lawyers' fees. If neither the law nor the Lord would give relief, he must seek it with his own hands; he has a wife and children dependent on him; he is sure of the priority of his arrival on the claim; and so, persuaded by reason and crazed by apprehension, he kills his adversary.

The Cimarron River lay before us in the distance. On the map it is an important stream, rising in the Rockies and wandering through New Mexico and Oklahoma until it joins its twin, the Arkansas; but on the landscape it is an elaborate humbug, with scarce enough water to fill a mountain brook, and even this is brackish from a salt lick. I had asked of Ollin how far it was to the river, and his reply had puzzled me. "One mile to the bank and two miles to the river," was what he said, and now his remark was elucidated. The road, wandering through the prairie uplands, suddenly drops for fifty feet to the wide, level bottomland, and, after wandering through this, reaches a stretch of sand like that left by the falling tide of the ocean. Through this wide desert of sand thready streams gently meander, and these are the Cimarron.

Bridges are rare, but inviting fords are indicated by wagon-tracks crossing the sand-bars and disappearing at each little stream. The wind blew fresh from the south. I gave rein to the pony, and flew down the dry water-course on a mad run. Ollin was shouting behind me. In the soft sand the hoof-beats of his pony made no noise. It is a race, I thought, giving the pony the whip. Ollin had the better mount, and in another minute had seized my pony's bridle. His face was anxious and determined; as he pulled both horses down, I began to notice their feet sinking deep in the sand, and at each step deeper. Ollin had come just in time to save me from the quicksand.

We took to the road which wound between the river and the sand-hills, which were sparsely covered with prairie grass recently burned. Trees near the burned district were filled with numerous black birds,—predatory hawks whose instinct sent them there to watch for helpless game robbed of its usual cover. If a rabbit ventured from its hole, before it could run across the open a hawk was on its back. On the bank beside me a long black-snake undulated to the top and slipped away. In another moment my horse shied violently and stopped. A beautiful snake of emerald green flecked with black and white was coiled for a spring. A shot from "our girl's" pistol angered and disconcerted him, and he coiled again, but this time Ollin put a bullet in his head. A little farther on was a cliff of red rocks, on the face of which some lonely soldier had thirty years ago carved a record which perhaps was the last trace ever found of him. The American flag, his name, and that of his regiment were all. Possibly the Indians came before he had finished, for life here was uncertain in those days.

Ollin's claim was no different from a thousand others. It was fenced with barbed wire, that inexorable thread of civilization which drives away deer and coyote, and leaves only the timorous, curious rabbit. The house was a small shack of two rooms, and the out-buildings embraced a windmill and a sizable barn. A few acres were disturbed by a few desultory rows of cotton and stacks of Kaffir corn, but the largest interest of the farm, as might be expected of Ollin, was horses.

"It don't pay me to put much money in the claim," said Ollin, "for I'm goin' to sell it. Me an' my woman likes to live where it's lively."

That seems to be the universal sentiment, and people huddle together in the unbeautiful town for the sake of its meagre distractions, living in the contracted quarters of a city lot instead of having intimate association with the beauties of prairie and timber-land. Ollin sometimes longed for better things, as he showed by a remark as we turned our faces homeward. "I didn't really have no call to go to the farm," he explained, with the uncouth sheepishness with which he always dressed confession, "but I wanted to get out with you-all and the ponies."

We met a vigorous old man on the road, who saluted us all with the engaging courtesy of remote districts, which demands that human beings shall acknowledge one another's presence on the highway without the guarantee of previous acquaintance. After he had passed beyond earshot, Ollin told his story. It was the old tale of contest based on a dispute over the first arrival on the land. The two claimants erected homes, and settled down to the hatred of civil warfare. The younger members of the family grew impatient of delays, and could scarcely be restrained from doing violence to each other. One of the contestants died, and his son attempted the murder of the old man we had met upon the road. The shot, instead of killing him, killed his son, and the murderer was arrested, tried, and convicted, but made his escape into a distant State, where he remains a fugitive from justice. The mother and two other sons continue the feud, and only wait opportunity to slay him whom they consider a usurper. The claim is several miles from the nearest town, and these bitter enemies are isolated from all save one another. Each family is sure of ultimate victory, and thus they waste years and destroy all the happiness of life in this unfortunate warfare.

We passed another claim: the house was deserted, but flowers still blossomed in the door-yard, and a cat still lingered about the steps, showing the place to have been recently vacated. Here had lived an old couple who had come to this far country to begin life again as young people, because fate had denied them the rest and peace appropriate to their years. A man with more cunning than they, arriving late, denounced them as "sooners," and forthwith filed affidavit of contest. There was nothing to do but to expend their little hoard of money on lawyers' fees, to endeavor to hold what was rightfully theirs. The law demanded a certain amount of improvement on the farm, but its cultivation was discouraging work, for eagerness was changed to



reluctance by the blighting thought that the land was being cultivated for the benefit of their bitterest enemy. For several years the old people stayed there, gently uncomplaining, hoping against hope; but at last the Secretary of the Interior at Washington rendered the decision from which there is no appeal, and the old people were turned beggared upon the world, with neither hope nor strength to try a new venture. The victorious claimant gathered his friends about him, and made merry over his victory in the fine new house which he built on the claim, unconscious that the little shack in the far corner was a monument to the memory of the brave struggle of down-trodden truth.

Another case came up in Ollin's memory as our tired horses walked leisurely through the town. A military man, who was among those who were guarding the country immediately before its opening, thought it permissible to stake a claim for himself adjoining a town site of Guthrie. The number of persons who appeared in the town the first day was twenty thousand, and as these could not be accommodated within the section originally set apart for the town, districts were added and divided into city lots and taken possession of by the settlers. In this process the military gentleman's claim was entirely absorbed. Notwithstanding his protests, the settlers took possession, planned streets, and built houses, until this claim became an important resident district of the new city. An account of the litigation that followed would fill volumes. It seemed just to the man who originally staked the claim to give it to him, but, on the other hand, it was almost like a crime to rob dozens of families of homes which they had built there in good faith, when by so doing they had enormously increased the value of the disputed territory. No contest in the Territory has excited greater interest than this, the sympathy being equally divided. A short time ago the Interior Department at Washington made the decision that military men within the Territory previous to its opening had no right to use their advantage in securing claims, and thus this case and many similar ones were ended.

*Helen C. Cundee.*

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JEALOUSY.

I WOULD thou wert a rose, and I the tree,  
That when I died, thou too might'st die with me.

I would thou wert the earth, and I the sun,  
That if my light were quenched, thy race were run.

I would thou wert a star, and I a cloud,  
That I, when dead, might wind thee in my shroud.

But, oh, to think that thou may'st live instead—  
May'st live and love again—when I am dead!

*Carrie Blake Morgan.*

## ARTILLERY, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

“**A**N eye for an eye” and “A life for a life” has been the law both for nations and individuals from the very beginning of creation, and the struggle for existence with man, as with the lower animals, while it has resulted in the survival of the strongest and fittest, has been attended with sorrow and suffering for all.

Doubtless early man despatched his foes and killed his game with clubs and rude stone knives and hatchets, and was in turn put to death with the same primitive weapons. The danger attending this mode of warfare, as well as the difficulty in hunting at such close range, would naturally lead him to exercise whatever ingenuity he possessed in the invention of weapons or military engines that would kill at long range.

As to the character of the first instrument for throwing missiles, and just when it was invented, we have no certain knowledge, but it must have been at an early date, for we read in Genesis x. 9 that “Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord,” and surely the skill that has kept his name in remembrance for thousands of years must have been gained by the use of some surer weapon than the clubs or stone knives of primitive man.

Without doubt man early learned how much execution can be done by a well-aimed stone, and attempts to hurl it with greater force and accuracy probably led to the invention of the sling, one of the simplest as well as most formidable of these early weapons. It was long one of the principal instruments of war among the ancients, and the story of David and Goliath is a good illustration of what could be done by one skilled in its use. This skill, however, could be acquired only by early and careful training.

In the Balearic Islands, it is said, in ancient times the parents suspended the dinner of their boys upon poles, and required them to bring it down with slings before they were allowed to eat.

Possibly one reason of the popularity of the sling was its cheapness, for it was within the reach of all, material for its construction being found in every tent and watercourse. It consisted of a disk of leather with a hole in the centre, suspended by three thongs of perhaps a yard in length. A smooth water-worn stone was placed in this disk and the whole whirled rapidly around, until at just the right moment one of the strings was dropped, and the missile was sent to its mark with great force and accuracy.

After a time conical leaden bullets took the place of stones. These bullets frequently bore a word meaning, “Take this.” In all other respects the slings of more modern times are exactly like those taken from Egyptian tombs, where they have remained concealed thousands of years.

The destructive instinct so strong in man would not allow him to rest content with this weapon, formidable as it was, and we find it followed by the invention of the bow, which is still used to a consider-

able extent among savage tribes, and is an officially recognized weapon in certain parts of China, where officers in the army are compelled to pass an examination in archery.

While universally used by the ancients, the form of the bow varied with different nations. The Scythian bow was in the form of the letter C, and the bow of the Tartars—descendants of the Scythians—still keeps that shape.

The Greek bow was not more than three or four feet in length, but so stout and stiff that it required considerable strength and skill to use it. It is said that the first Greek bows were made from the horns of a species of goat, the bases being united by means of a metallic band. Afterwards other material was used in their manufacture, but they still retained their original shape. These bows were too short to be of much use, and, comparatively speaking, but a small portion of the troops were armed with them.

The Romans carried the bow to Britain, where it at once obtained favor, and during the Middle Ages was extensively used, forming an important element of the armies of that period.

The English archers were said to be the finest in the world, and their skill decided the battles of Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. The bows used were of two kinds, the long bow and the arbalest, or cross-bow. The arbalest was made of steel or horn, and was of such strength and stiffness that it was necessary to use some mechanical appliance to bend it and adjust the string. The arbalestiers carried a quiver with fifty arrows, and were placed in the van of the battle.

The arbalest kept its place as a favorite weapon until the fourteenth century, when it was gradually superseded by the long bow. Five feet eight inches was considered the best length for this weapon, though it frequently exceeded that by a foot or more. The bowmen wore light armor, a short sword, and at first fought in small groups, their province being to open the battle. Their arrows were feathered with portions of goose-wing, tipped with steel, and usually barbed, so that their action was terrible. Each Bowman was expected to carry a sheaf or quiver of twenty-four of them. In the days of Charles I. efforts were made to retain the bow in the army, and British grenadiers were armed with it as late as 1686.

Something more formidable than "slings and arrows" was needed to attack fortifications, and most armies carried battering-rams to destroy the gates and walls of the enemy. This engine was so called because it imitated the ram by butting. No one knows who invented it, but we find it mentioned by Ezekiel as used in Nebuchadnezzar's warlike operations against Jerusalem. Pliny tells us that it was invented by Epeus during the siege of Troy, while Vitruvius and Tertullian ascribe it to the Tyrians; but as Nebuchadnezzar also besieged Tyre, it has been surmised that, instead of inventing it, the Tyrians became acquainted with it from its use against them by the Babylonians. At first it was merely an immense beam, tipped or shod with metal, usually in the form of a ram's head. This was carried upon the shoulders of the soldiers and by them forcibly driven against the wall. Later engines were made by suspending the beam

by ropes or chains in a frame of strong timber; in this form it could easily be made to swing back and forth with terrific force. A still more complicated form acted upon rollers which travelled in a grooved track, and was pushed against the walls with such force that nothing could long withstand it.

A battering-ram used by the emperor Vespasian at the siege of Jerusalem was of such great size that it required a force of one hundred and fifty yoke of oxen and three hundred horses and mules to put it into position; yet so strong were the walls that even with this immense force it took the whole of one night to dislodge four stones.

The men who worked these engines were protected from the enemy's missiles by a movable shed (*testudo*) that was a part of the machine. The besiegers also made use of a military tower, which consisted of a battering-ram enclosed in a framework of several stories, the upper one bearing a drawbridge to let down upon the walls, while the intermediate ones carried the bowmen, arbalestiers, etc. The tower was pushed quite near the walls, and while the battering-ram in the lower story was beating these down, the bowmen above were shooting their arrows at the enemy, or, upon the drawbridge, were engaged in a hand-to-hand contest with them.

Yet the besieged were by no means without defensive engines, for in II. Chronicles xxvi. 15 we are told that "Uzziah made at Jerusalem engines invented by cunning men to be on the towers and bulwarks, to shoot arrows and great stones withal."

These engines, the guns and cannon of besiegers and besieged, threw all sorts of missiles, small stones, great boulders, darts, javelins, and great beams, and were classed under the general name "*tormenta*," and this from its root, *torquere*, would appear to imply that the motive power was secured by means of the torsion of twisted ropes or fibres.

There were numerous varieties of these engines, but all constructed upon the same general principle. The catapults threw immense darts or arrows, while the *ballistæ* were stone-throwing engines. Early writers tell of catapults that would throw a dart half a mile, and the *ballista* was capable of hurling immense stones, weighing hundreds of pounds, a long distance, with the greatest force and accuracy. Josephus tells us of seeing one of these missiles take off the head of a man and carry it several hundred yards.

In addition to stones, it frequently threw red-hot balls, and vessels filled with a mixture of naphtha, pitch, and sulphur. This once ignited could not be extinguished even with the aid of water, but must burn itself out; consequently those thrown into a city or upon a ship would do an immense amount of mischief.

The last battle in which these engines were used to any great extent was in the siege of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453.

The invention or, more properly speaking, the use of gunpowder for military purposes caused a complete revolution in the artillery of different countries. In England Roger Bacon is credited with this discovery as early as the thirteenth century, while in Germany a monk named Berthold Schwarz claims that honor in the early part of the fourteenth century. Both these men, doubtless, obtained their idea

from China or India, for in these countries mixtures of a nature similar to gunpowder had been known for centuries.

Its applicability to war-engines was soon demonstrated by the invention of cannon, which were used in France as early as 1328. Edward III. is credited with having several of these at the battle of Crécy, 1346. Although rude affairs, these first cannon were superior to both the catapult and the *ballista*. The earliest ones were made of hollowed logs, strengthened with bars and hoops of iron; later ones had the bore lined with iron. Gustavus Adolphus is said to have had leather cases for his cannon to preserve them from the effects of the weather.

Modern cannon are made of iron, brass, bronze, and steel, and are of all sizes, carrying balls from three or four pounds' weight up to two thousand or more. Perhaps the most wonderful of these modern inventions are the machine-guns, so called because by means of machinery they are able to discharge a large number of bullets with the greatest rapidity.

Of these guns the Gatling has been called the pioneer. It was first used in the civil war, and was named for its inventor, Dr. R. J. Gatling, of Hartford, Connecticut. It has from five to ten barrels arranged around a central axis. In working it, one man holds the cartridges over the feed-case or feed-magazine on top; by a mechanical arrangement, they drop and fit themselves into each barrel, while a second man turns a crank by means of which they are successively discharged. It is possible to fire as many as one thousand in a minute.

A second and even more wonderful gun is the Maxim, whose mechanism is so arranged that after the first cartridge is fired the force of the recoil actually reloads and fires the piece as many as six hundred and sixty-six times, while a chamber containing water surrounds the machinery and keeps the parts cool.

The Hotchkiss revolving cannon, another machine-gun, is something like an immense revolver. It has five barrels, arranged around a central axis, and will fire from thirty to eighty rounds of shells. These explode into from one to two thousand pieces, each fragment having sufficient force to maim or kill.

The different guns used by the army and navy are classed as field, siege, and sea-coast or permanent guns. Field-guns are light cannon mounted upon carriages and easily moved about by the army. Siege-guns are of larger calibre, and too heavy for field-service. They require special cars or wagons for their transportation, and, like the battering-rams of old, are used to beat down or to breach walls. Sea-coast guns are sometimes called permanent, from the fact that they are too large to move about. They are mounted upon carriages in forts, and are of such size that both steam and electricity are needed to work them.

All these guns are being constantly improved or new ones invented, and each and all are so deadly, the wonder is that in time of war whole armies are not annihilated.

Lizzie M. Hadley.

## GRANDMA'S DIAMONDS.

WE had been living all summer in a little cottage, only one hour's ride by rail from the city.

During the entire summer my wife had insisted that we were going to have a visit from burglars. I had put burglar-alarms upon all the doors and windows, and kept my loaded revolver under the pillow; still these precautions failed to satisfy her. I had also hired a box in the safe deposit vault, in which to store all our valuables; but as, from one cause or another, these were being constantly needed, it only resulted in my becoming a common carrier of the aforesaid valuables.

Elsie and I had each three especial weaknesses. Mine were Elsie herself, our three-year-old boy, Georgie, and amateur photography; while Elsie's were Georgie, myself, and grandma's diamonds.

Grandma's diamonds, fine jewels, in an old-fashioned setting, were worth fully fifteen hundred dollars, while my amateur photography, to be candid, had not cost quite so much.

Elsie didn't share my vivid enthusiasm with regard to this science. She objected to the "pyro" and "hypo" stains. It was in vain that I reminded her that all the great discoveries in photography had been made by amateurs, from the time of Daguerre and Talbot. She only replied that no one had daguerrotypes nowadays, anyway; they were old-fashioned.

"What would you do," said she, "if Georgie swallowed that?" pointing to the developer I had just mixed.

"I'd probably feed him on this bromide of potassium," said I, "to retard his development; I hate precocious children." Whereupon she casually remarked that I was a wretch.

However, a compromise was effected, by which I was allowed a certain closet as a dark-room, provided that I kept my bottles, pans, and chemicals upon a high shelf, beyond the reach of Master Georgie's inquisitive hands.

It was a dark night, with now and then brilliant lightning. I had gotten some highly sensitive bromide of silver plates, with which I proposed to photograph birds in their flight; and, remembering these, just as I was about retiring, it occurred to me to try and get a photograph of a flash of lightning.

I arranged my camera, facing one of the windows. As I knew that I might have to wait indefinitely for the next flash, and as the night was chilly, I attached a thread to the drop-shutter, and carried it to the bed; and then, extinguishing the lights, I drew the slide which concealed the sensitive plate, and removed the cap from the lens. Everything was now ready. I groped my way to the bed, where I lay waiting to close the lens-opening after there should have been a flash of lightning.

In a few moments I must have dropped to sleep. Sometime in the night I gave the string a twitch, for next morning the lens-opening was closed.



As I was putting away the camera, next morning, I heard a loud exclamation from Elsie :

"Oh, Joe, some one has taken grandma's diamonds !"

Sure enough, they had disappeared, velvet case and all. Beyond a doubt, Elsie's predictions had been realized ; burglars had been giving us a visit. The poor little woman, however, was too much cast down to think of reminding me that "she had told me so."

"We may be able to recover them," said I, for the sake of saying something, as I looked for some possible clue to the robber. "I will offer a reward, and put the police on the track."

"Oh, Joe," said she, disconsolately, "we can't afford to offer enough to get them back."

I thought myself that the matter looked hopeless, but determined that I would do all I could, for the sake of the distressed little wife.

That morning I visited the chief of police, announcing our loss. Beyond a description of the diamonds and the location of our cottage, I was unable to give him any information.

"There is very little to work with," said he. "I will have the pawn-shops watched, though generally such things as diamonds are taken to other cities for sale."

I informed Elsie of the scanty hope I had gotten from the police. She had already begun to take a philosophical view of the loss.

After a rather silent dinner, I went into the little dark-room to develop the exposed plate. At first I thought I had been entirely unsuccessful ; when gradually, to my surprise, the outlines of the window-casement began to appear upon the plate. I had had no idea that it would be so sensitive.

As the plate developed, a figure began to appear. I had a photograph of the man who had stolen grandma's diamonds !

The plate developed very slowly and faintly. I could make out nothing definite : only the outline of a man, either coming in or going out through the window. There was some kind of a round cap upon his head, and—stay, what was this ? He had a wooden leg !

I almost shouted at my discovery. My first thought was to call to Elsie and tell her the good news : then I thought how disappointed she would be if the hopes reawakened were not realized, and I held my peace.

Before going to bed that night I had a bromide print from my precious negative, and early next morning it was in Chief Martin's hands, with an explanation of how, and when, it was taken.

He was enthusiastic.

"Struck by lightning !" said he. "Young man, you'll have your diamonds in less than twenty-four hours, and thanks to your machine." Then, turning to the officers waiting for orders, he said, "Billings, shadow Peg-leg Charlie ; and, Jim, you lay for him at the Union Dépôt. It's him."

I waited at my office with the best patience I could command. In about three hours I received a note from Chief Martin requesting me to come and identify my property. Grandma's diamonds had been recovered.

I shall not attempt to describe Elsie's face, as that evening I took from my pocket the well-known old blue velvet case and asked her to guess what it contained.

"Oh, you dear old Joe!" she exclaimed, as she opened the case to be certain they were all there; then, anxiously, "What reward did you have to pay, dear?"

"Pretty steep," said I, seriously. "Five hundred dollars." Elsie gasped. "But I am to pay it in instalments, to—amateur photography," I concluded, as I held up the little print.

Peg-leg Charlie was sent to the penitentiary for five years. Quite a sensation was created by his trial, owing to the manner in which the photograph by which he was identified had been taken.

Elsie is now a firm believer in the usefulness of amateur photography, and grandma's diamonds are destined as a wedding present for George's wife.

R. L. Olbar.

### MILITARY BALLOONS.

THE first use of the balloon for war purposes appears to have occurred in America. During the siege of Paris, in the war of 1870-71, by the Germans, free balloons were used by the French for conveying refugee passengers over and outside the lines of the besiegers, and letters both ways, whatever military observations were made being merely incidental. Yet this was not strictly a military balloon. Since that time, in French, German, and English armies, and our own in campaigns against the Indians, observational ballooning has been developed into a system.

General Grant is reported to have said, during the war which he brought to a termination, that he was not afraid of anything he could see (referring to the forces of the enemy in day or night), nor of anything he could not see. He knew how to deal with an army he could see, and as to one he could not see, there was none; for this great warrior took care, by the most complete system of observation, to discover the positions, numbers, and movements of his foe. During the later period of the conflict, the field telegraphic equipment did good service in conveying military intelligence, and balloons were made of some use in ascertaining the position of the enemy.

The charge of the balloons and their apparatus naturally falls to the signal corps, and they sometimes serve as elevated stations for signalling with flags and lanterns. A method of signalling by electric light within a balloon was made the subject of letters patent in England and several other countries in 1886 by Mr. Eric Bruce.

A balloon designed for this purpose alone need not be nearly as large as an observation balloon, which carries up two persons and ballast. The best approved support for the lights in Bruce's balloon is a hollow ball supported at the centre of the sphere. The ball is painted white, that it may reflect the light of the incandescent lamps which project from its surface at all angles. The lamps are operated

by a make-and-break contact on the ground ; for this an instrument is used similar to the Morse transmitter, but having carbon contact pieces,—as so strong a current would be quickly destructive to the metal. The balloon covering being translucent, the entire sphere is luminant, like a full moon rising in the twilight, and can be seen at a great distance, while its alternations of light and darkness, as the electric circuit is opened or closed, render it a very noticeable object.

The regular military balloon is about twenty feet in diameter. During a campaign, these are kept constantly inflated and a short distance up in the air, ready to be transported to any place at a moment's notice. A sufficient amount of sand in bags—usually two hundred pounds—is carried up in the car, and is thrown out gradually, as the gas leaks out, to keep a proper pull on the cable which holds the balloon to earth. In addition to the cable, in strong winds, guy-ropes are generally used for steadiness and safety.

In the English army, five wagons are required for the balloon and its appurtenances. The largest one is drawn by six horses, and looks much like a timber-truck. It carries large reels, on which are wound some two thousand feet of twisted-wire rope, with boxes for tools. The second wagon is drawn by four horses, and none by less than two. The horses are driven by a rider on the near horse of each pair.

The larger wagon is the base to which the cable holding the balloon is attached. The second, technically called the "tube wagon," is loaded with closed iron pipes, in which is stored, under the compression of many atmospheres, the gas which is to replace that lost by the constant leakage of the balloon, or from possible piercing by bullet or accidental thrust of a dead branch or a sharp corner of an overhanging crag in some narrow ravine. The other wagons contain the necessary chemicals and the apparatus for turning them into gas. In a late method for this purpose, recently introduced in English practice, the hydrogen is obtained by passing steam over red-hot iron ; this apparatus weighs about three and a half tons, and is capable of producing sufficient gas in twenty-four hours to fill two military balloons.

The balloon train usually starts later but travels faster than the infantry, passing on ahead to some hill-top for observation. For an ascent,—the wire cable being attached to the bottom of the wicker car,—the two men who are to ascend step in, and a sufficient number of bags of sand are taken out to leave about four pounds of strain on the cable when the air is quiet. The word of command is given, the men holding the cable let it go, and the balloon shoots up as far as the unwinding from the reels permits.

Ordinarily, the height of ascent is about a thousand feet, but provision is made for an elevation of two thousand if necessary. If a change of location is desired, one man or more takes a stand on the wagon to keep the connecting cable from getting tangled with anything along the route ; and away go the horses at a trot, across fields and up and down hill, perhaps for miles. If, however, it is desired simply to lower the balloon briefly for any purpose, the delay of winding the rope on the reel is avoided by a unique device. Half a dozen men seize a stout pole having at the middle a grooved wheel. The latter is

pressed vigorously against the cable, so that it is carried to one side far enough to bring the balloon down, perhaps quite to the ground. When the necessary action is taken, the men retrace their steps with the pole, releasing the cable by degrees, so that the balloon at the same time ascends to its previous altitude.

Very rarely indeed is the balloon lowered for communication. In ordinary conditions of the atmosphere there is no difficulty in conversation between a person on the ground and one up in the balloon a thousand feet. Sometimes a telephone in the car connects with one at head-quarters, though miles away. In some instances the telephone wire passes, insulated, through the middle of the cable; but in unsteady winds the telephone repeats the creaking of the cable to a confusing extent; for this reason, an independent wire is preferred.

In the absence of a telephone, letters are sent up or down in a canvas bag, and diagrams and marked maps at all times. The bag has a large ring at one corner, which runs on the cable, and goes down by its own weight, while a balloon of perhaps two feet in diameter is attached to carry it up.

The diagrams may show the form of the enemy's intrenchments, with the topography of the vicinity; the map is used for designating, by the markings of different colored crayons, the positions of bodies of the enemy and of compatriots. If the balloon is far from head-quarters, a waiting orderly gallops off with the document the moment it comes down to him.

The work of the signal corps is not always apparent, so that its heroic exertions and ventures and its most skilful and rapid performances are not matters of note or mention, even when a great victory may have been its direct result.

It was a matter of much reprehension at the time, that in the campaign on the Nile in 1881 the British were not supplied with balloons. After the capture of Alexandria, continuous efforts were made to discover the strength of Arabi, only fourteen miles away, at Kafrdawar. On the 3d of August, after many futile attempts, an armored railway train reconnoissance was made. The railroad was on comparatively low ground, and, as the *London Times* correspondent reported, "the results were not worth much." Two days later a reconnoissance in force was made, using the armored train again; this led to a serious engagement, in which valuable lives were lost, with little or no gain in knowledge of the essential facts. There was still another reconnoissance on the 9th, of which it was reported, "We are no more certain than before whether his [Arabi's] full power is there, or more southward." On the 14th, Arabi was observed to be raising an earthwork to a great height.

On the 28th of August, when nearly a month had been wasted, the *Times* had the following comment: "As the want of a balloon equipment has been mentioned in letters from Egypt, it may be stated that all the War Department balloons remain in store in the Royal Dockyard, Woolwich, but have been recently examined and found perfectly serviceable." It appears as though there had been a screw loose somewhere in the British War Department at that period.

During the rebellion in Tonquin in 1884 the French made use of balloons with much advantage. By their exact reconnoitring, the French commander was able to dispose his forces in such an excellent way that the Chinese army was prevented from retiring from Bac-Ninh, and was taken with the place, so that the war was brought to an end without an assault or even the firing of a cannon.

Had the French War Department been wise enough, fourteen years earlier, to make use of the balloon for observation, the final disaster of the second empire might not have overtaken the nation. If, for instance, a captive balloon had been used on the heights of Amauvilliers on the 18th of July, the Twelfth Saxon Corps would almost inevitably have been discovered in its long, wide sweep to outflank the French army early enough for Marshal Bazaine to have moved his reserve, the French Guard Corps,—some twenty thousand strong,—from his left (where they were useless) to his right, a distance of only seven miles; by which the conditions of that critical hour would have been greatly changed.

If we think back to other great battles, we can see how the fate of Europe might have been very different had suitable observations been made. Had Napoleon, for instance, before the battle of Waterloo, availed himself of balloons—already well known to the scientific world—he would scarcely have failed to learn in time of that fatal sunken road.

Yet there are times when the balloon is ineffective, as in dense and deep or wide-extending fogs and in strong winds. In the Suakin expedition in 1885 against the rebellious Mahdi of that time, the captive balloon (during the British advance) would not rise properly because of the poor gas with which it was filled, so that the strong wind drove it close down on the thick-topped mulberry-trees, under which swarmed the Arabs with their long spears.

It is urged by some that the modern kite is much superior to balloons for purposes both of observation and signalling, the former being done from kites by means of photographs taken with a suspended camera. Accordingly, in the war with Spain both balloons and kites were provided for our army.

In the very first campaign in Cuba, a great aid in the siege of Santiago was the observation made by General Shafter, from a balloon, of the topography of the region and the positions of the Spanish troops and fleet.

*George J. Varney.*

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### INDIAN SUMMER.

WITH longing eyes the fading year looks back  
 To view her youthful way, as one grown old.  
 June smiles to her across the lengthened track,  
 And, lo! the world is bright with summer gold.

*Charles Hanson Towne.*

## IN DEFENCE OF DESOLATION.

"**H**OW desolate!" Such is the common remark when in late autumn or winter we look out of the window on a dull, cloudy, or possibly rainy day. Is the asserted desolation real or apparent? To test the merits of a locality, choose the most hopelessly commonplace corner, some unreclaimed swampy bit that has defied the farmer, and if it proves too full of interest to be exhausted in one day's study, where is the asserted desolation? The fault is with ourselves, not with irreclaimable Nature. We have persistently turned our backs upon her, and so devoutly worshipped the artificial that much of what is thoroughly good and wholesome is looked upon with dread or indifference. The pleasure asserted of the pathless woods is also in the trackless swamps and lurks in the weedy corners of badly cultivated fields. To the untrained eye a clump of bushes may seem as aimlessly grouped as my neighbor's wood-pile; but it is not so. There is no lack of purpose, no neglect, on Nature's part, and nothing of weed or bush or sapling that has not a deeper significance than one is likely to fathom. To speak of desolation because green leaves are lacking is the arrogant speech of ignorance. The truth is, without regard to evergreen trees, the absence of green leaves is comparative, not absolute. I have not yet, in forty years' wanderings, been unable to find at least one fresh, living leaf in the course of a morning's ramble. Nature keeps up a sort of guerrilla warfare with winter long after her main army has been defeated, and brave weeds find safe retreats and flourish unmolested in neglected nooks to which attention is never directed; and yet, casting a careless glance over field and forest, we exclaim, in our ignorance, How desolate!

The million lances of the thistle may avail nothing against the legions of frost; but it would seem to be otherwise, for here, long after the grass is wilted and brown, a blooming thistle lifts its purple plumes and invites the goldfinch, now in late autumn, just as it did in the steamy hot sunny August afternoons. This is an encouragement surely to examine more closely this asserted desolation of the day. The goldfinch is no stranger even in midwinter, but when Christmas is not far off you do not look for it on blooming thistles; yet I saw one this dreary, mid-November day.

Perhaps it was when the glaciers still rested on our nearest hill-sides that the ancestral crested tit looked out upon the sunshine of a bright May morning, and, in the exuberance of its joy, whistled "Sweet here!" Whatever the truth, this prince of cheerfulness has never changed its tune, and no storm, not even midwinter's greatest effort, ever shut out the sunshine in this wee bird's heart. It never admits the supremacy of gloom, but finds beauty and content when we are mourning over the desolation wrought by frost. Not even the forest, now gloomier than the field, is too dreary for him, and that assuring "Sweet here!" was not mockery, but a light-giving song that lifted the cloud.



There is no other bird that has the same awakening power. To-day the cardinal, that has for a time been silent and moping in the denser underbrush, came from his hiding, echoed the tit's emphatic words, and added many another. "Clouds and bare branches do not ruin the world," is the theme of his November song, and what the hill-side lacks in sunshine is made good by the brilliant glow of his crimson coat. He is a pessimist indeed who can find the world askew when such birds are singing.

I had not passed through the garden before I had seen and heard three singing birds, and now at the stile I was greeted by the Carolina wren. If possible, it was more desolate under the old oaks than in the meadows, for the leafless branches are so many and interlaced they shut out the light. On a dark day, to go into the woods is like passing from the gloaming to night; yet here, facing a forbidding east wind, the Carolina wren was singing; not humming to itself to rouse the memory of brighter days, but uttering a whole-souled declaration of content, though the sky was gray and an east wind muttered vengeance as it hurried by. I hear this bird all the year through. It is my daily companion, and never a thought of desolation when it is singing at my elbow. There is no desolation. Looking at the world from the library window, seeing little and hearing less, what right have we to be so critical of Nature's methods? The browns of autumn make the greens of spring less tiresome, and when many birds or even one can be as cheerful as a Carolina wren, although every feature of the day be forbidding, why should mankind declaim against the desolation of the outlook? It is infinitely better to be warmed by the assuring songs of a bird than to hover over the register of a stuffy room. November fogs, east winds, clouded skies! Go out and hear what the birds say of them, and you will find the world less black than you had painted it.

Even the little brown tree-creeper does not feel necessitated to keep on the leeward side of the tree-trunks, though wind and snow and even hail conspire to dislodge it. It squeaks its satisfaction, and while it held on to the tree, though a stiff breeze was blowing, I saw the plucky bird draw a worm from a cranny in the bark: swallowing its prey, it snapped its beady eyes at me and squeaked a suggestive "Good-morning," as it hurried away. That bird never missed the sunshine. The day was not so bad that it might not have been worse; and if birds are satisfied, why not ourselves?

A dead tree, stricken in its prime by lightning, is as nearly typical of desolation as any other object I have ever seen. I will never believe that such things ought to be. But the dead and decaying hickory gave rise to fewer gloomy thoughts when a woodpecker came and beat in a rhythmic way that was akin to music. Mere noise, perhaps you insist; but there is method in it, something lacking at times in indoor chatter. A red-headed woodpecker in November is equal to half a dozen sunbeams. It will penetrate the gloom of this month's cloudy days to that extent, and send desolation a little deeper into the beyond.

Six birds already, and my walk has just commenced. There is yet a trace of youthful vigor left. I always jump from the top step of the stile. Not always gracefully, I admit; and, tripping this time, I shook

the near earth as I sprawled in the briers. Bob-white went off with a whirl as if I had been some blundering sportsman; and I had not picked a tenth of the *desmodium* and *bidens* seeds from my clothing before another and another went whizzing off to my neighbor's sproutland, whither I too was bound. Could a field in November be suddenly shorn of its weeds, what a wealth of wild life would be exposed! Looking across country, it is only by chance that we see any bird, and very seldom that we see life of any other form. Birds can see us when we cannot see them; probably, while I was yet several rods away, a skulking woodcock knew of my approach. Quail and woodcock! I did not smack my lips over them as mere "gobbets of venison," but snapped my eyes thankfully at them for aiding so materially in disproving the assertion that cloudy, storm-threatening autumn days are desolate.

The day was darkening, but I was not deterred. Turning towards the marshy meadows, I startled a whippoorwill, some straggler lingering a full two months after all his brethren had sought the sunnier climes of the Gulf States; but let no straggling, over-staying bird surprise you. As I know from careful examination, insect life has not been lacking until now, and if it were a matter of food only, there has been no reason why all our whippoorwills should not have eaten their Thanksgiving dinners with us.

On the wide stretch of marshy meadows the outlook is at first forbidding, more so than the upland fields or the wooded hill-side; but it is necessary only to accommodate oneself to the new surroundings to be assured that chaos has not come again because of your standing on a marshy meadow, with threatening clouds overhead and a fierce east wind blowing. It is Nature in a savage mood, but this has naught to do with desolation. I gave no further heed to the conditions in general, when I saw, still intact, a massive globular nest of the marsh wren. It is too late for the birds themselves, for they have no liking for Nature under the new order of things when frost is stage manager.

When you stand in such a dreary place as a marshy meadow you wonder why you came. With only dead vegetation about you, it is not strange; but such feelings vanish when one by one the lurking life begins to grow restive, and your attention is called, now this way, now that,—to the pool in the marsh in front of you, to the tangle of wilted rose-mallow or great gray withered leaves of the classic lotus at one side, or to the leaden sky above, that seems so low down you are oppressed by its nearness. A marsh owl with a mouse in its talons may rise up as silently as any ghost at midnight, and, alighting on some projecting stake, proceed to devour it, quite unconcerned at your presence. At least this may happen if you are equal to standing as rigidly as a fence-post; and this is not so very difficult if your attention is drawn to any occurrence that interests you. The day being dark, it is possible that the barn owl, living in the cavernous hollow of an old tree, may be tempted to come out—and a splendid fellow he is; or, if not abroad, he may be sitting at the doorway of his home, enjoying the sunless prospect, and thankful that the glaring sunshine is this day spared him. If not so fortunate as to see this noble owl, he can be

searched for and routed out, if adventure so far moves you ; but this I do not advise.

Owls seem nearer to nature than do other birds. There is an air of mystery about them that rouses our interest. We ask ourselves more questions when brought face to face with an owl than is the case with any other bird. Theirs is no meaningless stare. They can look you out of countenance, and put as much intelligence into their eyes as we can into ours.

There is some reason for calling an owl the bird of wisdom ; and yet there is cause for wondering if the crow is not mentally his superior. Crows are not disheartened by the gloom of late autumn. If the fog is too dense to fly through it, they rise above it or trot about the ground, discussing the situation with their fellows. Is this speaking too positively ? I have long been familiar with an observing man who has lived all his days within sight and hearing of crows. He claims to understand their language, and can repeat the " words " that make up their vocabulary. Certainly crows seem to talk ; but do they ? Does a certain sound made by them have always the one significance ? Year after year I have listened and watched, watched and listened, and wondered if my friend was right. He believes it. I believe it almost. Are there limitations to ornithological interpretation ? And is this an instance where truth is unattainable ? We know that crows are cunning and by their mother wit have withstood the persecutions of mankind ; we know that they have a wide range of utterances, and not one is put forth merely to gratify the ear, as in the case of a thrush's song ; yet we hesitate to say plainly that crow talketh unto crow and that they take counsel together. There is no physical or metaphysical reason why this should not be the case ; there is abundant evidence pointing in that direction, but no actual demonstration, satisfying every one, has taken place. Were we less theory-ridden and more observant, the question would have been settled before this. In such a case the opinion of the farmer is worth more than that of the professional ornithologist.

A crow, black as night, might seem a fitting accompaniment of a dreary day and desolate outlook ; but what of the great flocks of rusty grackles and of cow-birds ? Neither is really black, but both appear so as they rise from the marsh and drift like dead leaves before the wind, perhaps to sink out of sight in the dead grass, or, gathering in the near-by trees, chirp, splutter, and gurgle in a strange yet not unmusical way. These are northern grackles that are now southward bound, and quite different from their purple boat-tailed cousins that were here all summer. The cow-birds are not migratory, strictly speaking, but will come and go all through the winter. Curious birds, uncertain in all their ways and fitting into no scheme of well-regulated communities, building no nests and never mating, what can we expect of them ? Yet their presence to-day is more than welcome. However desolate in appearance, the world is not deserted.

Without moving from the spot at which I have been standing this half-hour, by a mere upraising of my eyes I can see an eagle perched on the tall dead sassafras near the river shore ; a black hawk nearer by,

intent upon the shallow waters directly beneath where it is perched ; and a broad-winged buzzard, hovering over a hassock where a meadow-mouse is lurking, helpless perhaps from fear, knowing well the enemy that is so swift and sure when it does strike. But not every swooping falcon rises from the earth with prey. The dim light of a cloudy November afternoon might be some excuse for failure, but even when light and wind and all else are favorable success is never so much as fifty out of a possible hundred. Many a time I have seen a hawk pounce and pounce again, and then fly away with a shrill scream, clearly indicative of its intense disgust.

The frost and thin ice at times have driven away much of the bird-life of these wide-spread marshes. The red-wings have gone, the reed-birds have disappeared, and the swamp sparrows have wandered to more sheltered spots, but the reeds and cat-tail are not deserted. If we watch the bared areas of mud, now that it is low tide, we shall surely see the common sora or rail, and not improbably the Virginia rail. Occasionally the latter remains all winter, and the sora is often forced to do so because of slight gunshot wounds that prevent migration ; but such birds do not, I think, survive the winter. Many are caught by the hawks, and some fall victims to the sly snapping-turtle and to pike, before the general freeze-up ; others succumb to intense cold.

What I have warrant to expect seeing, before the day is done, is the great blue heron ; and it is not improbable I may flush the delicate least bittern. The heron is not shy, and is too big, one might think, to conceal itself, yet it can stand motionless among sticks and grass, quite invisible to any but a well-trained eye. Taking up a new position, as I supposed, I flush a heron from the willow hedge : how the big bird brightens the landscape ! It utters no wild yawn, as if badly frightened, but moves easily at a slight elevation, and would again alight, but something again disturbs it, and now it rises into the upper air, by a few rapid and very vigorous wing-strokes. Its long legs no longer are an encumbrance, as they at first appear to be, but are fixed in an outreaching position and offer no resistance to the bird's progress. The old days of the peregrine falcon are no more, and the bird here has no enemies. The bald eagle that was recently in sight might prove a dangerous foe, were it so disposed, but it cares for fish and mammals more than for birds, and I have never seen one attack a heron or any bird on these meadows. Negative evidence, of course, and of less significance because eagles are rare now, and herons not so abundant as forty years ago. The indifference of farmers, and that abuse of freedom, allowing anybody and everybody to carry a gun at all seasons, have done their deadly work. Where there should be a hundred birds, we are fortunate now if we see ten. Time was when there were herons and heronries and stately white egrets along the river shore, and the creeks teemed with wild fowl in season. It is a cause to be thankful that the heron, a single heron, has given to this dismal day the charm of its presence, and so added to the evidence that the exclamation "How desolate !" was not merited.

I grant that deserted nature may be desolate. An arid desert, with no life upon it except scorpions and spiders, may be the climax of

desolation; but no such conditions obtain here. Even if the storms, with all possible accessories of discomfort, beat upon us, there is a resisting energy in the wild life that has wisely chosen these marshes as its home. Discomfort for the day is far removed from desolation; and, if you persist in calling it such, then let me argue in its defence. Dark, dismal days, such as this, are really pleasing by way of variety. Already I have seen many birds, when the outlook from the hill-top was anything but assuring; but then there was the goldfinch almost at my door, and the crested tit announcing, "All's right!" before I had gone a dozen rods. Through the window, desolate, perhaps, but what of a closer inspection?

There is yet an hour before sunset, but no ruddy light will illuminate the wide-reaching marsh. Night will quickly come, but here is the winding creek, forsaken now by trapper and fisherman. The wind foretells the rain in no uncertain terms, and even these hardy men care much for the comforts of a shelter. They know that the autumn flight of wild-fowl has taken place. They know that the little pools and winding brooks that drain the meadows are likely to be visited by pintail ducks and widgeon, and that now the home-bred summer ducks are hobnobbing in the marsh with their cousins from the up-country. The gunner knows this, but it is going to rain, and not for ducks will he get wet. They will not pass away with the storm, he thinks.

Perhaps not, but I will not risk it. The greater my triumph, the more I see, and so prove the day not empty, the country not desolate. Here, as I expected, I startle widgeon from the wilted cat-tails, and the pintail ducks, taking warning, rise with a clatter into the air, without knowing what the danger may be. They are all gone, and the cold, glittering reaches of old Crosswicks are forbidding. The storm is too near for comfort, I admit, yet sight-seeing is not at an end. Almost at my feet, as I stand on the bank of the little river, is a coot that floats as lightly as a cork and holds its head as erect as a June rose in the sunshine. The world is not wrong with it. If the waters are a bit troubled by the wind, a little more care is needed, perhaps, but what of that? Its feathers are comparatively storm-proof, and there is always quiet underneath the waves. The commotion makes life merrier for the coot, as a bit of excitement adds a healthy pulse-beat to our sluggish selves.

But I must hurry away: the darkness means a great deal, if it overtakes you on the marsh. I gave another searching glance at the wind-tossed water as I turned from it. There, for the first time, I saw a little brown dab-chick, a distant cousin of the coot's, and just as happy as that strange bird. It dived as I saw it, but immediately reappeared, and I waved it a good-by.

I might have accepted my friend's dictum, moped in front of the andirons, and believed the world desolate; how unfair would I then have proved to myself and to the commonplace corner in which my lot is cast! A cloudy sky, a cold east wind, a chill that reaches to the bone, and patches of moisture-laden fog, may all be present; the leafless trees may appear all forlorn and not a sound reach you, as you look from the window; but plunge into these elements of discomfort, accept

no other than your own impressions after close contact, and you will be moved to admit that only upon the failure of a thousand happenings, and a deeper gloom settling over the world than we yet have known, will you be justified in exclaiming, even as you survey the world from a window, "How desolate!"

Charles C. Abbott.

### GRAY EYES IN FICTION.

NO one who reads with an observant eye can fail to perceive that gray eyes are regarded with great favor by the writers of short stories and by recent novelists. It is also a fact that among the authors of two, three, or four decades ago there are many whose work gives evidence of an admiration for orbs of this color.

This preference may be due to the fact that the eyes of most writers are gray-blue or gray. In England, where it is said more varieties of coloring in the iris are to be found than in any other country, the poets almost always have gray eyes. Lady Blessington has told us that Byron's eyes were "gray and full of expression," while one of his biographers speaks of his "beautiful, changeful gray eyes." If we may accept tradition, Shakespeare's eyes were gray; and Coleridge had eyes of the same color, with greenish tints.

We are assured by Mr. Clement K. Shorter in "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle" that this great writer had "beautiful gray eyes, which in moments of excitement seemed to glisten with remarkable brilliancy." Since Mrs. Gaskell has described these eyes as brown but as having combined so many tints as to make it difficult to tell their precise color, it is likely that they were of that dark gray than which no tint is more lovely. So expressive were they that when she was vividly interested and enthusiastic enough to forget her natural shyness they seemed illuminated as if by some spiritual lamp.

George Eliot had eyes of a bluish gray, constantly varying in color from a decided blue to a pale, washed-out gray. In the words of Miss Blind, they "were not beautiful in themselves, but when she grew animated in conversation, those eyes lit up the whole face, seeming in a manner to transfigure it."

Both Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot seem to have had an admiration for gray eyes.

Scott, himself blue-eyed, seems to have had scant liking for gray orbs. It is true that Jeanie Deans had eyes of this hue, but we are given to understand that her personal attractions were of the commonest description. A figure "short, rather too stout, gray eyes, light-colored hair, a round good-humored face, much tanned with the sun,"—these surely formed but a poor outfit for a heroine in Scott's time. For at this period noble brows were in fashion, and a heroine who was anybody had a forehead that extended half-way back to her crown; her eyes were several sizes too large for her; her mouth was of the rosebud variety, and scarcely as big as her eye. Swan-like necks pre-



vailed; eyebrows were superbly arched; jetty ringlets were in favor. It can readily be seen that gray eyes would be but a poor accompaniment to charms like these.

Scott's fine ladies are accordingly either of the gentle, pensive, shrinking type, with mild, languishing blue eyes, or they are showy creatures with sable tresses and flashing dark eyes.

The fair women who appear in Dickens's pages are seldom gray-eyed. The redoubtable Miss Mowcher, who is not fair, has a pair of roguish gray eyes. But Little Dorrit's eyes are soft hazel; Dolly Varden's are dark; Lucie Manette's, like those of the child, Little Nell, are bright blue. Little Em'ly, too, has blue eyes,—“soft, sorrowful blue eyes,” as they are described by Mr. Peggotty after the tragedy of her youth.

Although there are fourteen different allusions in “David Copperfield” to the eyes of Agnes Wickfield, we do not find one word descriptive of their color. But when we reflect that fourteen separate adjectives are used to describe them, and when we consider the nature of these, it seems to me that there is little doubt that they were gray. For no other eye is capable of such infinite variety of expression. What other eyes are at once soft, tender, clear, calm, mild, earnest, seraphic, beaming, cordial, serene, sweet, true, quiet, beautiful? Moreover, it is impossible to imagine Agnes Wickfield as belonging to the fine woman type, highly colored as to complexion, coquettishly using a pair of sparkling black eyes: equally impossible to think of her with the overflowing yellow curls and blue eyes of foolish little Dora. Agnes's quiet beauty has the soft serenity of moonlight. Do we not think of the beautiful face which David Copperfield first saw, with the stained-glass window as its background, as pale, delicate, sweet, lighted up by large, black-lashed gray eyes, framed in silky dark hair?

It is possible that another reason why writers of the present day show an admiration for gray eyes may be found in the change of ideals as to what is admirable in the personal appearance and character of woman which has been gradually taking place during the last forty years. This is perhaps a better reason than the one already given.

At any rate, beautiful beings have passed away, and we no longer open a book to discover in the second or third chapter a young and richly attired female modestly drooping over her embroidery-frame or engaged with her harp.

Intelligence is now regarded as being fully as desirable as beauty and gentleness in the fair sex. To-day, when she is not some mere whimsical combination of black hair and yellow eyes, or a huge doll to be dressed and undressed by the lady-novelist, the heroine is a woman, often an intellectual woman, with all the little foibles and inconsistencies of her sex. She is, as Charles Reade wrote of Ellen Terry, “in short, all that is abominable and charming in woman.”

It is therefore not strange that she should have gray eyes. For these are pre-eminently the eyes of intelligence and feeling, which they express equally well. The curious reader may easily verify this statement in the pages of the novelist, who must also be to some extent a physiognomist.

Out of a list of seventy adjectives directly applied to gray eyes, no less than fifty are descriptive of expression. If we may believe the evidence of these words, which were not carefully selected, but jotted down at random in the course of reading, almost every shade of thought or feeling is mirrored in gray eyes; and not only do the words indicate great variety in expression, but many of the qualities which they represent seem diametrically opposed. Gray eyes are reserved and candid; cold and cordial; roguish and sad or pathetic; grave and genial; sinister and guileless, earnest, true, amiable; proud yet tender. They may be keen, sharp, piercing, penetrating, but they are also soft, serene, mild, pensive, dreamy, trustful. They are often severe; yet as often are they sweet, timid, wistful, appealing, or kindly, beaming, loving, sympathetic.

Now when we turn to the descriptions of blue, brown, or black eyes, we shall find that these are brief compared with the long and elaborate descriptions of gray eyes, and that they usually refer to some peculiarity of size, shape, coloring, or light, rather than of expression. A good example is the description of Lorna Doone's large dark eyes, full of a shadowy light, "like a wood rayed through with sunset." Brown and black eyes are almost always represented as lustrous, while luminous is most frequently used in connection with gray eyes. Pathetic is perhaps the adjective of expression most often applied to brown eyes; spiritual is seldom used to describe other than blue eyes, but to these also belongs the bad eminence of being shifty; while black eyes are distinguished in the same way by the word beady. Gray eyes are perhaps oftenest characterized as honest; and the worst that is commonly said of them is that they are cold or steely.

The physiognomist sees a different meaning for each color of the eye, and to him each variation in tint speaks a language of its own.

"The gray eye," he tells us, "is the sign of shrewdness and talent. Great thinkers and captains have it. In women it indicates a better head than heart."

Gray-eyed women who do not feel altogether pleased with the last statement may console themselves with the reflection that the conclusions drawn by the physiognomist are not infallible; for the science he expounds is far from exact. This was evidently the opinion of George Eliot, for she says in "Adam Bede," "Nature has her language, and she is not unvarnished, but we don't know all the intricacies of her syntax just yet, and in a hasty reading we may happen to extract the very opposite of her real meaning."

Wilkie Collins, in his novel "No Name," gives a description of gray eyes which is fine, because it so accurately sets forth the distinguishing peculiarity to which I have alluded. Magdalen Vanstone, a young lady who is not beautiful yet singularly fascinating, is the possessor of "large, electric light-gray eyes." These (we are told), "which should have been dark, were incomprehensibly and discordantly light; they were of that nearly colorless gray which, though little attractive in itself, possesses the rare compensating merit of interpreting the finest gradations of thought, the gentlest changes of

feeling, the deepest trouble of passion, with a subtle transparency of expression which no darker eyes can rival."

Dinah Morris had such eyes as these, though perhaps with less range of expression, for George Eliot says, "The eyes had no peculiar beauty beyond that of expression; they looked so simple, so candid, so gravely loving, that no accusing scowl, no light sneer, could help melting away before their glance." There was no keenness in Dinah's gaze. As the fair young preacher appeared on the village green, stared at by a curious throng, her eyes "seemed rather to be shedding love than making observations."

To return to Wilkie Collins and his heroines, Mary Dermody in "The Two Destinies" has "grand, guileless gray eyes;" and to many readers I think these must be her chief attraction. From the pages of this novelist, also, looks forth Mercy Merrick, least puppet-like of Collins's female characters, strong and pathetic in her efforts to rise from her fallen estate, turning towards us a patient, beautiful face, with "an innate grandeur in the gaze of her large gray eyes."

The "sweet, celestial, superior gaze" of Kate Peyton, the wife of jealous Griffith Gaunt, was due to a pair of gray eyes. In the following characteristic description, Charles Reade alludes to the reason why she was not popular with men. He says, "Her hair was golden and glossy; her eyes a lovely gray; and she had a way of turning them on slowly and full, so that their victim could not fail to observe two things: first, that they were grand and beautiful orbs; second, that they were thoughtfully overlooking him instead of looking at him. So contemplated by glorious eyes, a man feels small and bitter."

Ina Klosking, the beloved of "A Woman-Hater," had "gray eyes, large and profound." These are the eyes described by Emerson as "liquid and deep,—wells that a man might fall into."

Among living writers, Conan Doyle, like William Black, seems to have no little admiration for gray eyes. With one or two exceptions, the people are gray-eyed who appear in the stories that make up the volume called "Round the Red Lamp." Alleyne Edricson, the young squire of Sir Nigel Loring, in "The White Company," has clear, pensive gray eyes, while the heroine of "The Refugees" has dreamy gray eyes, piquantly contrasting with her blue-black hair and ivory skin.

A contrast to these are the gray eyes of the insane count in Mr. Crawford's artistic and beautiful story, "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance." "From under his rather heavy eyebrows a pair of keen eyes full of changing light and expression look somewhat contemptuously on the world and its inhabitants."

Equally different from the keen eyes of unfortunate Count Kariatine and the dreamy orbs of Adèle Catinat are those which belong to Marcus Orford, one of John Strange Winter's handsome young soldiers, who (we are told) had a pair of eyes "as gray as a tabby-cat's; eyes that when they were not dancing with fun could put on a die-away look that women found irresistible."

Charlotte Brontë has bestowed gray eyes on a number of her characters. Helen Burns, whose prototype was her own little sister Maria,

has sunken gray eyes; the odious Mr. Brocklehurst has inquisitive-looking gray eyes; Rose Yorke, Robert Moore, and the heroine, all of "Shirley," are depicted with eyes of this color, differing from each other only in expression.

The cold gray eye has nowhere been better described than in "Jane Eyre." The little governess herself, as every one knows, like Becky Sharp, had green eyes, although to Mr. Rochester they appeared radiant hazel. But Mrs. Reed, the hard-hearted aunt of this most attractive of plain heroines, turned upon her unloved niece "an eye of ice," a "peculiar eye which nothing could melt," a "cairngorm eye,"—evidently a hard brownish-gray eye with a glittering surface but no depth, which is also spoken of as a "stony eye—opaque to tenderness, indissoluble to tears," an "eye devoid of truth."

One who during his school-days has had his young blood curdled by such an eye as this can testify to the faithfulness of the description. He will remember that, whether light or dark gray, it possesses no kindly and honest glance, but a glare, pitiless and petrifying.

An eye of a far different type is the blue-gray; and I think the touch of blue in its coloring indicates something womanly in its owner's nature. In youth and health the blue-gray eyes are very bright; they are asparkle with the eager, vivid life that looks forth from their transparent depths.

These are the Irish eyes dear to the heart of a certain type of woman novelist, sometimes described as gray, sometimes as blue, most often as blue-gray; always shaded by long, curling black lashes, or, as the romancer prefers to express it, "put in with a dirty finger," their beauty heightened by the violet shadows beneath them, which are so charming—in a novel.

Eyes too lovely to be gray,  
Too expressive to be blue,

is their poetical description.

A number of the fair young English girls whom we meet in the pages of William Black have eyes of this sort, minus the purple shadows, for which the sensible Englishman has no weakness. Do we not love these handsome, finely formed Englishwomen, so young, so very tall for their age, so slender, but so healthy and clean-looking? Even their freckles are delightful, because they are suggestive of fresh winds and sunshine.

Yolande is one of these fair, tall young damsels; her eyes are wide apart and a soft blue-gray in color. "When she suddenly looked up with her wide, wondering, timid, and yet trustful eyes, there was something pathetic and wistful there. It was an expression absolutely without intention; it was inexplicable, and also winning; it seemed to convey a sort of involuntary, unconscious appeal for gentleness and friendship."

These innocent eyes win friends and lovers by a glance. It is said that Mary Stuart's eyes were gray, and if they were of the sort so well described by Mr. Black, the secret of her witchery over the hearts of

men is revealed, even if she were cross-eyed, as some historians—unpleasantly accurate, I think—assure us.

"That Beautiful Wretch," Anne Beresford, who belongs to the same fair sisterhood as Yolande, had eyes of a like color, which could "light up with a sudden humor that was inclined to be sarcastic."

As for Hester Burnham in "Kilmeny," her lovely, sympathetic blue-gray eyes under long black lashes were so wonderful that one could not see her features "for looking at her eyes." No wonder that, when reproduced in the pictured face of Kilmeny in all their weird and marvellous beauty, they brought fortune and happiness to the artist, the lover, and the hero.

I have a great respect for these tall, charming young people of Mr. Black's, even though one of them (who shall be nameless) in my salad days beguiled me into the deplorable eccentricity of buying a blue hat with a big red wing upon it, because she looked so beautiful in such a head-covering. I didn't. (I was not in a novel.) But I forgive her. I can forgive Mr. Black's charming young persons almost anything, because they are so restful. They neither bore one with incessant chatter nor harrow the soul of the benighted reader with lumbering attempts at instruction.

The dark-gray eye is the variety regarded with greatest favor by novelists. It is my opinion that statistics would show that of the total number of gray eyes which appear in fiction two-thirds, or at the lowest estimate one-half, are of the sort known as dark or deep gray. These eyes have large, intensely black pupils, and are shaded by long black lashes. The iris is very dark,—a clear iron-gray in color. In moments of excitement they seem black; their angry glances flash like lightning out of a storm-cloud; but in happier moments they have a warm look that makes their every glance a benediction. These eyes generally accompany black hair and the pale fairness of the dark-haired. From observation I am led to believe that they are often the outward sign of a fierce temper and a strong, even a domineering, will. But I have seen them made perfect by suffering, their early fire subdued but not quenched, shining with a wonderful patience.

Such were the eyes of Alison Graeme in that most pathetic of short stories, "Rab and his Friends." What a touching picture is that of the beautiful old woman with her "unforgettable face,—pale, serious, delicate, lonely, sweet,"—as she appears at the hospital in her "mutch white as snow"! How rich in meaning are her "dark-gray eyes,—eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, full also of the overcoming of it"! Dr. John Brown also describes these eyes as "gray, lucid, reasonable eyes," and pictures Ailie, when dying, as lifting up "her calm, clear, beautiful eyes" to give her faithful old husband a long look. Among the many elaborate descriptions of gray eyes to be found in fiction—and their name is almost legion—there is none to my mind so true, so touching, and so beautiful as this.

William Black, who excels in descriptions of gray eyes, has faithfully described the dark-gray eye as it appears in youth, undimmed by sorrow or suffering. It is Judith Shakespeare who has these eyes, "large, clear, and gray, with dark pupils and dark lashes; and these

are a dangerous kind ; they can look demure, and artless, and innocent, when there is nothing in the mind of the owner of them but a secret mirth ; and also—and alas !—they can effect another kind of concealment, and when the heart within is inclined to soft pity and yielding, they can refuse to confess to any such surrender, and can maintain, at the bidding of a wilful coquetry, an outward and obstinate coldness and indifference."

Such eyes as these, perhaps, were Trilby's "twin gray stars," in the days of her light-heartedness, before she became the great singer.

Shirley Keeldar, of whom we like to think as Emily Brontë as she might have been in happier circumstances, also had "eyes of darkest gray ; no green lights in them,—transparent, pure, neutral gray."

The greenish-gray eye, ever varying in tint like the sea, finds little favor with writers, perhaps because they confound it with the purely green eye, the eye of deceit and coquetry. However, a tendency to greenish tints in eyes of gray or brown is said to be indicative of wisdom and courage ; and greenish-gray eyes are those which denote the highest degree of intellectuality and are the outward sign of the artistic temperament.

Molly Peach, in one of Mrs. Austin's stories of colonial days, has "those greenish-gray eyes that often go with a pure blond complexion, and which wise men do not trust."

I might pile Ossa upon Pelion in the way of descriptions of gray eyes culled from fiction. There is, however, one type of gray eye whose appearance in story I have not yet noted.

We have had gray eyes which "resembled nothing so much as moss agates ;" sea-gray eyes are not uncommon ; Amélie Rives has bestowed upon Ilva, in "The Witness of the Sun," great violet-gray eyes, "like rain-washed amethysts ;" while Mr. Paul Leicester Ford has recently introduced us to a pair of slate-colored eyes.

But, at the present writing, I have yet to meet with golden-gray eyes in fiction. They are to be found, however, in nature, the most luminous of all eyes, I think, the iris about the edge a soft old-gold or golden brown, gradually melting towards the pupil into a warm gray. This lovely color I have seen in the eyes of a dog and of a child ;—the eyes of the dog wistful, appealing, pathetic with unutterable things ; the child's speaking of a soul as yet undarkened by shades of the prison-house, and splendid with the light that never was on sea or land.

To the novelist desiring something new in eyes, I would respectfully recommend the golden-gray.

*Nina R. Allen.*



## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.



**The War with Spain. By Charles Morris. With Illustrations and Maps.**

Now that the war is gloriously over, we can find time to reflect on its history and take up its incidents in a deliberate spirit. That they will yield many lessons besides those hastily gleaned from the newspapers, that beneath the tumultuous surface lie deeps of meaning for every American, can only be learned from some dispassionate and complete survey such as is offered in this timely volume, *The War with Spain*, by the indefatigable author who recently gave us the best brief history of native sea-power, *The Nation's Navy*. To the tireless energy and ready store of knowledge of Charles Morris, and to the enterprise of the Messrs. Lippincott, is due the good fortune which has afforded such a book at the identical moment when it is most in demand.

Though all readers of daily journals are more or less familiar with the progress of the war and the immediate events which led to it, there is a large mass of facts which, in the nature of things, must lie undivulged in the annals of history. These it is not the function of the newspaper to deal with, but without a knowledge of them it is impossible to gain a consistent view of the motives underlying the conflict, of the endless outrages upon civilized usage committed by Spain, of the enduring forbearance of the United States, and of the insidious attitude of Europe through the long prelude to the war.

In *The War with Spain* Mr. Morris has given, in a brief but comprehensive summary, all these facts. He has dwelt upon none, but covered all in a most readable narrative. He begins with the barbarous practices of the Spanish discoverers of Haiti and Cuba and glances at the atrocities which quickly exterminated the natives of the islands, follows the crafty Spaniard throughout his earlier occupation, gives instances of his plundering spirit untrue at once to his government and to the islands, and traces the bloody steps by which he brought on rebellion among native Cubans, and affronted the conscience of humanity in such episodes as that of the Virginius, and finally of the Maine. Having been carried to this point, the reader is equipped for understanding as never before the full meaning of our victory, and he is riper for a review of the events which have placed us in possession of what an eminent statesman has called "by nature an outpost of the United States." The thrilling story of the war follows in detail, with original data and incidents uncovered by the research of Mr. Morris, and, in conclusion, its consequences are dwelt on in a patriotic spirit which will appeal to every American.

The illustrations and maps of the volume are abundant, useful, and excellent, and as a record, as a memento of a great event, and as a readable and thrilling narrative, *The War with Spain* will be treasured by all who possess it.

**The Confessions of  
A Justified Sinner.  
By James Hogg.  
Illustrated.**

The Ettrick Shepherd has been long enough neglected by a generation whose own literature is not always as hearty and interesting as his. There is a plenty of honest merriment, hard sense, and Celtic romance left in James Hogg's volumes to go round to-day even though they were so eagerly consumed by his own contemporaries. We are naturally more familiar with his figure as it appears in *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, but in the novel which the Lippincotts now republish—*The Confessions of a Justified Sinner*—Hogg is shown at his very best. He feigns, as editor of a posthumous manuscript, to give the story of a Scotch household of some pretensions to rank and wealth. This is the family of George Colwan of Dalchastel and Balgrennan, who had married, against her will, a lady of Glasgow fanatically attached to the Reformation principles, while he had "a limited proportion of the fear of God in his heart, and very nearly as little of the fear of man." It was natural that they should disagree somewhat violently, and they lived apart in the castle. The lady was devoted to her religious adviser, Mr. Wringhim, the gentleman to Miss Logan, and when two boys were born, one was acknowledged by the Laird and the other was not. It is with these two careers that the tale is concerned, and some of it is very dark and dramatic, for the boys are as dissimilar as their elders, and the sinister entraps the noble and unsuspecting, as always in this topsy-turvy life. The outcome is bitterness for the women of Dalchastel and some grim narrative for the reader, lightened, as always with Hogg, by broad humor and vivid strokes of landscape. Nobody need hesitate to stand up for *The Ettrick Shepherd*. He is genuine stuff all the way through.

The present volume is attractive in externals and contains an excellent frontispiece view of Dalchastel.

**The Marie Corelli  
Birthday Book.  
Compiled by M. W.  
Davies. Illus-  
trated.**

Since we have Longfellow and Tennyson, Scott and Dickens Birthday Books, why not one from Marie Corelli? There are surely in the glowing pages of *Barabbas*, *The Sorrows of Satan*, *The Mighty Atom*, *Jane*, *Cameos*, and all the rest, wealth enough of thought and beauty enough of language to furnish forth a book of sentiment dear to every one who loves home or friends, and would record, with the introduction of some significant lines, dates which appeal to the heart. Here, then, in a shapely volume, mechanically adapted to its pretty purpose, are spaces from the beginning of January to the end of December sufficient for setting down, in enduring ink, the birthday and year of every friend cherished by the possessor, either for common sentiments, for nearer ties, or perhaps from a union founded on admiration of the author of *A Romance of Two Worlds*. The emotions so characteristic of Miss Corelli lend themselves with unusual fitness to brief extracts for each day of the year, and as a birthday or holiday gift the attractive volume which her American publishers—the Lippincotts—now present will serve admirably. The printing appears in contrasted shades of brown and dark green, and the book is further enriched by original drawings from the pens of Ernest Prater and G. A. Edwards, giving their ideals of Miss Corelli's heroines.

**Historical Tales.**  
**Vols. VII. and**  
**VIII. Russia, and**  
**Japan and China.**  
 By Charles Morris.  
 Illustrated.

Useful, interesting, and attractive in every sense are the volumes which Charles Morris has given us in his series of *Historical Tales*. Any one who reads them consecutively, *America, England, France, Germany, Greece, Rome*, and now *Russia*, and *Japan and China*, will have a survey of the picturesque events of each land, shorn of dry and inessential detail, which will serve as a basis for opinion and comparison and give wide and just views of life. Any one in his or her teens who makes use of the eight compact volumes as a basis of study will find in them a foundation for culture and for conversational uses which even severer labors might not furnish. Mr. Morris has travelled up and down the avenues of history on many missions, and he knows, by a fine instinct, what his readers, young and old, will assimilate as well as what will be best for them. As examples of his taste, we can give nothing better than the contents of the seventh and eighth volumes of *Historical Tales*,—namely, those dealing with *Russia*, and *Japan and China*, which are now just put forth by the Lippincotts, who publish the entire series, and, indeed, all of Mr. Charles Morris's works.

The Russian volume begins with The Ancient Scythians, followed by chapters on Oleg the Varangian, The Vengeance of Queen Olga, Vladimir the Great, The Yoke of the Tartars, Ivan, the First Czar, The Fall of Novgorod the Great, Ivan the Terrible, The Conquest of Siberia, A Russian Macbeth (meaning Boris), The Books of Ancestry, The Boyhood of Peter the Great (inspiring as an example to every youth), The Fall of the Strelitz, The Crusade against Beards and Cloaks, Mazeppa, A Window Open to Europe (when Peter founded his great city on the Baltic), The Flight of the Kalmucks, Kosciusko and the Fall of Poland, Suwarrow the Unconquerable, The Retreat of Napoleon's Grand Army, The Death-Struggle of Poland, Schamyl, the Hero of Circassia, The Charge of the Light Brigade (which we all quote, but know so little about), The Fall of Sebastopol, At the Gates of Constantinople, The Nihilists and their Work, The Advance of Russia in Asia, The Railroad to Turkestan, An Escape from the Mines of Siberia, and several chapters dealing with habits and customs, which furnish an adequate background to the central events. Thus it will be seen that from story to story we are allured from the beginning to the end of Russian history, and when the book is closed there is pleasure as well as memory and benefit.

The volume on *Japan and China* starts with The First of the Mikados, then tells us How Civilization came to Japan. Yamato-Daké, a Hero of Romance, is next dealt with, and the thread of history is unwound through Jingu, the Amazon of Japan, The Decline of the Mikados, How the Taira and the Minamoto Fought for Power, The Bayard of Japan (meaning Yoshitsuné), The Hojo Tyranny, The Tartar Invasion, Nobunaga and the Fall of the Buddhists, How a Peasant Boy became Premier, The Founder of Yedo and of Modern Feudalism, The Progress of Christianity in Japan, The Decline and Fall of the Christian Faith, The Captivity of Captain Golownin, and the Opening of Japan. The last half of the volume is devoted to the story of China. The chapters are, How the Empire of China Arose and Grew, Confucius, the Chinese Sage, The Founder of the Chinese Empire (Hoangti), Kaotsou and the Dynasty of the Hans, The Lucretia Borgia of China (Liuchi), The Invasion of the Tartar Steppes, The Crimson Eyebrows, The Conquest of Central Asia, The Siege of Sinching, From the Shoemaker's Bench to the Throne (which gives the ro-

mance of Lieouyu), Three Notable Women, The Reign of Taitsong the Great, A Female Richelieu (Wou, who usurped the power of the throne), The Tartars and Genghis Khan, How the Friars Fared among the Tartars, The Siege of Sianyang, The Death-Struggle of China, The Palace of Kublai Khan (known to us chiefly through Coleridge's poem), the Expulsion of the Mongols, The Rise of the Manchus, The Career of a Desert Chief, The Raid of the Goorkhas, How Europe Entered China, The Burning of the Summer Palace, A Great Christian Movement and its Fate, Corea and its Neighbors, The Battle of the Iron-clads, and several incidental divisions, followed by a survey entitled Progress in Japan and China.

The fulness of the historic banquet will be acknowledged by everybody who partakes of it, but this final volume has a peculiar significance of its own at the moment when Japan is seeking to take her place among civilized nations and China is passing from her ancient glory into alien servitude.

The typography of *Historical Tales* is already well known and approved, and the illustrations are clear, characteristic, and helpful to the text.

**A Laboratory Manual of Physics.** By C. Canby Balderston. Illustrated.

The student of physics who has employed Sharpless and Phillips's *Natural Philosophy* will find the need for a course to carry him farther along than he can go under that excellent guidance, and in *A Laboratory Manual of Physics*,—Lippincott,—by C. Canby Balderston, associate editor of the former work, he may have all that is required. The experiments suggested in this *Manual* cover the laboratory work in physics recommended by the Committee of Ten of the American Educational Association, but the course is much fuller than these requirements demand, and is intended to extend over three hours a week during the school-year. The little volume makes its strongest appeal to the growing number of students who take up manual training as a prelude to the sterner work of their mechanical careers, and such learners will find that it has been the author's aim to encourage them to apply the results of their experiments to the work of the world in its daily phases. Many excellent illustrations supplement the text.

# A TRIPLE ENTANGLEMENT.

BY

MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

AUTHOR OF "THE ANGLOMANIACS," "A BACHELOR MAID," "SWEET BELLS OUT OF  
TUNE," "AN ERRANT WOOING," "GOOD AMERICANS," ETC.

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